

# Chatelaine

*The Canadian Woman's Magazine*

OCTOBER, 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS



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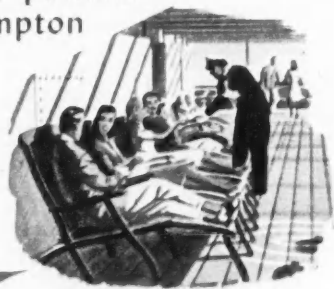
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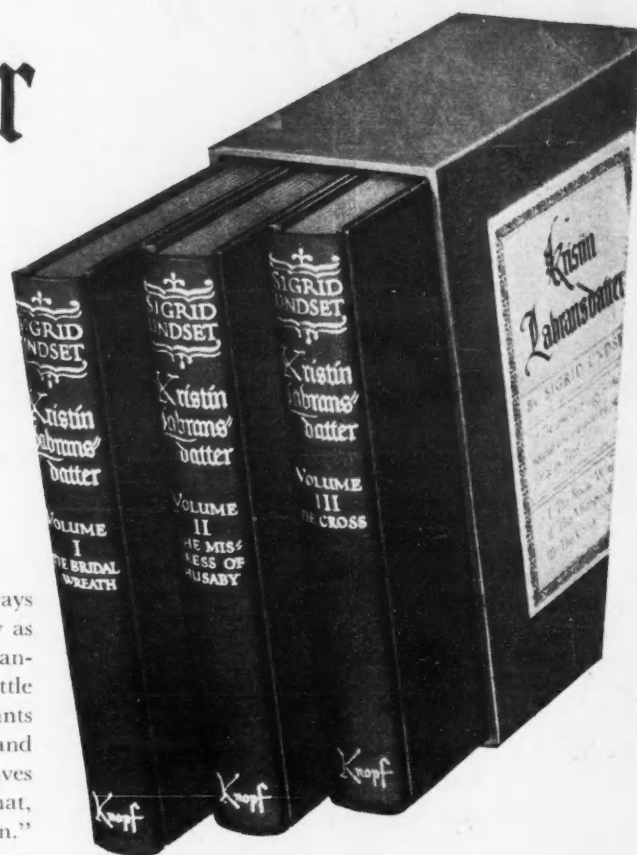
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## Foreword and Footnotes



**Randolph Betts**, the architect of Chatelaine's House No. 5 (pages 12-13), was born in the U. S. and spent his early years in New York City where (he'll tell you) he watched Halley's Comet through the steel grillwork of a new skyscraper next door and decided

then and there to be a builder. When his family moved to Montreal he got his first job, at ten whole smackers a week, doing art work for cigarette cards and thereby learned commercial lettering and how to mix colors. Followed an unhappy spell at bookkeeping, then one fateful day he got into McGill University's drafting room and heard Professor Traquair lecture on Ornament. From that point forward architecture became his profession and his passion, and the childhood dream of building things has culminated in one of the most successful practices in Montreal. "After having specialized more or less in house design since 1932," he writes us, "I have this to offer: 1. The time to build is when you need a home. 2. Ask your architect for advice; *don't tell him*. 3. The average contractor wants to give you a good job; help him. 4. Remember that in most mass-produced articles there is as much as 50% mark-up between manufacturer and final purchaser. The building contractor makes you a highly complex special job for an average of 10%. Don't begrudge this to him."




**Here's a young** ex-serviceman whose translation from war to peace was practically effortless. He is Don Anderson, responsible for the drawing which you'll find on page 14. Don was born in Toronto, attended the Ontario College of Art, got "messed up" with the RCAF in 1941, first in air crew, next in the art section of Public Relations, and wound up his overseas tour as a war artist on the Continent. With his studio now set up in his home town, Don is definitely on his way up as a gifted, hard-working magazine illustrator. This is his second job for Chatelaine, and there'll be others!

Here you see him, circa 1944, in flying jacket, studying some of the sketches just brought back to his air station in England.



**If there is** any native dish so rich, so smooth, so easy on the throat, as *soupe aux pois*, *Quebecois*, we've yet to hear of it and be persuaded. Or so say all of us in the above group, snapped in Chatelaine Institute kitchens at the precise moment of sampling some of that "Good Eating from French Canada" which you'll find described in the Housekeeping pages. The time was 4.30 p.m., hungriest hour of the working day. Since morning the smells—of

roasting pork, pancakes, and whole dried peas gently disintegrating into a thick yellow puree—had floated up one flight of stairs, turned the corner and found their ultimate victims in Chatelaine editorial offices. It was more than soul and body could bear; mind could not be kept properly in place over matter—and when Lois Clipsham telephoned to offer "a taste," people ran, not walked, to the source of the best food in Canada. The Institute, of course!



# The LIGHTS are STILL BRIGHT

by Thelma Jones

**O**NLY WHEN headlines cried out that another Great Lakes freighter had disappeared with all hands did Lakes cities give much thought to these rust-red monsters that huddled through the winter on their doorsteps.

Now it was April, and the freighters stirred in the slips that fringed the cities' front yards. The harbor ice was cracking into thick soft squares. The Soo Canal opened. The Lakes were as safe as they ever were. The freighters fitted out and got steam up.

The captains—the freshwater men who hated and loved the threat that sailed with them: a lee shore, and hurricane gales that came up out of nothing—the captains now stepped aboard.

In a slip at Toledo young Captain Dan MacNair had just said good-by to hulking Captain Gunnarsen, and was climbing the shore ladder of his iron-ore freighter, the G. C. Caldwell, when the old man called him.

As Dan swung around on the ladder to look down, an arrow of pain darted through the calloused scar tissue over his right ribs.

"Somethin' else I want to say," the old man grunted, and frowned up at Dan through the twilight. His cigar tip made a burning eye. Dan climbed down again. ♦ Continued on page 18

*Something happened. He saw darkness. He felt a singing in his blood.*



*"Captivating!"*

says Mrs. Gary Cooper,

**"And that's why GAY-RED is  
a sell-out in Hollywood."**

IN THE STUDIOS of Hollywood...and wherever the elite of filmdom gathers...you'll see alluring Tangee lips capturing admiring glances. Usually the cause of all the excitement is the thrilling new hit-color—Tangee Gay-Red. So let *your* lips go gay with Gay-Red, the light-hearted, carefree lipstick color *that gives you a lift!* And don't forget—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish—long-lasting and lovely to use.

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**Does a gal have to marry a man's family when she gets a swell  
guy like Dick? Or was it just a time-and-space problem:  
that awful weekend with three generations of Bronsons  
underfoot, and too many spare beds?**

# Just Drop In Any Time

by Florence Ford

Illustrated by William Rose

ONE Friday night Peggy Bronson dreamed that she told her husband's family what she thought of them. In loud firm tones she called his sister Carlotta a spoiled brat. She told his sister Gertrude that her precious little George needed a good spanking. She said that Grandma Prentiss ate too much for a woman of any age whatsoever, and she even told Mother Bronson that a mother-in-law's place was in her own home. In the dream she felt a wonderful sense of freedom and exhilaration, and the tall handsome Bronsons cowered before her.

When she woke at eight, Peggy was shocked by this nocturnal debauch. Now what, she asked herself sternly, did she mean by having such a dream? The answer was a little too obvious, so she turned to smile apologetically at the occupant of the other twin bed.

The other bed was empty. She'd forgotten that Dick's car was in the shop and would have to be picked up on his way to the office. He'd be out of the house before she was ready for breakfast, and last night he had worked late again.

"I might as well be single," she muttered, kicking at the bed clothes.

A squeal from across the hall reminded her that at least she was still a mother. Pulling on her bathrobe, she hurried into Joey's room.

"Hush, darling!" she whisked him out of bed. "Aunt Carlotta is sleeping."

"Why does she always have to sleep, mother?"

Just how could you explain to a four-year-old that his beautiful aunt was recuperating from her second divorce? Hastily Peggy stood him up on the bed, peeled off his pyjamas, and admired him.

A wonderful child. But he didn't look like her or like the dark-eyed Bronsons. He just looked like Joey. With that bright pair of eyes and those perky ears, he made her think of a little field mouse.

"Look, mother!" he shrieked, and turned a lopsided somersault.

"Hush, Joey!" Oh, darn, why should he have to be hushed every morning?

She coaxed him into his clothes and kissed the top of his bleached blond head. It smelled of soap and sunshine. Then she eased him past the closed door of the guest room Carlotta occupied and sent him downstairs.

She tumbled into her own clothes, whacked her curly brown hair with a brush, and anchored it with a bobby pin. What she saw in the mirror left her cold, just as it always did when she had time to look at it. In depressing contrast to the tall sleek Bronsons, she was a size 12 and slightly rumped looking, especially at this hour of the morning. But who cared about that—Dick had married her, hadn't he?

She smiled at his picture on her dressing table. How she had managed to get him, she'd never know, but there he was—all hers—and handsome as they came. He looked like a Bronson, but he wasn't much like the rest of them. "Dick is my quiet child," Mother Bronson would say, looking as if she couldn't quite understand it.

Peggy trotted downstairs. In the living room the

sunlight was bright on her apple-green rug and cheerful slipcovers. What a beautiful house this was, she thought again. There was only one thing wrong with it. It had two extra bedrooms with a bath between.

GRANDMA PRENTISS, who occupied one of the bedrooms, was at the breakfast table with Joey. Grandma was a remarkable old lady—everybody said so. She had snapping black eyes, a mountain of snowy hair, and unbelievable energy. She and her little great-grandson made a charming picture as she tenderly scooped up spoonfuls of cereal and put them into his mouth. The only trouble with the picture was that Joey was four years old.

"Grandma, he's supposed to feed himself!"

"What did you say?" Grandma could be frightfully deaf.

"I said he's supposed to feed himself."

"Nonsense." Grandma scooped up the last spoonful. Mildred, the maid, removed the cereal and brought Joey's egg. In the interim Grandma quickly heaped a piece of toast with marmalade and ate it. Grandma had a wonderful appetite. Then she began to feed Joey his egg.

"Where was Dick last night?" Grandma demanded.

Peggy swallowed a sigh with her orange juice. "He had to stay at the office. Something about a new personnel director."

"Not very sociable these days, is he?"

"But he can't help that, Grandma. If he has to work—"

"And why does he bring so many papers home with him? Why doesn't he try to organize his work?"

Peggy bit her lip. Grandma, she managed to remind herself, was Dick's grandmother and a remarkable old lady. And of course it was a shame that Dick should be so busy in the evenings just when she and his sister were visiting them. These business crises always seemed to come at the wrong times. Last month, when Mother Bronson had stayed with them, she had been really annoyed.

Peggy's coffee cup was banged down on the table beside her, and with acute alarm she noticed that Mildred, her pearl, her treasure, looked very glum this morning. And no wonder! For a week Mildred had cooked and washed dishes for two extra people. She had been exposed to Grandma, who believed that servants should serve. "Find my glasses, please, Mildred," Grandma would say. Or, "Make me a cup of tea, will you, Mildred?"

Grandma wiped Joey's mouth and left the table. He pattered after her like a puppy.

"Look, Grandma—look!" He turned another lopsided somersault.

With her mind on Mildred, Peggy's appetite had dwindled. She gulped down her coffee and went upstairs to tackle the bedrooms.

Grandma's room was always a headache because Grandma had a simple system for conserving her unbelievable energy. She never put anything away. Peggy made the bed and crawled under it to find Grandma's other slipper. She picked up Grandma's

nightgown and her stockings and several handkerchiefs. She covered the box of chocolates and the tin of fruit cake. Grandma had a wonderful digestion. Then, slightly winded, she opened the door of the guest bath.

Carlotta was in the tub, sketchily clothed in bubbles. Her dark hair was tied up with a pink ribbon, and she had a cigarette and a magazine.

"Hello, darling." She gave Peggy one of her wide beautiful smiles. "Did you by any chance bring me a cup of coffee?"

"No," Peggy said, "I brought the scouring powder." She put it on the wash stand, hoping Carlotta might take the hint. "Did you and Paul have fun last night?" she asked politely. Paul was Carlotta's latest beau.

"Not bad. We went to the Chinese Room—" Carlotta paused, a peculiar expression on her face. With a soapy hand she pushed her negligee off the chair beside the tub. "Sit down and talk to me."

Peggy picked up the lacy negligee. "This is morning," she said patiently. "I have to go to the grocery. I have to—"

"Darling, you're always in such a frightful hurry! Sometimes I wonder if you even stop to cold cream your face. Why don't you go to town with me today? I saw the loveliest blue satin housecoat—"

Peggy thought of her small son and grinned suddenly. "What on earth would I do with a satin housecoat?"

"For heaven's sake! What does any woman do with a satin housecoat?"

That tone was in Carlotta's voice again, that faintly scornful, irritatingly superior Bronson tone. The lovely dark eyes were scornful too.

Peggy squirmed, and was furious at herself. There was, of course, no real reason why the Bronson women should make her feel inferior, but the fact was that they did. They were all too tall, too good-looking, and much too sure of themselves.

Carlotta stirred her perfumed bubbles. "Dick would love that housecoat," she murmured. "And if you fixed your hair the way I do—"

"But I like my hair this way!" Peggy cried indignantly. "All I have to do is brush it and—"

"That's just the trouble, darling," Carlotta told her quickly. "If you want to look smart, you have to spend time on your hair."

THERE WAS something very funny about the way Carlotta was looking at her now. Almost as if she felt sorry for her. With a jolt which jarred her teeth, Peggy realized that her sister-in-law must think she was slipping.

Well, of all things! So + Continued on page 46

*Her dark hair was tied up with a ribbon, and she had a cigarette and a magazine.*

by Evelyn Kelly  
FASHION EDITOR



Photography by Amott, Rogers & Sauer

**FESTIVE AND FABULOUS** is this story-book dress, yards and yards of taffeta faille, American Beauty shade. Styles of the early 1700's make a beautiful impression here in the full-flowing skirt and soft collar neckline. The skirt motif, in lavish scrolls of gold braid and gold tassels, is repeated in small gold hoop earrings. Designed by Alfandri.

**BLACK THAT GLITTERS** makes this dinner frock (left) a complete costume accented only by long gloves and gold drop earrings. Its nylon bodice is scintillant with black sequins, allover motif, the front aflame with exotic gold and fuchsia sequin flowers. The morocain crepe skirt has the new hobble look — ghost of 1912 — so flattering to a tall, lovely figure. Designed by Jack Liebman.

**VERY SOPHISTICATED LADY**, à la Lillian Russell, is this dining-out ensemble . . . a form-fitting black crepe frock and a breath-taking hat with glycerine ostrich aigrette. Link silver jewellery plays up the hipline trim of tiny cut mirrors . . . all very discreet, very arresting! Lawrence Sperber design; hat by Lola Lanyi.

Jewellery courtesy Jay Kel





# NIGHT LIFE

White tie and top hat . . . a corsage of gardenias! After-dark occasions are back again, bright and exciting — and there's a new formality in Canadian-designed frocks, very suave and swish-skirted, romantically in tune with the times.



THE CORSAGE BODICE of 1916 is suggested in this black milanese weave jersey, a dramatic foil for the arresting jewellery that sparkles everywhere this season! Wrist clasp and earring clusters of simulated stones, and the narrow gold kid belt, give off highlights. Designed by Yvel.

THE BUSTLE TRAIN is here again in a memory-making dress of black, crease-resistant transparent velvet, with tiers sweeping back into a rich bustle train of ice-blue satin. Designed by Alfandri.



# A Stage

It couldn't be called a triangle because four people were involved, but at least it was high drama — even among Sommerside's Little Theatre group — with Sally, the rankest amateur of them all, finally stealing the show

SALLY WILLIAMS watched Ricky kiss Gloria Stillwell and told herself there was nothing she could object to. It was at her insistence that her husband was in the position where kissing Gloria was necessary, although she had not expected him to show such enthusiasm.

When Harold Carter dropped into the seat in front of her and turned to face her, her blue eyes were troubled, but she tried to smile naturally.

"Your first appearance at rehearsals?" he said. He was considered Sommerside's most attractive bachelor, and Sally thought she could understand what it was that encouraged the young wives to make fools of themselves over him at one time or another. His face was darkly attractive, with a thin black mustache under a fine-chiselled nose.

She welcomed the excuse to take her attention from the auditorium's stage, although the kissing scene was over and they were working on the quarrel. But she remembered there was another kissing sequence later in the script, the reconciliation.

"I think it's a very good play," she said.

"You do . . . not," he said easily. His eyes weren't malicious, but she felt an involuntary shudder. If all she'd heard was true, Harold Carter must know exactly how she felt.

"Don't you think it was a good one to choose?" She tried for a light tone and felt she'd succeeded. This was the first time Harold had done more than smile "Hello!" at her, and she thought his eyes were expressing appreciation. She was glad that she had taken care with her hair before coming to rehearsal. For once the black curls had listened to reason and shaped her face tightly.

"Gloria selected it," he said. "She was sure of the lead—she'd pick one where there'd be kissing. That's her way of torturing her admirers."

Sally was interested in Gloria. "Has she admirers?"

He eyed her sardonically. "Isn't Ricky among the good little boys who sit up and beg?"

The description was disgusting, but she had to admit there was insight in the judgment. Ricky had been acting like a silly little boy, a child who can't make up its mind. He'd revealed an unexpected weakness. Unexpected to Sally, who had always thought that Ricky had a steadfastness, a singleness of heart that she could depend on.

"You're wrong," she said defensively. "Ricky isn't like that."

"Of course not," he agreed quickly, too quickly. "But let's not talk about Ricky and Gloria—let's talk about us."

It was very smooth, and most compelling. It was amazing what a man could express in a few words, more by his manner really than what he said.

"I don't think that would be very interesting," she said. But her words were untruthful. Despite herself she felt a stirring of interest, a quickening in her heartbeat. Probably he was showing interest in her because he figured that, with Ricky running after Gloria, she would welcome his attentions.

What's the matter with me? she thought. Letting the first man that looks at me turn my head? I'm

worse than Ricky about Gloria. The thought of Ricky had taken her eyes back to the stage. They had reached the reconciliation scene! She turned back to Harold angrily.

He laughed gaily, loudly as he saw her blazing blue eyes.

The laugh abruptly halted the action on the stage. Gloria approached the unlighted footlights and called, "Harold—if you can't keep quiet, get out."

He stood up and called back, "Right away, sweetheart! Sorry to break the mood!" He caught Sally by the hand and pulled her up beside him. "We're just leaving."

Ricky was standing beside Gloria, and Sally thought he looked a little uncomfortable. But at these words a frown came and he stepped forward as if to speak.

It was the frown that gave her determination. So it was perfectly all right for him to spend hours with Gloria—rehearsing, of course—and leave her alone! But just let her step out with another man, and he frowned. Well, it's about time he had something to frown about, she thought.

She raised a slim hand in a gay salute. "See you later, honey," she called, and hoped that her voice was cheerfully spirited. She threw her fur around her shoulders over her silver-grey suit and walked briskly up the aisle beside Harold, without a backward look.

"Come on, folks," urged Stan Condon, stage manager of Sommerside's amateur theatrical group. "Let's get on with it."

It was Gloria, unexpectedly, who demurred.

"That's enough for tonight," she said, and her tall angular figure drooped with overplayed fatigue. It was hard to figure what it was about Gloria that was so arresting, that brought the eyes of all men to her when she entered a room, that soon brought them to her side to form an interested group. It wasn't only her clothes, which were superb, but a quality that defied exact definition. Perhaps it was because you felt that she was beautiful—that you had never encountered a more lovely woman. Or perhaps it was because she alone of her contemporaries remained unmarried. Whatever it was, the husbands adored her.

Harold opened the door of his cream convertible and Sally slid in on the black leather seat. It would be black leather, she thought.

He kicked life into the engine, revved it hard for a moment, then let it idle. There was a difference in his manner now, as he asked, "Does the thought of The Shack appeal?"

The Shack was Sommerside's notoriety spot. Sally had never been there. Ricky refused to take her, saying, "That's no spot for you! I've been there—once. Never again!"

It fitted her mood to visit a place that Ricky disapproved of . . . especially with Harold Carter, of whom she knew he held no high opinion.

"If I can get a Cuba Libre there—fine."

"Lady, you can get a million." He let the car forward in a smooth rush, the mass of the auditorium falling away behind them. Soon they were out of the town.

WHEN SALLY had been considering the move to Sommerside, where Ricky was to be advertising manager of the local industry, Hallwell Products Inc., she had been happier than she'd ever been.

Having Ricky home again was fine enough. And the knowledge that the stiff wrist which was his legacy from the war would be gone with time and care removed the only shadow on her happiness.

Sally had never lived in a small town but felt that it would be fun and that she would have many things to do; that she would find congenial people who would gladly welcome her; that her urban background would be welcome.

"It's a small place," Ricky told her. "But pretty. Reminds me of home." Ricky had been raised in a small country village, before he broke away and came to the city to carve out a career for himself in a large agency. "It's a fine chance for me; the work is right up my alley. They want someone trained in the big agency field. They're expanding—going nation-wide."

The money had been good, and Sally faced the new future with confidence. When the real-estate agent showed them the house, she couldn't believe it was true. "Nice place, isn't it?" he said.

"Nice!" Sally left it at that, but it was evident she felt the agent dealt in understatement.

The house was grey stone, with solid wooden shutters painted a bright yellow. The front door, also painted yellow, had spruce + Continued on page 70





# All The World's

by S. CASEY WOOD, Jr.

Illustrated by John Jones.



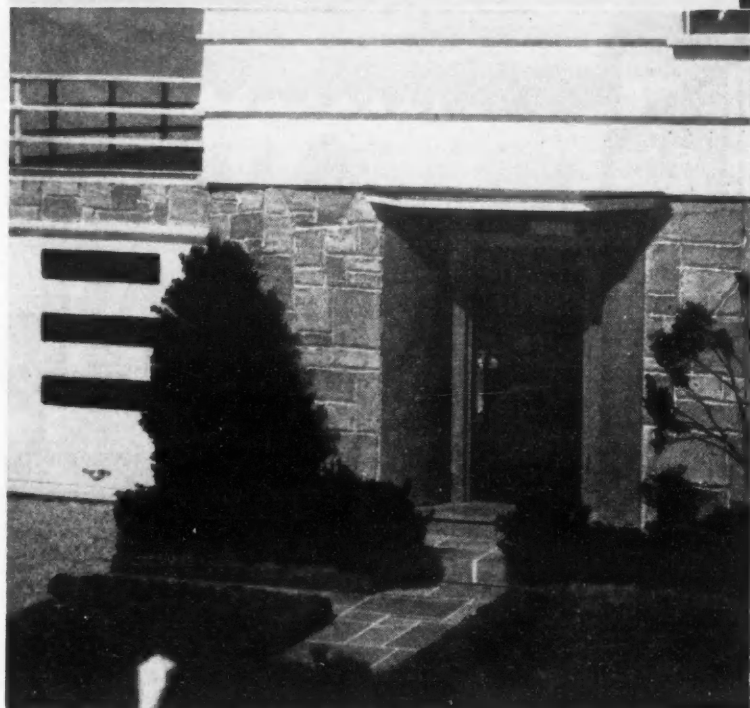
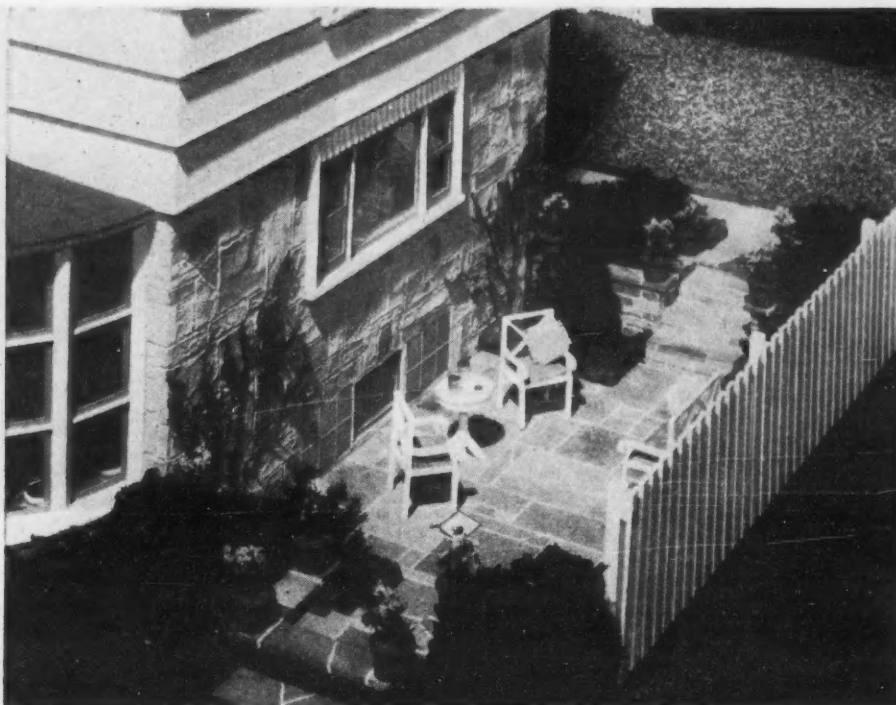
*She raised a slim hand  
in a gay salute. "See you  
later, honey," she called,  
and hoped her voice  
was cheerfully spirited.*

Chatelaine presents

# A House: Simple, Modern, Spacious

Designed by Randolph C. Betts,  
Architect

Described by John Caulfield Smith,  
Architectural Editor

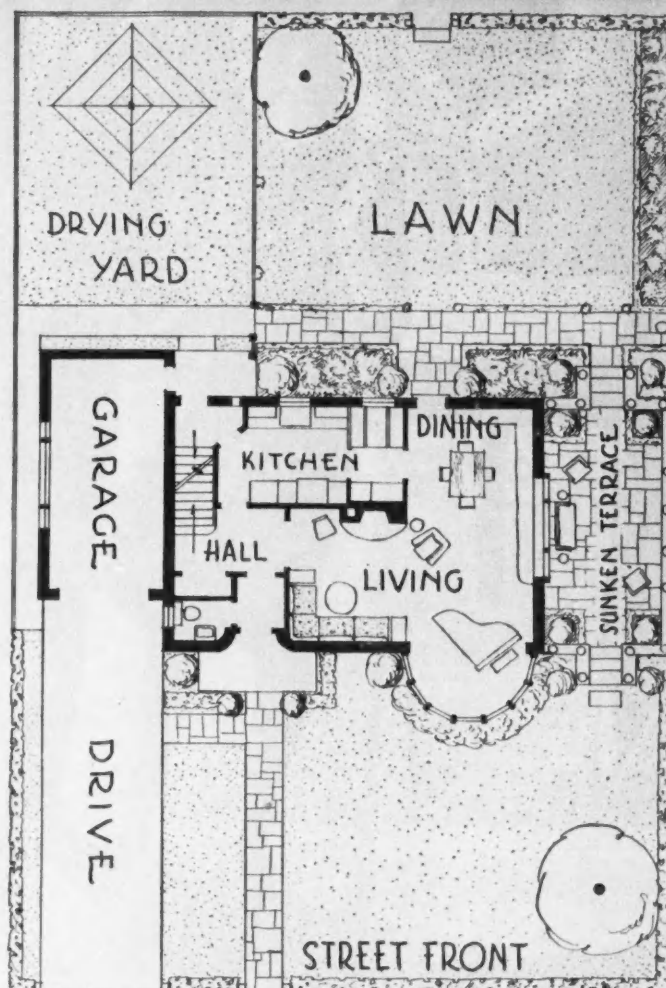


Front entrance is recessed and protected by flat projecting canopy. Steps are flanked by dwarf evergreens and clipped yew hedge; small tree on left is cedar. Color scheme is handled with originality; ivory painted siding contrasting with the grey-green stone; the front door dark maroon and surrounding trim a fresh turquoise — matching the second-story sash.

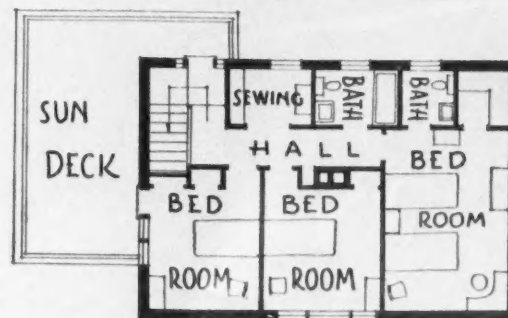
Top of page: Basement recreation room has a large window which posed a tricky problem for Helen M. Kippax, Chatelaine's consulting landscape architect in this project. Because it was two feet below the level of the finished ground, a sunken area was necessary to provide light. Solution was to extend area full depth of building right out to property line and pave it as a useful outdoor terrace. The plan has a high degree of efficiency, and is designed to save steps and labor.

Vestibule on ground floor gives access to washroom and opens into spacious hall. Unusual T-shaped living room offers large circular bay window and generous dining area. Kitchen is well planned, is separated from dining area by breakfast nook. There are three bedrooms with good closets and two bathrooms, plus a convenient sewing room, on the second floor.

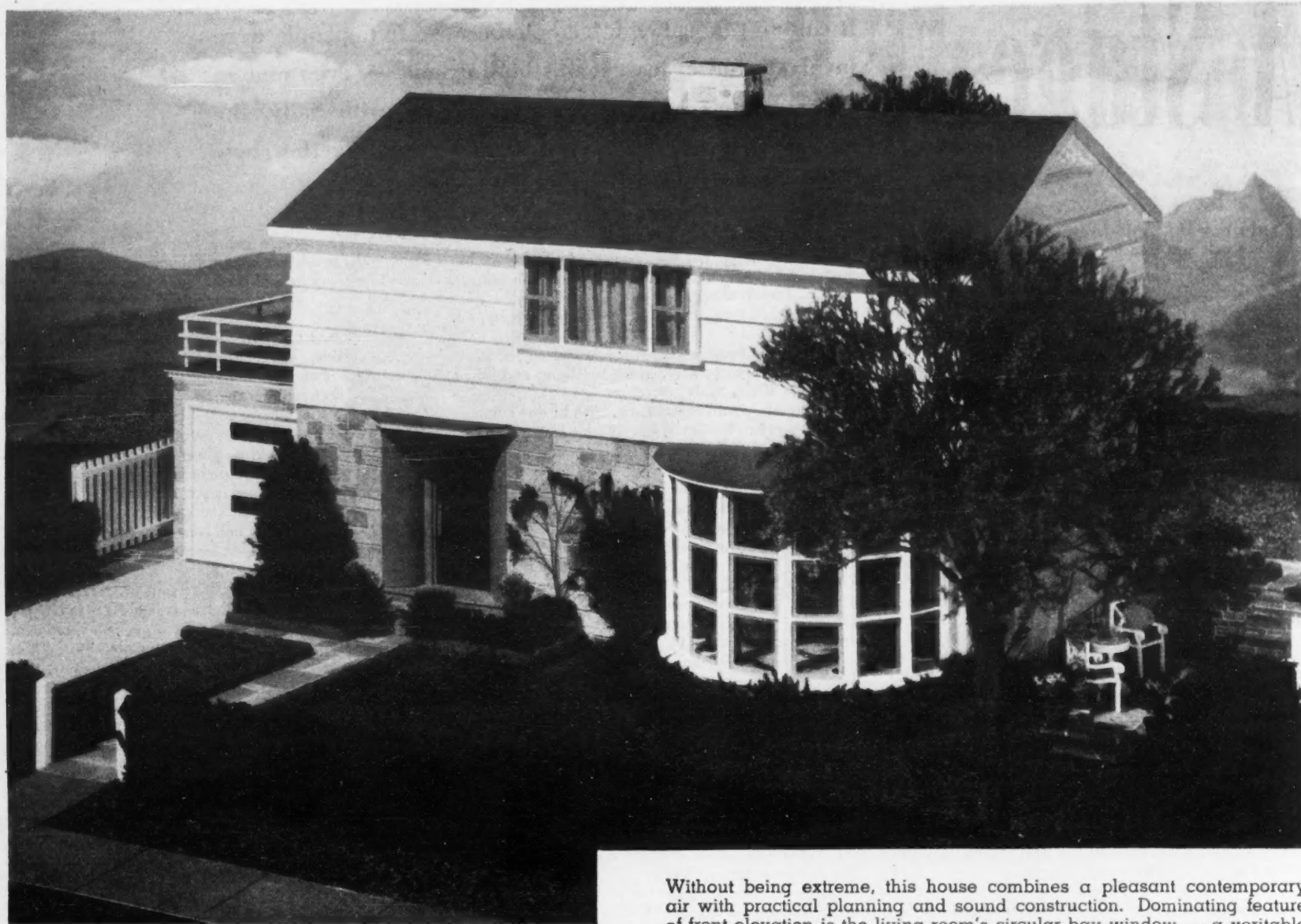
PLOT  
PLAN  
&  
GROUND  
FLOOR  
PLAN



SECOND  
FLOOR  
PLAN







From one of Montreal's leading experts in domestic design comes Chatelaine House No. 5, the final presentation in this magazine's current series of all-Canadian houses. Working drawings are not available. Chatelaine's purpose in organizing this project has been to stimulate interest in good architecture, reveal newsworthy advances in planning, use of materials old and new, and thus to provide valuable guidance to readers planning to build.

**R**EGARDLESS of individual needs and tastes, prospective builders of new houses agree on one thing. They want a more generous-sized lot than those to which they've been accustomed in the past. A lot may be twice as big, perhaps even larger.

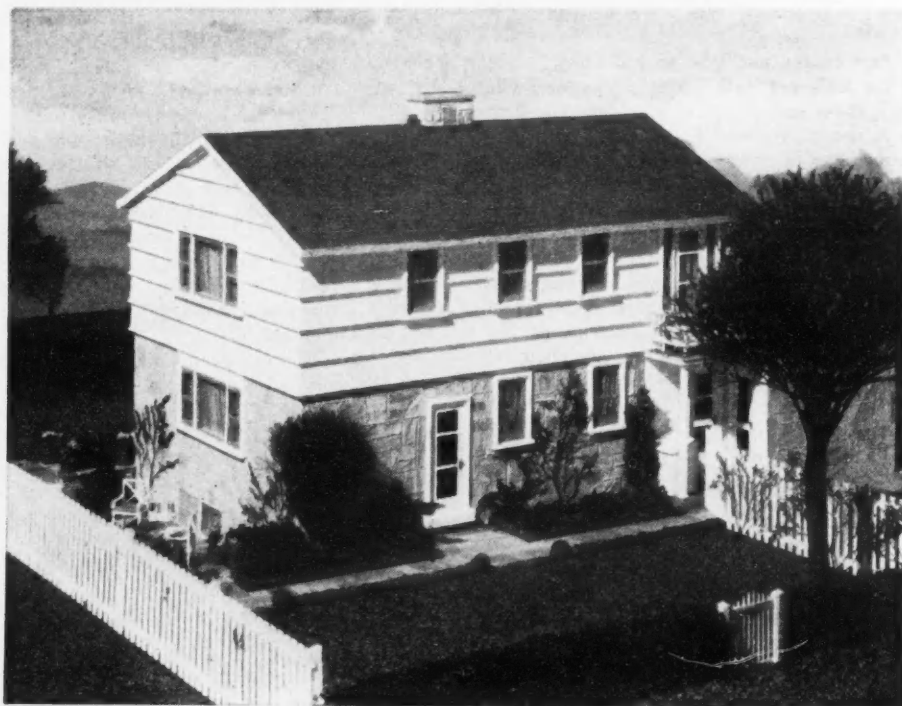
In the type of neighborhood layout where houses are jammed together like kernels on a cob of corn, light and air are unattainable luxuries. Exasperation with such conditions has resulted in the present exodus to the suburbs. There the same sum of money usually buys more land than in the city, and if good transportation facilities exist no inconvenience of location is involved. Farsighted realtors and subdivision sponsors are upping the frontage requirements of lots in their newest developments. Once satisfied with 50 feet, they now insist on 60 to 100 feet.

Chatelaine House No. 5 is intended for a wide lot. Facing south on a street running east and west, it requires at least 60 feet frontage. A desirable depth would be about 150 feet. Designed with fine contemporary flair by Randolph C. Betts, Montreal architect, it achieves a unique degree of modernity without sacrifice of the traditional requisites of sound construction and good manners. The largest residence in our Chatelaine series, it offers better-than-average accommodation to the family of better-than-average income.

A flat projecting canopy over the entrance serves to protect callers during rainy or snowy weather. The vestibule gives access to a wash-room and opens into a spacious hall. On the left are stairs leading to the second floor, and a clothes closet. On the right is the living room, T-shaped, offering two splendid vistas. One is seen looking from the hall toward the circular bay window, + Continued on pag 34

Without being extreme, this house combines a pleasant contemporary air with practical planning and sound construction. Dominating feature of front elevation is the living room's circular bay window — a veritable "greenhouse" for the display of plants and flowers throughout the year.

(Below) Rear elevation reveals the building to be economically rectangular in shape, topped by a roof of gentle slope. Stone walls of the first story are laid in random-coursed pattern; horizontal wood siding of second story has batten covered joints. Bold shadow lines thus created add to the texture of design. A small drying-yard is provided at right.



She was the woman in the wicket — a flash of impersonal  
face above a poppy-red blouse. She sold him tickets to the  
land of movie make-believe, yet all the time her own story —  
fantastic beyond Hollywood — was waiting to be told . . .

"When does the next show begin?"

by Carl Weiselberger

Illustrated by Don Anderson.

MR. JONES staggered out of the dark auditorium. He felt a little giddy, the last picture still hanging like a glimmering veil before his eyes: the close-up, the stars embracing . . .

It was the final performance of the evening. Mr. Jones stepped out with his head down and his umbrella up. He was not in the least surprised that it was raining cats and dogs outside too, since in the movie he had just seen, it was almost incessantly pouring against the windows and on the glittering pavement of the dreary East End of London. Thus it was natural that in the open air also the rain should be splashing on umbrellas, and on the colored reflections in the puddles.

Mr. Jones was in his forties when he became a movie fan. Previously he did not care at all for the movies. They were, in his own words, just shadows with an only slightly changing medley of gangsters, spies, sensationalist reporters, neglected East-side kids, Brooklyn Italians, faithful colored servants, glamorous salesgirls, dangerous "vamps"—a mixture cleverly brewed according to the commercial prescriptions of the Hollywood stock market.

And then he became a movie-goer! At first once, then regularly twice and three times, a week. He liked the Mirror Theatre best, though he really didn't know why. It was by no means the best theatre in town, situated as it was in a drab suburb rather far away from where he lived. But somehow it became his habit to go to the Mirror, right after the office or his lonely supper in a café. Even the beginning was pleasant . . . You stepped up to the box office where a neat dark-haired woman sat like a picture framed by the embrasure. And he, Mr. Jones, could even talk to her! "One ticket, please!" To him this moment was a kind of stimulating short, before the film feature—that neat, dark-haired woman in the ticket office. Unfortunately, it lasted only three or four seconds. "One ticket, please!"—the ticket appearing in the slit, the change falling into the metal container. He would have liked to get it from her own hand. Anyway, he used these few seconds intensely to absorb her picture as thoroughly as possible: the poppy-red blouse which tightly embraced her comely body; her slender, very white neck, the large dark eyes in her pale face . . . This was about all. And Mr. Jones turned reluctantly away from the image. He was even a little annoyed with that fellow in the gorgeous uniform behind the box office who impatiently took the ticket from him, tore it in two, and by doing so finally tore him away,

as it were, from his personal "short," forcing him into the dark theatre to the proper pictures.

However, this probably unconscious struggle lasted only a few seconds. Soon afterward, absorbed in the less restricted appearances of Deanna Durbin, Betty Grable, Hedy Lamarr, Mr. Jones forgot the silent "image" at the box office. But when he came to the Mirror Theatre next time, the same pleasant feeling arose at the sight of the neat dark-haired woman with her white neck and shapely arm in the poppy-red sleeve . . . Two, three seconds . . . "One ticket, please," . . . "Thank you," . . . ding . . . there was his change . . . ticket torn in two . . . torn away any chance . . . on into the dark . . . and it was all over again for tonight!

Why not try to prolong the business in front of the wicket, Mr. Jones reflected. Just a little bit. Inconspicuously. Various tactics might be tried. Thus he did not step at once to the office—even if there was no queue—but allowed others to precede him in order to have a few moments longer to gaze at her, hindered by a shoulder or a lady's hat. No, just to loiter in the vestibule and stare at her would have been the action of a younger, less serious man—unsuitable to him.

Anyway, another time, although he knew the schedule, he had the original idea of asking her when the next show was to begin.

"Seven, ten," was the answer, curt and businesslike, given in a low-pitched, even rather harsh voice. And not the slightest smile touched her face, so that Jones, swiftly, almost frightened, stepped back from the wicket, as if guilty of a dreadful offense. Mr. Jones was a bachelor, naturally shy and awkward with women. Besides, in the case of the woman in the movie office, he had noticed something which forbade any approach from the very outset: she had two rings on her left hand, a wedding and an engagement ring. In some way this made her all the more attractive; for an unmarried girl she was not quite young enough, but for a married woman—just at the right age of womanly maturity. He was almost jealous of her unknown husband.

THE RAIN went on and there was no streetcar in sight. It was late and Mr. Jones grew impatient. That London East End film had made him feel miserable and lonely. He was a little bit ashamed of running to silly movies three times a week, most probably only to run away from himself, from his loneliness, from the emptiness of his life.

He gazed at a dimly lighted shop window. And saw himself reflected there, a middle-aged man with his collar up, and a sad, ghostlike face under the umbrella. That was about all you could say about him; the result of 40 years of life.

A face moved in the window, a woman's face behind him. Was this not a scene from a movie he had recently seen? Exactly like this: a woman's face reflected in a shop window at night.

He turned. The face of the woman had moved away. Toward the streetcar stop. There she stood, half in the dark, with a bag and a newspaper under her arm.

The rain did not stop. On the contrary, it grew even worse. The wind flung positive torrents of water against one's face. Struggling with the wind, the woman tried to open her paper to cover her head.

Mr. Jones turned and recognized her. She was his picture from the ticket office. But now full length . . .

This is a chance, he decided. In spite of the rings. He did not know, exactly, for what, but at least it would last a little longer, not only three seconds. There was no attendant in uniform around here, tearing your harmless pleasure in two, tearing you away from her, and marching you into the house of unreal shadows.

But how to start a conversation?

"This is a terrible storm," he began. "And you have no umbrella, not even a hat. May I . . . may I offer you my umbrella?" ("Offer"—he must have picked up this old-fashioned phrase from some novel, or from one of those gas-light shows so high in favor nowadays!)

"Thank you," she said with that deep-toned, somewhat harsh voice which he knew from the only talk he had had with her. "Oh, please, not the whole umbrella," she protested, "you will get wet."

It was almost surprising to hear her talk so much, to hear her uttering whole sentences, and not only: "Thank you," and "At seven, ten."

But now he had to think of something else!

"This was the last performance tonight, wasn't it?" he continued hesitatingly. "Usually I go to the earlier ones. Otherwise it makes one so late getting home." He laughed: "What nonsense I'm talking! You've no chance any evening to get home earlier than this, I don't suppose?"

"No," she answered. "But what's happened to the streetcar?"

"Probably a hitch somewhere. Oh, please, keep the umbrella! I don't mind the rain. And you have no coat on!"

No, she was in her poppy-red blouse. And in the faint light from the lamp the raindrops were shimmering on her neck.

She'll catch cold, he thought, and here am I with an umbrella and a hat and a heavy jacket . . . Lord knows, if I only knew her a little better, I'd take off my jacket, and put it around her shivering shoulders; but as it is it would be too unconventional, wouldn't it? Besides, as his eyes turned toward her left hand, he thought he could recognize the shape of the two rings beneath her glove.

"You have very good films," he said instead.

"Have we? I never see them. First of all, I could see only the last part of the last performance, you know, and then—" She broke off and lowered her head. "And no car still. I think it is no good waiting any longer. I shall be at home + Continued on page 62

All of a sudden, with an almost painful lucidity, he was seized by the idea that he had to do something for her, to protect her.







"MMM-GOOD! IT'S BACK AGAIN!"  
"---AND MIGHTY WELCOME TOO!"

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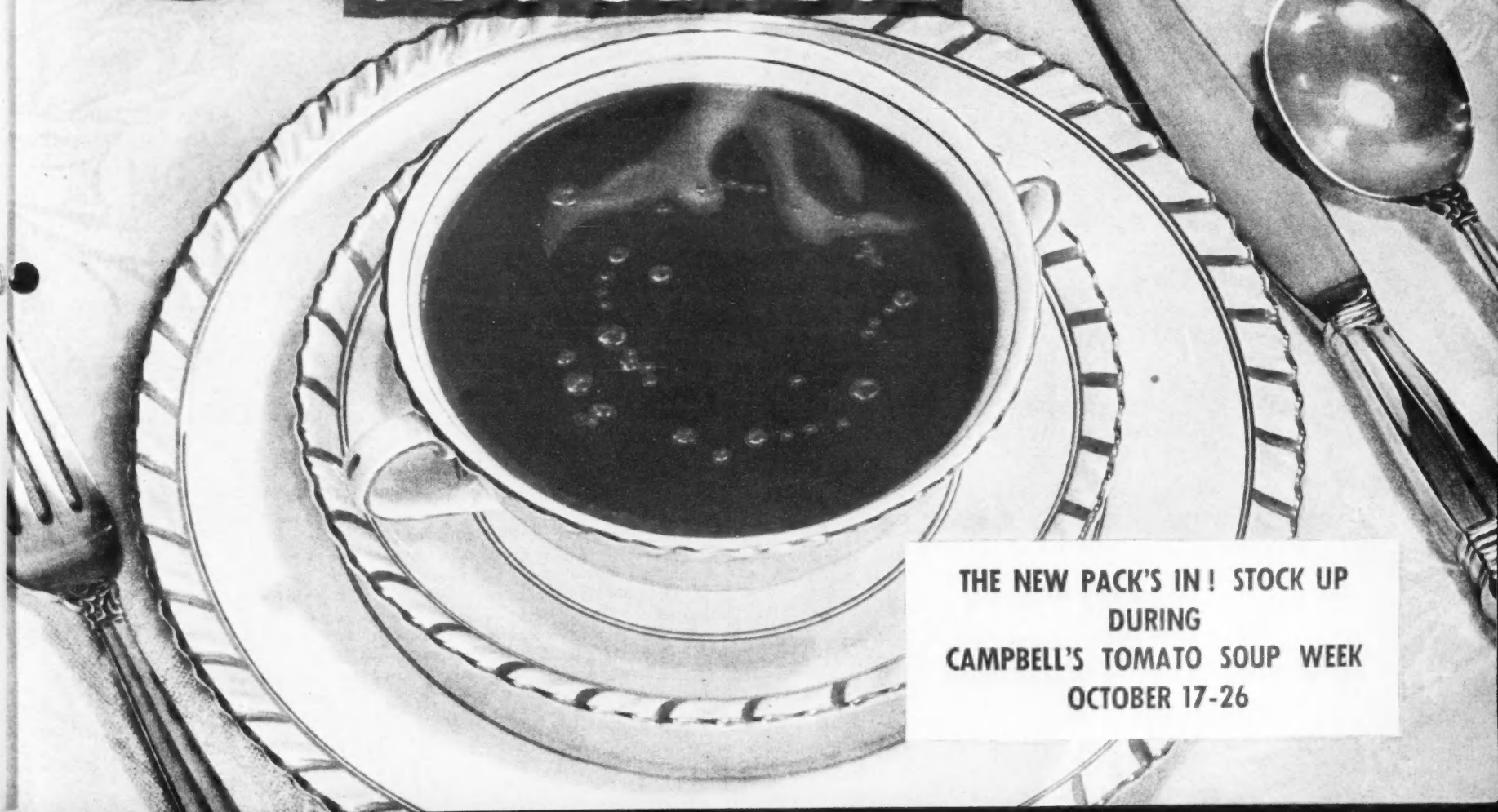
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OCTOBER 17-26



# Men Hate to See a Woman Drunk

By PETER DAVIDSON

**T**HE THREE husbands had brought their wives along to the convention. In their respective rooms the unpacking was finished; and now they had all gone up to Alice and Jim's, which was the largest, for a few drinks.

Jim poured them, then went into a huddle with Harry and Bill and talked about strikes. The girls were in a huddle of their own, comparing notes on babies. That is how things stood when I got there.

"What this country needs," Jim was saying—and he told us. Across the room Alice held forth on teething. "My dear, I know; that's exactly what Grannie keeps insisting. But the doctor says let him suck his thumb if he wants to. Says if I try to stop him it may change his personality later on."

An hour later you couldn't have guessed from that roomful there were sore gums or labor troubles in the world. Instead of separate huddles, there was a single big one, right close to the pitcher of ice; and Alice was struggling with a long, complicated and faintly smutty story.

"So this farmer said, 'Lissen, bub: I don't care whut else you call me, but I ain't no agriculshish—agruitchistist. Agrish . . . Oh darn! You say it, Jim.'"

Her husband frowned. "Honey, you're tight. Why don't you get smart and ease off when you've had enough? When you can't say a simple word like agrulshalist, it's time to quit. You know I can't stand to see you that way. Can't stand to see any woman that way."

And he turned to me, looking owlsh, and asked me very solemnly if I didn't agree.

The funny part was, I did. Jim could get addled, and that wouldn't bother me; but when Alice showed the same symptoms, I didn't like it: a normal male reaction I'd never thought about seriously until then.

Afterward I thought about it a good deal, and got interested in the whole question of drunkenness in women; and I talked it over with a lot of men who have various kinds of special knowledge—psychiatrists and policemen, ministers and family doctors, taxi drivers and bartenders. I have boiled down what they told me and made it into this article because everything I've read so far on the subject, outside textbooks, has assumed the alcoholic or heavy drinker is a man. And sometimes (although there are relatively far fewer of her) she is a woman.

MUCH OF WHAT gives rise to incidents like the one between Jim and Alice, as well as to really grave trouble was the fault of men in the first place. It may be said to have started, in Canada, during World War I. More from harsh necessity than from any widespread male sense of justice, women began to lead freer lives; and as this became generally accepted, drinking habits slowly changed.

Until then Canadian men had preferred by and large to lap it up at a bar, packed three or four deep in a saloon where no thoroughly respectable woman ever came. These saloons, mind you, had a certain charm. The floor was sprinkled with sawdust, which felt soft underfoot and made it easier to clear away bloodstains after a slight difference of opinion on some topic of the moment. There was a free lunch: cold cuts, sandwiches, dill pickles, pig's knuckles, and in winter

small hot meat pies and similar restoratives. There was above all a manly smell of beer, ardent spirits and dense smoke.

Yet as time went on, and even before Prohibition killed it, this rugged paradise palled. Men asked themselves what was the sense of always drinking with a herd of other stags when, the way things were getting nowadays, they could perfectly well stay home and have a nice cheerful mixed party, or take their women-folk out with them for a few quick ones. So the convivial urge was domesticated, or expanded to include sweethearts and wives on hitherto strictly preserved ground—and then came the shocking discovery.

No matter how respectable she was, if a woman had too much to drink she got drunk. She staggered. She

nowhere more outraged than among the very men who had encouraged them.

Male distaste at the private or semiprivate spectacle of a woman drunk is even stronger, although every whit as inconsistent, when the fall from grace happens publicly. And it isn't only middle-aged wives and mothers men hate to see in their cups. Girls in that state don't rise in their esteem either.

Except for a minority of cut-rate Casanovas working on the principle that "Candy's dandy but likker's quicker," most men, including out-and-out wolves, dislike to watch the gradual messing-up of a captivating hair-do, or lipstick beginning to smear on a slack young mouth. Nor do they appreciate it when a blonde, however luscious, starts sliding from her chair, or when it is time to lead a sultry brunette firmly off the dance floor lest she should presently pitch forward on it and get splinters in her face. It doesn't need many drinks to spoil, for the average man, the breath-catching effect she took so much trouble to make.

If that average man should be a resident of Ontario, by the way, he will probably have still more occasions to reflect on how women carry their drink as the new cocktail lounges open, and restaurant restrictions are relaxed. And if he is an ex-service-man, his views may be complicated by memories of England and comparisons he can't help drawing—as perhaps having seen a whole prayer-book-carrying family, father mother and grown-up daughters, come straight from church to the pub of a Sunday noon for a quiet half of old-and-mild, or a pint of bitter. Pubs were often far other-wise, particularly at closing time near a military camp; but such things were to be found, and remembering them he may wonder why they are virtually unthinkable in his province, or for that matter any part of Canada. His guess will be as good as anyone else's, and he may be glad or sorry; but whatever the explanation, it is a fact.

It is one to bear in mind when we get to grips, as we shall now, with a couple of basic questions: whether there is a distinctively Canadian angle to the problem of actual alcoholism, and whether there is much difference between its cause and result in women and in men.

Taking these questions in order, an answer to the first is difficult because it seems that alcoholism isn't being studied as carefully here as, for instance, in the United States, nor is it given the same degree of official attention. Even Montreal, the metropolis, doesn't appear to have anything comparable to the alcoholic wards of New York's Bellevue Hospital, which those who saw "Lost Weekend," or read the book, may recall. But no one I discussed it with, in a position to know what he was talking about, was prepared to say we have proportionately less alcoholism.

IT WOULD BE a mistake to consider ourselves a conspicuously temperate nation. Although a great many Canadians don't drink beer, wine or spirits at all, they can only be called temperate if you accept the word as meaning exactly the same thing as teetotal, which it doesn't. It may be wise and good to leave the stuff rigorously alone, but it isn't being temperate. At the other extreme, get around a + Continued on page 39

**If you're a teetotaler, turn the page — this discussion isn't for you. But if, like unnumbered women today, you drink with your husband and your friends, and if you find the habit becoming fixed in the day's routine, and your capacity increasing, stop right here and consider. For this convivial gesture of "the good sport" you may have to pay a terrible price some day — in looks health, mind and the respect of those you love most.**

laughed, burst into tears, argued. She insisted upon telling the story of her life. She made everlasting friendships with total strangers in five minutes flat, and forgot them the next morning. In short she carried on just like a man, and men took a very dim view.

THEY HAD thought drinking in the living room, or in mixed company away from it, would be a jolly pastime and a huge improvement for all concerned. Often it was, but now and then it most decidedly wasn't; and the alcoholic freedom of women proved in many cases to be a new sort of social tyranny.

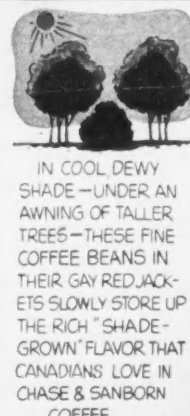
Good salt-of-the-earth wives were apt to find, when friends dropped in, that if a bottle didn't circulate, neither did the conversation. Whatever else was provided for entertainment, drinking, at any rate in the larger cities, became almost obligatory; and some of these women really didn't want to drink.

Maybe they didn't like the taste, or it gave them heartburn, or made their heads swim. But the alternative wasn't very pleasant. There was a risk that if they didn't follow the trend, people would think them stuffy and stop coming around of an evening.

There were also women whose husbands found how nice it was, when they got back tired from the office, to share a mixer of cocktails with their wives; and again there was sometimes tyranny—the pressure of "just one more." So there they were, stuck; and those who couldn't handle it, or got by degrees into the habit of heavy drinking, let themselves in for criticism

# CHARLIE McCarthy GETS AN ORCHID

during the dominion  
wide swing to  
Chase & Sanborn  
Coffee!



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tions of Canadian homemakers have depended on Magic. Get it today.

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2 c. sifted all-purpose flour	3 egg yolks
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	1 tbs. grated orange rind
1 tsp. salt	¼ c. orange juice
½ c. shortening	¾ c. milk
1 c. sugar	Melted sweetened chocolate

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream together shortening and sugar. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Add orange rind. Add orange juice and

milk alternately with flour to creamed mixture. Bake in 2 greased 9" layer pans, in 375°F., oven 25-30 min. Cool 5 min. Remove layers from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread frosting between and on top and sides of cake. Pour slightly sweetened melted chocolate over the top.

**Fluffy Frosting:** Add ¼ tsp. salt to 3 egg whites (saved from cake) and ¾ cup sugar. Cook over boiling water, beating constantly with egg beater, 7 min., or until icing peaks.





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## The Lights are Still Bright

Continued from page 5

He dropped his bags on the cinder path. Before him a tangle of half-rusted rails and dead grass ran away into dusk. Astern the Caldwell, toward the open water, two more freighters were tied.

Smiling, lean and tall in his quiet tweed shore clothes, Dan faced Captain Gunnarsen, his friend, and last year when he had been a mere wheelsman on the Caldwell, his commanding officer.

"Got to say this," Captain Gunnarsen growled. "You won't thank me, but I kept my mouth shut the whole winter—"

Dan stiffened. A guarded look came into his brown face.

"The whole winter," said the old man doggedly. "I don't want to see any broken-hearted youngster get his big chance, like you're gettin' yours, and then pile his boat on a breakwater."

"Who's broken-hearted?" Dan asked softly. His lips made a hard straight line. "I don't know what you're talking about, sir."

Captain Gunnarsen stared. His eyes bulged angrily. Then he relaxed.

"Okay, son," he said gently. "You don't know what I'm talking about. Here's what I'm gettin' at: It was a fine thing you did about that girl our last trip, last November. Remember that. Hold to that thought—steady."

"I'll not pile up the Caldwell, sir," Dan said. "All I felt last November was my busted ribs. Nothing else got to me. Understand, sir?" Dan asked fiercely. There was a pale streak around his mouth. "I—well, nothing touches me, see?" he insisted.

"I see," the old captain said. "Sure, sure, I see." Suddenly he had to blink rapidly and blow his nose. "Well, good luck anyway," he grunted. He leaned over slowly and picked up his bags.

"Take care of yourself, sir," Dan told him. The captain lifted his hand in salute. "I'll be seein' you at docks around. Maybe we can have some more pinochle." He lumbered, wheezing, down the path to his new command, the Anna Sanford.

Dan climbed his shore ladder once more. He winced as he dropped his bags down upon the long low hatch-deck that covered the hold. The pain in his ribs nagged him again.

"But that's all I feel," he told himself stubbornly. "I can't even remember the girl's face."

O'Donohue, the bald chief engineer, ambled out of his quarters, aft. He came down between the two rows of hatches, his hand out in welcome.

"The winter did you good, captain," he said. "Last November we was afraid—"

"You were afraid *what*?" Dan asked softly, without opening the straight line of his lips.

O'Donohue said, "I say it's a shame the owners ever give passage to w-women." He stuttered under Dan's blue eyes. "I mean," he said weakly, "after all a man can't have tons of automobiles drop on him without—"

"Mr. O'Donohue, we get under way at 6 a.m.," Dan said. "Are you ready? We'll be first boat at the Superior loading docks, or I'll know why."

Dan turned on his heel and strode forward to the deckhouse which sat, a three-storied white spool, over the freighter's bows. He mounted the two companionways to the pilot house.

The door stuck with the new white paint. For two years his master's papers had burned, unused, in Dan's pocket, but now all this was his own. The door gave. The small glassed turret smelled of the paint and of airless heat.

Dan had to come in here first. He had to go to the pilot's window and lay his arm along the sill exactly the way Captain Gunnarsen used to do. From here he could see the open harbor. The ice rose and fell in a thick, wrinkling skin. Dan struck the sill. His. All he wanted, he told himself with firmness, all.

LAST YEAR only the big wheel was his. Dan stepped over into position behind it. He laid both hands caressingly upon the spokes. He should not have done this. His memory of the girl, of Barbara Rayne, tore at the scar tissue he had grown around it, tore, and would not be denied. She had stood here beside him day after day that last trip in November.

He could remember how she looked now. Judas, he could not keep from remembering how she looked, and her laughter and her faint perfume and the feel of her cold hands, that morning, against his bleeding face.

He clenched the spokes of the wheel. The cold sweat broke out on him.

Pictures of Barbara ran before his helpless eyes. Barbara following him . . . Always before Dan had been able to give the slip to flirtatious women passengers, but this kid Barbara found him wherever he went. He saw her again that early dawn when the boat took on coal at Erie. She had come to him at the post that was his as acting wheelsman in port; beside the deck engine. Ten thousand tons of coal were roaring down into the hold, and through the black fog of dust he saw her, huddled in a camel's hair coat, standing at the very brink of the open number one hatch.

"Stand back!" he had shouted.

"You aren't standing back!" she answered, her teeth chattering with cold.

Again he called, "Stand back!"

She smiled at him through the raining coal dust. She had no fear. If she had had a little decent fear, what happened off Whitelish would never have occurred.

Then when she did not move, he picked her up by the elbows, afraid almost to touch her, and set her down near the companionway.

"If you'd have slipped, you'd have been killed," he shouted.

"Would you have cared?" she asked, and laughed.

And he had answered, scowling,

Continued on page 22

# WOMEN?

by Helen M. Wait  
and  
Doris McCubbin



11. What Canadian writer:  
(a) wrote "The Thorn Apple Tree"?  
(b) wrote the "Anne" books?  
(c) wrote the poem, "The Song My Paddle Sings"?  
(d) wrote the novel, "Earth and High Heaven"?

16. What woman said:  
(a) "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!"?  
(b) "If they have no bread, give them cake"?  
(c) "We are not amused"?  
(d) "Men seldom make passes at girls wearing glasses"?

12. What actresses are known by the following names:  
(a) "The Look"?  
(b) "Sweater Girl"?  
(c) "The Face"?  
(d) "Oomph Girl"?  
(e) "The Body"?

17. What women writers used these names:  
(a) George Sand?  
(b) Daniel Stearn?  
(c) Ethel Vance?  
(d) George Eliot?  
(e) Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell?

13. What famous queen:  
(a) caused the Massacre of Bartholomew in 1512?  
(b) never married?  
(c) had 13 children, all of whom died young?  
(d) had some of her culinary efforts stolen?  
(e) financed Columbus' voyage to America?

18. What woman novelist:  
(a) made a Negro slave the hero of a novel?  
(b) wrote about life on a Washington State chicken farm?  
(c) created a literary monster?  
(d) described a heroine who collected butterflies?

14. What woman was linked romantically with:  
(a) Romeo?  
(b) Lord Nelson?  
(c) Edward VIII?  
(d) Napoleon?  
(e) Pyramus?  
(f) Dean Swift?  
(g) Boaz?

19. What woman was called:  
(a) The Swedish Nightingale?  
(b) Bloody Mary?  
(c) A dainty rogue in porcelain?  
(d) Maid of Orleans?  
(e) The Lady of the Lamp?

15. What great beauty:  
(a) was the cause of a 10-year war?  
(b) rode through Coventry nude?  
(c) of the 18th century was noted for her high hair-do?  
(d) demanded a man's head after dancing before a king?

20. What heroine of fiction:  
(a) was turned out of her father's home because she didn't flatter him enough?  
(b) walked from Edinburgh to London to save her sister's life?  
(c) was frightened by a spider?  
(d) threw herself under a train?

Answers will be found on page 33

## Coffee in the Days of "Patch and Powder"

In 1669 Soliman Aga, Turkish Ambassador to the Court of Louis XIV, popularized the drinking of coffee among the Lords and Ladies of Paris. Black slaves, in gorgeous costumes, poured the coffee into cups of egg-shell porcelain and served it on bended knee.



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# FOCUS THE FLAVOUR...

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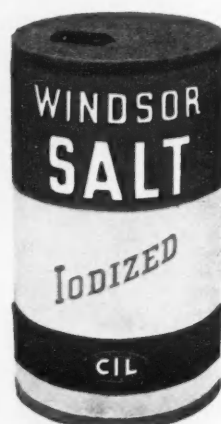
## WINDSOR SALT

**COULD** anything be so dull as food without salt? Lacking that one small ingredient, even the flavour of a choice sizzling steak or steaming baked potatoes is indistinct and "blurry", like a picture out of focus. Then... the magic pinch of salt! And in a flash, every hidden particle of enticing flavour springs into focus, keen and tantalizing, to whet your appetite!

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**FOR FINER FOOD FLAVOURING**



1. What women are now presiding at:  
(a) Rideau Hall?  
(b) Buckingham Palace?  
(c) Binnenhof?  
(d) The White House?  
(e) Number 10 Downing Street?

6. Name the mother of:  
(a) Isaac.  
(b) Abraham Lincoln.  
(c) Cupid.  
(d) Winston Churchill.  
(e) Mackenzie King.  
(f) Canada's most famous five daughters?

2. What was the maiden name of the wife of:  
(a) William Shakespeare?  
(b) Socrates?  
(c) Harry James?  
(d) Franklin D. Roosevelt?  
(e) Chiang Kai-shek?

7. What woman introduced the following fashions:  
(a) Silk petticoats?  
(b) Bloomers?  
(c) The feather boa?  
(d) Heels on shoes?  
(e) Tennis shorts?

3. What female founded:  
(a) The Christian Science religion?  
(b) The YWCA?  
(c) The IODE?  
(d) The Foursquare Gospel church?  
(e) The Girl Guides?  
(f) The Women's Institute?

8. What famous woman died:  
(a) on a funeral pyre by self-stabbing?  
(b) in a cauldron of boiling water in Rome?  
(c) by the bite of an asp?  
(d) at the hand of her own son?  
(e) while making a round-the-world flight?

4. What female aided or inspired the work of:  
(a) Pericles?  
(b) Charles Lamb?  
(c) Chopin?  
(d) Pierre Curie?  
(e) Dante?  
(f) Richard Wagner?  
(g) Charles L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll)?

9. With what women are the following reforms associated:  
(a) Women's suffrage in England?  
(b) Prisons, almshouses, asylums, in the U. S.?  
(c) Prison reform in England?

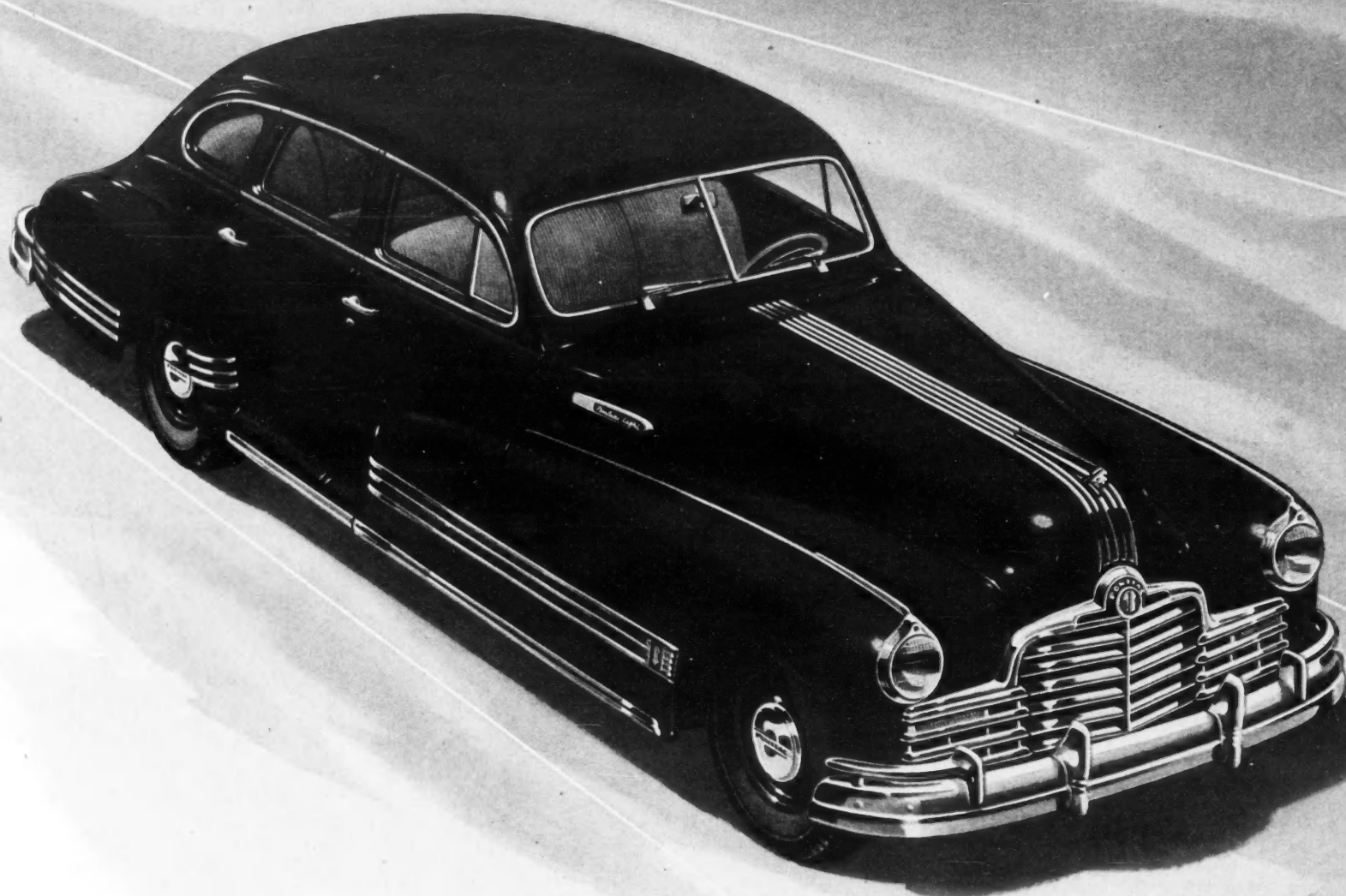
5. What Hollywood screen actress:  
(a) lost her life in furthering the war effort?  
(b) suffered an accident last year which left her a cripple?  
(c) was runner-up to her sister for the Academy Award?  
(d) of singing fame, came from Winnipeg?

10. Who:  
(a) turned into a pillar of salt?  
(b) aided Bonny Prince Charlie to escape from Scotland?  
(c) had so many children she didn't know what to do?  
(d) unravelled at night what she wove during the day?

*Finest of the Famous "Silver Streaks"*



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*more than a million friends*

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS





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**Fingerprints are foiled!** No more ugly marks to mar your white woodwork... not when you have Johnson's Cream Wax handy. Apply and polish lightly... and woodwork's wax-polished and white as white can be! Cream Wax contains two cleaning agents that whisk away dirt... and the wax leaves a shining, protective film.



**Easy does it!** Furniture and woodwork come clean quickly and easily with Johnson's Cream Wax. It chases dirt like magic... and leaves a smooth, gleaming lustre. Easy to keep things clean and shining, too... just dust lightly. All this... and wax protection, too!

Fun with  
Fibber McGee and Molly  
Tuesday Night—CBC



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LIQUID WAX, SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, CARNU FOR CARS

S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Canada

"Sure. Because you'd have been one unholy mess to clean out of the hold."

She gazed at him, then: "You are always rude, Mr. MacNair. Why? In the five days my aunt and I have been aboard you haven't said one polite thing to me. Why do you dislike me?"

This he had denied: "I don't dislike you. Or like you. I just can't see you."

There was coal dust all over her; in her shoulder-length hair that was blond with red in it. Funny-colored hair, Dan told himself. Crazy hair. He denied to himself that he wanted to touch it. The coal dust smudged in the thick brush of her lashes, dusted the little freckles across her nose. It soiled her bright lips, and her little white collar.

"You're wasting your time following me around," he shouted. "I don't go for women passengers and the little game they play."

He turned away, but she caught the sleeve of his blue uniform.

"What game?" she asked.

"You know what game." He could feel her fingers tighten on his arm. "I've got work to do, Miss Rayne."

She had a little hollow in her throat where the edges of her collar came together. Dan wrenched his eyes away from it. Ever since she came aboard, nights, lying awake, he would keep seeing that soft hollow. He told himself he lay awake because he hated her for daring to try to play with him, with Dan MacNair. That is what he told himself—harshly.

Herepeated, "I've got work to do."

"First tell me what you mean—'the little game.'"

"You know all right." When she shook her head, he shouted, "Okay, come up out of the noise." He called to a deckhand, "Watch this engine, please."

They went up to the pilothouse, now empty, and Dan shut the door on the thunder of the coal. He switched on the chart table light and for the first time allowed himself to look down squarely into her eyes. They had an unfaltering quality, he saw, and he saw, too, the firmness of her smudged bright mouth.

Standing tall against the door, his blue cap in his hand, he said, "I'll tell you how women passengers look from where I sit—then maybe you'll leave me alone. Once in a while the boat owners give passage to their rich friends, and some of these are women. These women are treated like queens. That'd be okay by me if they'd stay in their quarters, like ladies. But most of you don't. You make a play for the men. I wouldn't know why. Maybe it makes you feel wonderful, all those lonesome guys slicking up to be in your company.

Your aunt, Mrs. Paxton, now. She's playing the field."

"My aunt wouldn't hurt a living soul!" Barbara exclaimed hotly.

"No?" Dan smiled his straight-lipped smile. "I've seen the men take women like you and your aunt seriously, plenty times. I've seen homes broken up."

The girl looked down at the toe of her saddle shoe. She turned the shoe this way and that, studying the toe.

At last she said, "So you don't believe a woman passenger could feel a real emotion? I mean, that one of them—me, for instance—could watch a man do his work and think he was fine and, well, think about him—you don't think this could possibly be?"

"That's a swell line, Miss Rayne," Dan said. "A dandy line. I suggest you go peddle it on someone who'll believe it."

She lifted her sooty face. Something turned over inside Dan. The girl's eyes were blazing with tears.

"I wish it were a line!" she cried. She hunted frantically, vainly, for a handkerchief. Dan fumbled for his own.

## The Rose-Red Door

By SYLVIA GREY

My dream home is a cottage, all spick-and-span,  
Nestling 'neath a willow, like a silver-grey fan—  
White and green I'll have it, with wide low eaves,  
And shining windows wreathed around with pointed vine leaves—  
And I'll have a rose-red door.

Flowers must bloom around it, roses for a bride,  
Mignonette and honeysuckle to fling their fragrance wide;  
Bellflowers for bees to drone in all afternoon,  
And daisies to glimmer pale underneath the moon,  
And phlox a hundred flowers more.

Fruit I'll have — a purple plum, an apple tree or so,  
Cherries for small eager hands, and nuts in a row;  
Strawberries and currants beside the garden walk,  
And pears for winter feasting when friends come in and talk,  
While out-of-doors the chill winds roar.

But flowers take some time to grow, and fruit still more,  
And since I want a child to come and talk of fairy lore,  
And neighbors to drift in and out to pass the time of day,  
And since the people going by need cheer upon their way—  
I'll have at once a rose-red door.

It was the next night before he saw her again. He was at the wheel, Captain Gunnarsen and First Mate Nolan in the pilothouse with him, when she came up to them there in the darkness.

"My aunt's asleep," she said, breathless, laughing. "She thinks I am, too." Dan did not answer. He did not look toward her. "She thinks I ought to spend the rest of the trip resting," she went on, "and—and not seeing—anybody."

In silence, Dan kept his eyes on his gyrocompass. The lookout, upon the observation deck below them, glanced back up to port and starboard running lights.

# Your new SINGER is here!

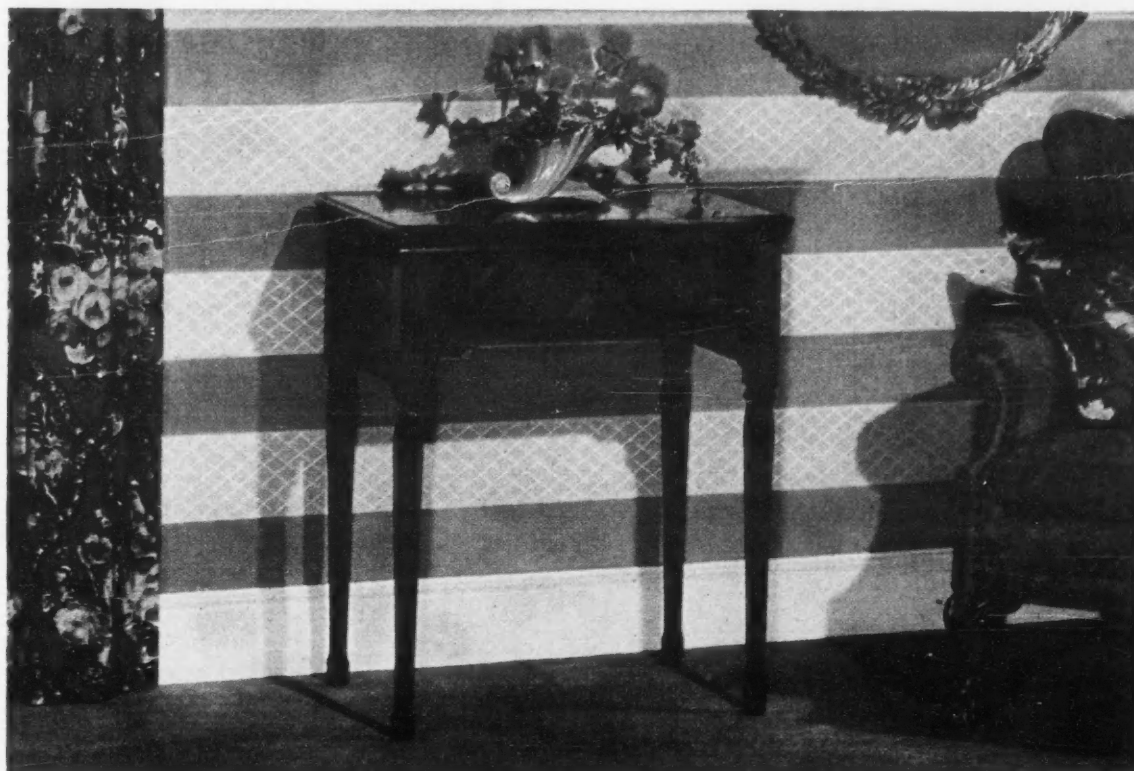
**Yes—the new Singers are here**—ready to make your sewing easier than ever!

With the very latest tricks — quick response to the "magic control" which regulates stitch length and permits you to sew forwards and backwards! "Dialed" thread-tension eliminates guess work and helps prevent fabric-puckering, thread-tangling!

These smooth-stitching, sew-efficient Singers are built right into beautiful, space-saving furniture! Console . . . cabinet . . . desk . . . convertible treadle . . . or compact portable!

And — this is a "plus" — with the purchase of every new Singer machine, you get a free course in home dress-making or home decorating at your nearest Singer Sewing Center! Remember, too — for nearly a hundred years sewing has *always* been easier with a Singer! And the yearly cost is so easy on your budget for a machine that will last a lifetime!

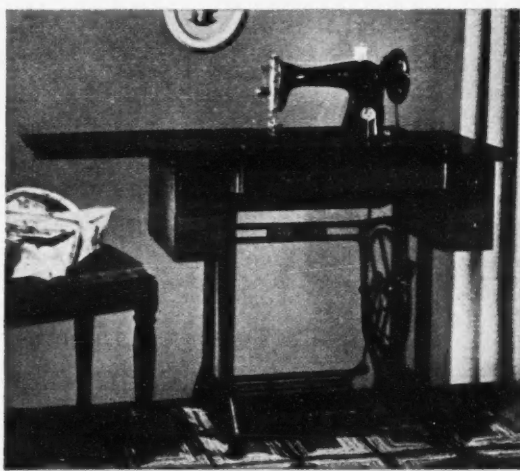
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**Convertible Treadle** — With all the latest sewing devices — and like all Singers, economy through the years is a feature! Easily convertible to electricity, if later desired.



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## SINGER SEWING CENTERS

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to apply. They're washable. They stay like new for years. And they make your kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, recreation room or furniture sparkle with distinction and charm.

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"The lights are still bright, sir," he called.

Barbara asked Dan what the words meant. "You wouldn't tell me before, and I want to know," she said—persistently. "I like it. It sounds so hopeful—"The lights are still bright—"

Dan reached up and pulled his signal. He said, "That's owner's safety regulation, not the cheery thought for the night, Miss Rayne."

Then she asked about the signal Dan had just given.

At that he turned and let her have it in his softest voice. "Why, that is the signal for women passengers to change partners, Miss Rayne. Fair play. Give every man his chance."

Captain Gunnarsen swung round from his window, glaring.

Barbara tried again, sweetly, stubbornly. The lights of Detroit and Windsor pricked the dark horizon ahead. She asked, "Someone said you were going to take on motor cars at Detroit, but where will you put them with the hold full of coal?"

Again Dan let her have it. "We leave the cars on top of the hatches, Miss Rayne. Special convenience for women passengers. The cars aren't locked. You can sit in there and neck—"

"MacNair, shut up!" Captain Gunnarsen bellowed.

Dan eyed his captain's back, then dared. "Why, sir," he asked softly, in mock surprise, "have I said something I shouldn't? I thought I only talked out of turn when I was drunk. I guess I do talk rough, and act it, too, after I've hit the bottle three-four days. But other times—"

Captain Gunnarsen fairly choked. "Keep your mouth shut, MacNair!"

Dan glanced at Barbara. In the dark he sensed rather than saw that now she was searching his face with a sort of desperate doubt.

"I—I guess I'll go now," she said, and her voice trembled a little. She turned around and went out.

Captain Gunnarsen said, "Dan, I'll break you for this. I'll have you back polishin' brass!"

"Yes, sir," Dan answered. "You know, sir, if I had my way, we wouldn't take on cars this late in the season. The storms—"

"Not lookin' for any storm," shouted Captain Gunnarsen. "Stop changin' the subject! You weren't raised in a garbage scow. No better folks than yours ever rushed iron ore. What talk! Your mother would smack you, old as you are!"

"Yes, sir. We'll chain the cars?" "That's my business," roared the captain. "Miss Rayne's a mighty nice girl. I've talked to her quite a bit, and I know. I'll give you one more chance to be polite to her."

Dan's hands clenched and unclenched on the wheel. "I can't be polite to her—for a reason I can't go into, Captain Gunnarsen."

The captain whacked his sill. "One more chance—and I mean what I say!"

Barbara did not come up to the pilothouse the next morning. She's cured, Dan thought, and he felt a great emptiness.

BEFORE HIS night trick he went aft for his usual cup of coffee. He worried, striding past the motor cars. The cars, 115 of them, gleamed in rows across the hatch covers and between the

hatches, athwartships—and they were not chained.

Dan stopped sharply in the galley door. Barbara was in there. She was spreading sandwiches out of the makings the cook set out each evening. Dan smelled the coffee that simmered all night, strong and bitter.

"Hi," Barbara called, smiling, and then she dropped her head again, very busy. Her knife cut off bread crusts with little shaky chops. She had on a skirt and sweater of soft blue. When she bent her head that way, color like fire ran along her hair. Dan closed his fists, aching to touch that hair.

She cut the sandwiches across, into sissy triangles. "These are cheese"—she pointed with the knife—"those are ham."

"I don't like sandwiches," he said.

He knew what he had to do and it made him sick. He walked over to her. She lifted her face, and he saw how easy it was going to be to hurt her.

"And I don't like pink-haired girls," he said softly. "In the waterfront joints it isn't the pink-haired girls I go for." He caught hold of her arms and swung her around facing him. "But maybe I've been wrong. Maybe I've been missing something."

He took her roughly in his arms. He knew just how he was going to kiss her so as to make her shudder at the thought of him.

But something happened. He saw darkness. He felt a singing in his blood. He was not doing what he had planned. He was kissing her the way that he had wanted to, and touching that burning hair, and saying all sorts of crazy things.

"Dan," Barbara said. She began to cry a little. "All that stuff you said about drinking, that isn't true, is it?"

Like a fool, he told her it was not true.

She said, "You know, I always thought being in love would be happiness, but I haven't had any happiness. I've just wanted to die, Dan."

That brought some sense back to him. He pushed her away.

"Barbara," he told her, "you aren't in love, you just think you are."

She came up to him and lifted that resolute, sweet, kid's face of hers. "I'm in love," she answered.

"No. Your aunt gave it to you straight. It's the water and stars and brass buttons. It's being just a kid. It's seeing a life that you never saw before."

"It's you, Dan, not any of those things."

He smiled. "Could be you fastened on me because some of the other men don't bathe regularly. And maybe my work seems kind of romantic to you. But you wouldn't look twice at a truck driver, and that's what I am—a kind of truck driver."

"Oh, Dan, what awful nonsense you talk." She reached up and touched his lean brown cheek. "I like the line of your jaw."

He took her hand down quickly, frowning. "I've got to get up to the pilothouse now," he said.

"Then so do I," she said, and she smiled. The little crystal tears clung still in her eyelashes. She brushed her blue sleeve across them.

"No!" he said in panic. "We're staying apart from now on, understand?"

✦ Continued on page 27

We're not seeing each other again. I want you to promise."

"I can't promise that, Dan. I won't. I've just got to know how you are, and see you."

"I want your promise, Barbara."

"I'll try to stay away from you, Dan," she said gravely, "but I'd be crazy to promise."

"I'm seeing you back to your quarters now," he told her.

Lord, had he messed things!

He was still thinking of that toward daybreak, as he tossed on his bunk, when he heard a sound out on the hatch deck. The crew was chaining the cars.

DAN SAT UP, touched by a sharp sense of crisis, and, switching on the bunk light, glanced at his barometer. He bent forward, staring. The reading was 28.30, hurricane low . . . 28.30 —yet there was no wind: the boat pushed quietly up Lake Superior. Perhaps the storm would miss them. The time was 7.06.

At 8.30 Dan stood outside crew's quarters watching the sea-gulls. They were up a thousand feet, wheeling uneasily under the lead-colored sky—and they knew. Still there was no wind, and he told himself again: "The storm may miss."

Then, sudden and furious, a rush of cold air hit Dan's left cheek. With a scream the wind came out of the northeast, struck the boat broadside, and she rolled, shuddering. Dan caught a pillar. Captain Gunnarsen came lurching forward, a hand on the rail.

As he passed Dan he yelled, "It's goin' to be a benchrister, Dan. Go lock the women in."

Dan froze. He was not seeing Barbara again. And go in there to her with all her personal things around her—and maybe she would be in one of those dressing robe things—

"No, sir!" Dan shouted.

Captain Gunnarsen swung slowly around, his eyes bulging. "What's that you say?"

"I can't do it, sir. Have somebody else—" The wind tore the words from Dan's lips. "Let me go up and take the wheel now, sir."

Lightning split the sky, filling it for an instant with hard white light, and the rain began in lashing streaks. The boat lifted and trembled, poised.

"You won't obey my order, MacNair?" the captain shouted.

The boat dropped brutally, rolling in the building seas.

"No, sir . . ." Dan pleaded. "May I take the wheel now?" He itched to handle this. "We'll soon be off Whitefish Point where we'll be meeting other boats. Sir, I can handle this better than—"

"No!" roared Captain Gunnarsen. "We unload you tomorrow at Duluth. I'm through with you."

"Yes, sir," Dan said bleakly. No MacNair had ever been ordered off a boat before.

Shouting for Welch, a tall, dandified deckhand, to lock the women in, Captain Gunnarsen turned, bent over and faded into the gale.

Dan hesitated, then headed after his captain, a grim set to his mouth. He was going to ask for the wheel again. He felt his way, slipping and clutching, past the shapes of men hanging onto winch and pillar.

Up on the bow deck Dan glanced back and strained over the rail, his eyes narrowed. A car was loose just aft the row of cars athwartships. As the boat plunged, this car turned half over, smashing at those beside it.

Dan crawled down to the hatch deck again.

"Loose car!" he shouted. "Get chains and come along."

The men near him yelled that they could not fasten the car, and that no one expected them to risk their lives, and who did he think he was anyway, giving orders? They clung tighter, shaking with cold.

"We can make sure of the cars around it," Dan shouted through his cupped hands. "Who'll come?"

He had three volunteers. One of them was Welch, who had locked the women in. The four men fought their way along the lifeline strung over the hatches, dragging log chains behind them.

Welch yelled to Dan, through chattering teeth, "That Miss Rayne was worrying about you."

"Heave on the chain," Dan snapped at him.

They were soaked through and benumbed when they finished. Then they saw two more cars wild in that quarter acre of cars. Dan cursed the fumbings of the sleepy men who had chained the cars before dawn.

"It's no use," he shouted. "Let's get back."

Welch yanked at his sleeve. Dan turned. Welch's mouth was opening and shutting, but no sound came. His wet lashes lay back stiff with horror. He pointed to starboard.

Barbara stood there, glittering in a blue raincoat. She was just this side of the row of cars athwart the boat. Between her and the seas was a hand-rail of three slender cables.

Dan lunged for Welch. "You didn't lock her in!"

Welch ducked, chattering, "Don't blame me—that Mrs. Paxton was scared to be locked in. They promised to stay there."

The vessel rolled, starboard down, and Dan saw the grey seas climb beside Barbara, climb one upon the other and hang there as though suspended, then topple aboard with a hissing roar. His breathing stopped. The starboard side rose. Barbara, upon her knees, still clung there.

Dan dropped down and crawled toward the rail, handing himself along the car chains. There was thunder in his head. He knew this: she was coming to him—following him even in this—and if he could reach her, if they lived, he would never give her up. He saw her shining blue raincoat beside him. A cry filled his throat. He got a hand up on the top rail and rose. Carefully, he lifted her up and hooked her hands over his belt. He edged between her and the rail.

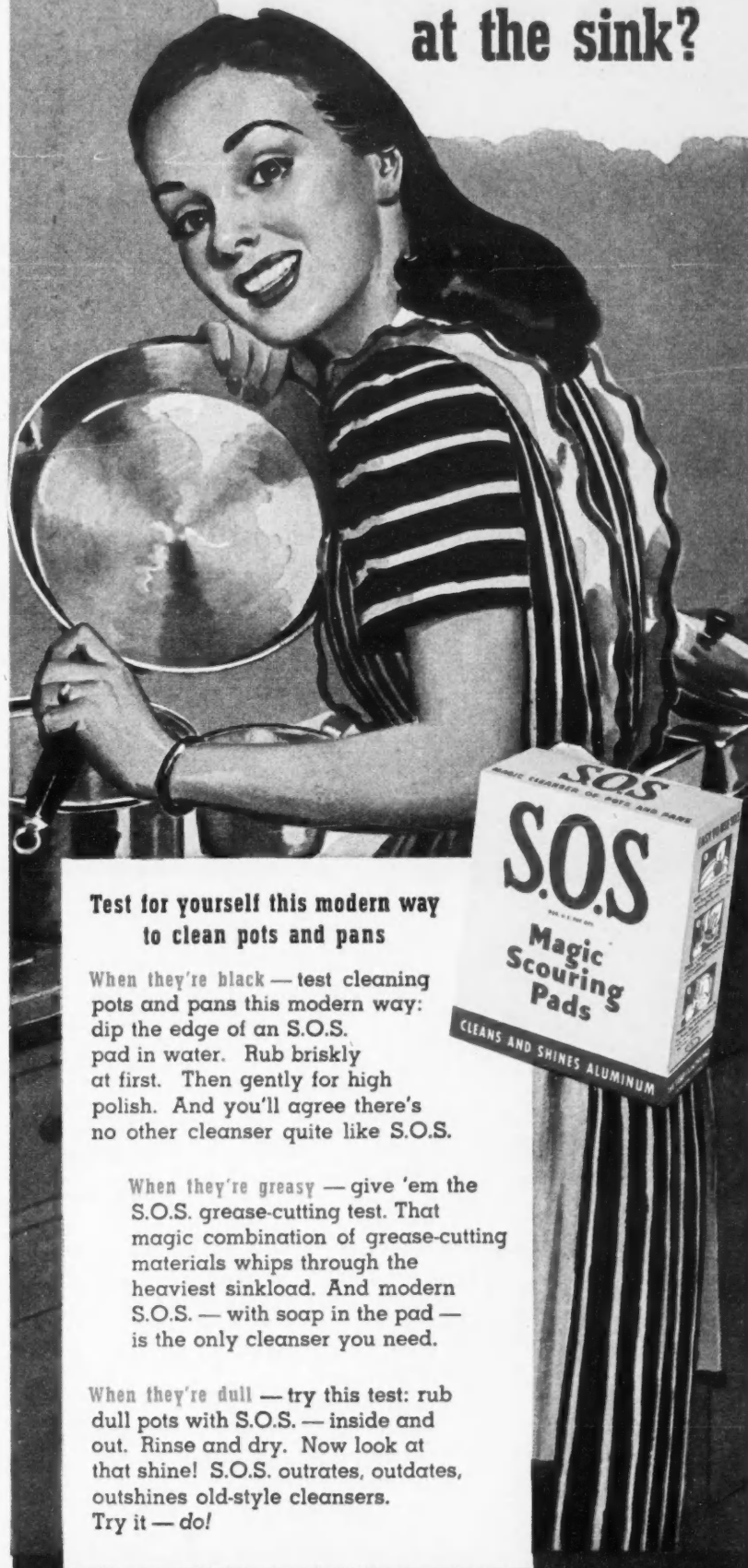
He said hoarsely, "We're turning back. Now careful—"

He saw the line of cars beside them buckle, saw a glistening car top rise. He threw Barbara down. He threw himself between her and the hand-rail, and reached for the steel stanchion that was near. He could not find it. He felt terror, then a quiet finality.

Their side of the boat wallowed under. A wave like a wall came up beside

✦ Continued on page 30

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**H**ERE'S to October, dressed in its Joseph's coat of bronze and yellow, nut brown and crimson, splotted with the dark of the evergreens and traced here and there with the silver of the birches. Here's to October's crisp winy air, its purple grapes—fat golden pumpkins—shiny apples—rusty pears—and its strutting turkeys. Here's to the warm haze of Indian summer and the smoky tang of an October evening. Here's to the sights and sounds, the smells and tastes which make this month the best of the whole year. Raise your glasses of apple cider and drink a toast with me. I give you: October!

**The old shell game:** put a big bowl of nuts on the table and a nutcracker to pass from hand to hand. What nicer way to end an October dinner? What nicer ritual before an open fire?

**Why all this talk** about splitting an atom; haven't succeeding generations of housekeepers been doing it from the beginning of time? And nothing said about it (well, anyway, not much, considering). The butcher, the baker, the successor to the candlestick maker, etc., etc., all get a fragment—and they seem to bear up very well under the impact.

**Any gardener** will tell you that fall is the time to prepare for spring planting. You can get your vegetables in earlier if you do a little spading now. The bugs and the grubs and the weeds won't like it but next year's cabbages will.

**Baked pear halves,** crusted with corn flakes, stuck with cloves and garnished with a nip of jelly—mighty handsome partner for ham or lamb.

**The harvest is in,** the turkeys are fattened, the crabapples spiced and the next-to-best apples pressed for cider. It's Thanksgiving! Soon the pumpkin pies will be made, the cranberries jelled and the fowl come crispy brown from the oven.

**I should,** I know, be counting my blessings, but my mind gets to pondering on the carver's art and a little lake of melted butter on a mountain of mashed potatoes. Doing what comes naturally.

**Pretty pastels** haven't a look-in on your Thanksgiving table. Take your cue from the turning maples and the sumac that burns by the roadside.

**Thanksgiving isn't** October's only feast day; there's chicken every Sunday and frolic food on the 31st.

**For Hallowe'en:** buy cones bulging with chocolate ice cream and turn upside down on sugar cookies. Mark in eyes, nose and a smiling mouth with bits of almonds or whatever—and you'll never in all your life see a more bewitching witch.

**I wonder** if more bachelors than benedicts catch pneumonia. It wouldn't surprise me, with no one to make them put on their rubbers when the weather is threatening. Serve them right too!

**The first hard frost** has its drawbacks but it does turn the maples, bring down the hickory nuts and put an end to a lot of sneezing. Hay fever martyrs give it a glad hand.

**It beats all** what folks can do with beets. Cook the tops when they're thinning them . . . pickle 'em . . . boil 'em . . . fix 'em up Harvard style . . . bake 'em in orange juice . . . serve 'em grated in salad. And any way you do them, they're a pain in the neck to me.

**Try me on carrots.** Especially if they're cooked and buttered and sprinkled with a smidgin of ginger.

**I suppose I should** say something nice about spinach—but I'm blessed if I will.

**Quickie:** thin down orange marmalade with a little orange juice, heat carefully and you have a mighty nice sauce for a plain steamed pudding.



## Helen Campbell's Page

**Ever see** a hollowed-out pumpkin shell filled with cracked ice and used as a cooler for bottles of ginger ale, coke and other Hallowe'en drinkables? Well neither did I, but I'm going to have one right plunk in the centre of my buffet table—along with the full bean pot and salad bowl, the steamed brown bread, and bowl of grapes and apples. I'll cut a big slice from the top to leave a good opening and maybe a thin one from the bottom to give it a firm stance. Now if that doesn't turn a guest to goblin'.

**Heat carefully** together a package of prepared mincemeat and two cupfuls of homemade cranberry sauce. Use for pie—oh my!

**No southern mammy** can beat my friend Inez when it comes to fixin' up sweet potatoes. For six medium-sized ones she makes a syrup—one cupful of brown sugar and one-quarter cupful of water. Then she cuts the boiled potatoes in good thick slices, arranges layers with little dots of butter on each in a baking dish and pours the syrup over. Bakes in a moderate oven to glaze and for special occasions (like when I'm company), sprinkles them with coarsely chopped walnuts. Serves them with baked ham—my most favorite eating.

**Said my editor:** You go over to Cleveland, Helen C., and see what's doing at the Home Economics Convention. So I went over to Cleveland and saw. I saw upward of 4,000 women from all over the United States—and a sprinkling from Canada—gathered together to discuss the angles of their profession: food service, research, education, administration and all the rest. I saw new equipment, new textiles, new techniques and ideas in operation. I saw Cleveland's Terminal Tower, lovely Shaker

Heights and Bay Village. I saw Niagara from the air—the Falls, the Rapids, the Whirlpool, the Maid-of-the-Mist. And I liked what I saw—especially the people.

**Job I like** around a house is polishing the silver. It's nice contemplative sort of work. That's when I figure out where to put the gladiolus bulbs, whether to have goose or turkey and what stuffing to use, how I'll make over last year's hat (or will I?), and what to give Aunt Jo for Christmas.

**Friend of mine** gave her dressing table skirt a pair of fancy patch pockets. Into them go bobby pins, night nets and other useful but undecorative oddments which ordinarily clutter up the top. Neat trick.

**The huntin', shootin'** boys are taking to the woods again. Now if anyone sends you a side of venison or a bear steak or a brace of ducks, what are you doing to do with it? Me, I'm going to look the gift horse in the mouth and ask the boys why they couldn't have killed a pig. I like pork, see. And I like cracklings and pig's knuckles and headcheese. And country sausage.

**"Cockles and Mussels, alive-alive-o."** Well, I don't know much about cockles dead or alive, and I'd rather meet a mussel in a tin than at any other stage of its career. So encountered, they're admirable fellows. Not handsome, to be sure, but since when were only the good-looking valuable members of society? Try mussels salted and peppered and heated in milk with a little dab of butter. Or brown them and tuck in the fold of an omelet. Or fix 'em up any way you would oysters.





Natural Colour Photograph  
taken in Jordan Vineyards.

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Jordan Grape Juice is the natural "first choice" beverage for your home. For Jordan gives you the rich, refreshing, full-bodied flavour of special grapes grown and developed in Jordan Vineyards. It gives you a higher standard of quality . . . made possible by a processing plant with a record of 30 years' leadership in grape juice production. And it gives you all the wholesome goodness achieved by retaining in Jordan Grape Juice the essential properties of the natural grape.

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*Jordan Grape Juice  
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seal-protected bottles  
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venient screw caps.*

# Jordan

## GRAPE JUICE

JORDAN WINE COMPANY LIMITED, JORDAN, ONTARIO

## EAGLE-LION HEADLINERS



EXCEPTIONAL ENTERTAINMENT

Jean Kent ★ ★ ★ This Bundle from Britain is a Bundle of Fire.



Eagle-Lion makes the prediction, here and now that, as soon as the Gainsborough picture, CARAVAN, is seen in Canada, film-goers will award star rating to the flaming new personality. The new star will be Jean Kent.

★ ★ ★

It is not a risky forecast. Exactly that has just occurred in London. As the jilted gypsy of MADONNA OF THE SEVEN MOONS, Jean Kent has already stirred up Canadian interest. In CARAVAN, she has the role of a hot-blooded gypsy dancer.

★ ★ ★

CARAVAN, of course, is the film version of Lady Eleanor Smith's best-seller of the same name. It is also Stewart Granger's latest picture.

★ ★ ★

In the hundreds of letters recently received by Eagle-Lion from film followers in every theatre-going corner of Canada, there is one standard refrain. They ask when, where and how soon specific Eagle-Lion pictures will be seen in their territories.

★ ★ ★

There are currently more than ten Eagle-Lion productions from the J. Arthur Rank Studios in national release across Canada.

★ ★ ★

James Mason, Margaret Lockwood and Patricia Roc are in THE WICKED LADY.

★ ★ ★

Noel Coward's BRIEF ENCOUNTER has begun its coast-to-coast engagements.

★ ★ ★

After DEAD OF NIGHT, Michael Redgrave is soon to be seen in THE CAPTIVE HEART.

★ ★ ★

The most recent release with James Mason is THEY WERE SISTERS which stars Phyllis Calvert as well.

★ ★ ★

If any Canadian film-goer is specially interested in a particular picture or a particular star or stars, Eagle-Lion will be very glad to send him word where and when the film or the star's most recent picture can be conveniently seen.

Eagle-Lion Pictures at your Favourite Theatre

thickly sheathed in ice. Ice hung like a fantastic white wash from her rigging and bows. She was nosing to a coal dock at Duluth, through a white fog, her whistle blasting three times a minute.

Barbara and her aunt stood amidships, their fine pale leather bags beside them. Dan walked toward them. Mrs. Paxton, shivering in mink, came to meet him.

"You're a fine boy, Dan MacNair," she said.

He tipped his fuzzy green fedora. "Sorry you didn't have a more pleasant trip," he told her with formality.

Barbara was waiting for him. Beneath a little hat of curly black fur, her hair burned, her face was paper white under its dusting of freckles.

"Good-by," he said, watching her eyes.

Her eyes travelled over the green plaid overcoat, the striped brown suit, the wedge of pink silk shirt. She sat down suddenly on one of the bags.

She said, "Dan, I don't believe—No! Never mind—Good-by."

Dan glanced toward the short ladder, praying for some woman to come up.

Barbara had turned her head away from him. She hunted for a handkerchief. She ran her fingers wildly through her pocketbook and the cuffs of her fur coat. Dan put his handkerchief into her hands.

"One month, remember?" he asked gently. "In one month you'll look up from your dancing or whatever it is, and laugh."

He saw a broad young woman in a red hat come puffing up the shore ladders.

"There's my wife," he said. "Do you see, Barbara? There."

He touched the fuzzy green hat, and left her. He gave the broad young woman a hand aboard.

"Will you kiss me, Mrs. O'Donohue?" he asked politely.

"Are you crazy, Dan?" cried Mrs. O'Donohue, wife of the chief engineer. "I'm having my sanest moment. Now kiss me as though you meant it."

"I'll slap—"

"I'm settling the hash of a woman passenger over there, see?"

"Women passengers, huh! Well, this for them." She kissed him soundly three times, and fairly shouted, "Oh, darling!" Under her breath she asked, "What did these women do to O'Donohue?"

"How could they touch O'Donohue when he has kisses like these to remember?" Dan asked. Over the red hat he saw Barbara watching.

Two deckhands took the fine pale luggage down the ladder. Barbara and her aunt followed them ashore, and into the fog.

The next thing Dan knew he was blundering around down in the engine room, with Captain Gunnarsen following him.

"Dan, come ashore and get them ribs fixed," the captain shouted over the crashing noise.

Dan mumbled stupidly. He did not know how he had got down there.

The captain shouted at him: "We're through for the season, son. Storm strained our shell plates some. We go down and tie up at Toledo—" He gave Dan a little shake. "Then you're comin' south with me — sunshine — pinochle—" + Continued on next page

# LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OH, UNHAPPY SADIE HAWKINS DAY!! AH THOUGHT 'TWERE LI'L ABNER AH DRAGGED OUTA THET DARK CAVE - BUT 'TWERE (UGH!!) DATELESS BROWN-AN' NOW (SOB!!) AH GOTTA MARRY HIM !!

(-AH OUGHTN'T LET THIS HAPPEN T'DAISY MAE!!)



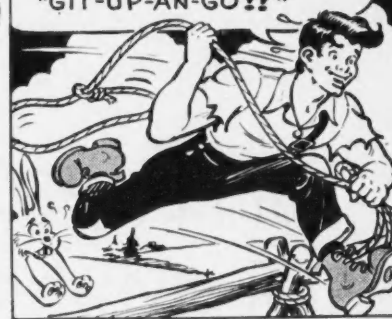
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BUT-PHEW! AH IS SO WORE OUT FUM TH' SADIE HAWKINS DAY RACE, AH JEST HAIN'T GOT TH' ENERGY !!

IN 5 MINUTES, Y'LL BE POPPIN' WIF FOOD-ENERGY, FUM A BIG BOWL O' THIS HYAR 'QUICK-COOKIN' '5-MINUTE' CREAM OF WHEAT !!



T'TH' RES-KEW! AH GOT THET CREAM OF WHEAT FEELIN' - AH IS BUSTIN' WIF BODY-BUILDIN' MINERALS\*AN' "GIT-UP-AN-GO!!"



\*FOR DIETS & EFFICIENT IN THESE ELEMENTS

FO' A MIZZUBLE 25¢, AH NOW PRONOUNCES YO', IN MAH CHEAPEST AN' MOST CONTEMPTUOUS MANNER, MAN AN--



BUT (SOB!!) AH WANTS THET SMO-OOOTH, DEE-LISHUS, CREAM OF WHEAT, INSTEAD!



CREAM of WHEAT  
MADE IN CANADA from Canadian Wheat

\*"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.





Can You Answer These Questions About

# CANCER?

Q. Are we winning or losing the war on cancer?



A. The news is good! The death rate from cancer of the stomach, skin, and mouth is going down. Among women the rate is being reduced for all forms of cancer.

Q. How is medical science attacking cancer?

A. Doctors are getting more patients in the early stages of cancer, when the chances of cure are greatest. Intensive studies now being carried on to determine the causes of cancer and to develop new methods of diagnosis and treatment, include research with hormones, and experiments with radioactive substances and certain chemical compounds.



Q. What should everyone do about cancer?



A. First, learn the danger signals. Second, when such warnings appear, get medical advice immediately, for there are only two ways of curing cancer: removal by surgery, or destruction by X-rays or radium rays. It is estimated that 30 to 50 percent of the deaths from cancer today might have been prevented by earlier recognition and prompt treatment.

## What are cancer's "danger signals"?

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast. 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding. 3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips. 4. Noticeable changes in a mole or wart. 5. Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion. 6. Any persistent changes in normal habits of elimination.

Important note: These signals do not necessarily mean cancer. In fact, 88 out of 100 women who came to one cancer clinic proved not to have the disease. However, the signals do indicate that something is wrong, which you should

have checked by your physician. His examination will reassure you if cancer is not present, or, if it is, will permit prompt treatment.

To learn more about cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 106L Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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Protect your child against Small Pox, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Tetanus and Scarlet Fever. Have him immunized NOW! See your Doctor or your Health Department.

## The Lights Are Still Bright

Continued from page 27

Dan. His head struck the stanchion. He caught the stanchion with both hands, and braced his body. The wave tore down on them.

The car closest to them, rammed by tons of weight, broke loose. It turned a half somersault and dropped. The hood of it came down upon the top cable of the handrail. As the ship rose to starboard, Dan and Barbara could just move under the car. He got his arm over her, fending, and told her to crawl.

The deck dropped sickeningly. The row of cars rushed toward the rail, crashing at the car over Dan and Barbara. The top cable snapped, dropping the car upon it to the middle cable.

Dan felt nothing. He could no longer move or breathe, but he felt nothing except Barbara's cold hands upon his cold face. Barbara. He was not going to let her go. Then the pain came. It was more pain than a man could stand up to.

WHEN HE WAKED, he was in his bunk. Captain Gunnarsen stood looking down at him, a cigar tilted in his mouth.

Captain Gunnarsen said, "It could of been worse, Dan—only 11 cars missin', and a few rivets loose in the shell plates. The girl isn't hurt." He grunted, "You don't have to get off at Duluth."

Dan remembered. He sat up. Gently the old captain pushed him flat again.

"You've got ribs broke, son. Maybe somethin' inside too."

"Nuts," Dan grinned. He sat up again. "Will you help me with my clothes, sir?"

The boat still writhed. Dan staggered out on deck and to the door of the passengers' quarters. He knocked. Mrs. Paxton opened the door. She was a dark, very slender woman with an expensive look about her.

"You can't see Barbara," she said. "She's all right. We shall be getting off at Duluth. You can't see her."

"Seven like you couldn't stop me," he told her.

She did not move. Dan stepped over the high sill, picked her up and set her down out of the way.

"All right, you may see Barbara," she said. "But first I want to tell you something. Sit down."

"I'll stand," Dan answered. He braced himself against the rolling wall. "Mrs. Paxton, I'm through being a self-sacrificing fool."

She looked up into Dan's eyes, and he saw that she was desperate. She said, "Mr. MacNair, if you have to see Barbara, then help her! Get her over this!"

"I tried," Dan said. "I won't try any more. I'm going to marry Barbara right away."

"That would be tragedy," she told him.

Dan felt a surge of anger. "If you're talking any stuff about difference in social position—"

She shook her head. "Nonsense. I mean this: Barbara's so young. She's having a romantic illusion. Boats do something to people, and Barbara is not yet 20 and she's never met a man anything like you. She'll wake

up out of this. Before a month is up, she'll wake up. I know it."

"And then, if we were married, she'd leave me?"

"And then, if you were married, she would not leave you," Mrs. Paxton said with impressive quiet, "not Barbara. Marriage would be for all time with Barbara. She rides through with things. That is what I meant by tragedy. I just thought I'd tell you, Mr. MacNair." She stepped back.

Dan stood against the wall, his eyes fixed and unseeing. He began to shiver like a fool.

"You win," he said at last.

At the door of Barbara's stateroom he hesitated, trying to think, his head bowed, his hand spread flat on the door. He had to make himself out a heel—the worst heel he could think up.

He lifted his head. The thing he was going to say was bitter in his mouth. He knocked.

"Come in," Barbara called.

He went to her bed. He knew that she was a slim shape under a pile of blankets, and that her hair was spilled brightness on her pillow. But he did not look at her. He kept his eyes safely on the two life vests over her bed.

She said, "Dan, you see that I couldn't stay away from you. I knew all the time that I couldn't."

He did not answer, and she went on. "Want to know what I've been thinking about as I lie here? That thing the lookout calls—'The lights are still bright.' That's like my loving you. My love takes an awful beating from Aunt Claudia and you, but the lights are still bright."

Her voice had a smile in it. She reached out her hand to him. He could not touch her hand.

"I'm married, Barbara," he told her, "happily married. I had no business kissing you—and all that." He made his story good. "I've got kids too; a boy and a girl."

She did not speak for a long while. At last she said, quietly, "I don't believe you."

He had to put this across and make it stick. He said, "They wirelessed my wife that I was hurt. She's coming aboard tomorrow at Duluth."

He heard her turn over. Her voice came, muffled, from the pillow: "I'm not going to get over you, Dan."

"Your aunt gives you a month. So do I, Barbara."

She said against the pillow, "I don't believe you—about having a wife."

"You'll see her tomorrow," he said. "Take care of yourself, Barbara."

DAN TURNED and went out of there quickly. Pain burned in his ribs. He could not stop shivering. Outside, ice was forming on the boat. Two hands were hacking ice from the steps. One of them was Welch. Eyeing him, Dan thought wryly of a last touch to get Barbara over him. Welch had a flashy wardrobe.

"Lend me some shore clothes tomorrow, Welch?" he asked.

Welch beamed, eager to regain Dan's good graces. "For that Miss Rayne—" Dan's eyes stopped him. "Sure, MacNair," he said hastily, "glad to oblige."

Late the next afternoon Dan came out on deck dressed in Welch's remarkable clothes. The Caldwell was

# What Do You Know About Women?

Answers to Quiz on pages 20 and 21

1. (a) Lady Alexander, wife of the Governor-General of Canada.  
(b) Queen Elizabeth.  
(c) Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.  
(d) Mrs. Harry S. Truman.  
(e) Mrs. Clement Attlee, wife of Britain's Prime Minister.
2. (a) Anne Hathaway.  
(b) Xanthippe.  
(c) Betty Grable.  
(d) Eleanor Roosevelt (Mrs. Roosevelt is a distant cousin of the late President).  
(e) Mayling Soong.
3. (a) Mary Baker Eddy.  
(b) Emily Kinnaird.  
(c) Mrs. Clark Murray.  
(d) Aimée Semple McPherson.  
(e) Lady Baden-Powell.  
(f) Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless.
4. (a) Aspasia.  
(b) Mary Lamb, his sister.  
(c) George Sand.  
(d) Marie (Skłodowska) Curie.  
(e) Beatrice.  
(f) Cosima Wagner  
(g) Alice Liddell
- (a) Carole Lombard.  
(b) Susan Peters.  
(c) Olivia de Havilland (her sister, Joan Fontaine, won the award for her acting in "Rebecca").  
(d) Deanna Durbin.
6. (a) Sarah.  
(b) Nancy Hanks.  
(c) Venus or Aphrodite.  
(d) Jennie Jerome of New York City.  
(e) Isabel Grace Mackenzie.  
(f) Mrs. Oliva Dionne
7. (a) Ethel Barrymore in the role of Mrs. McChesney in Edna Ferber's "Emma McChesney."  
(b) Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, 1849.  
(c) Queen Alexandra of England.  
(d) Queen Elizabeth, 16th Century.  
(e) Alice Marble, 1933.
8. (a) Dido.  
(b) St. Cecilia.  
(c) Cleopatra.  
(d) Agrippina, mother of Nero.  
(e) Amelia Earhart.
9. (a) Emmeline Pankhurst.  
(b) Dorothea Linde Dix (1802-1887).  
(c) Elizabeth Fry.
10. (a) Lot's wife.  
(b) Flora Macdonald.  
(c) The old woman in the shoe.  
(d) Penelope, wife of Ulysses.
11. (a) Grace Campbell.  
(b) L. M. Montgomery.  
(c) Pauline Johnson.  
(d) Gwethalyn Graham.
12. (a) Lauren Bacall.  
(b) Lana Turner.  
(c) Anita Colby.  
(d) Ann Sheridan.  
(e) Marie McDonald.
13. (a) Catherine de Medici.  
(b) Elizabeth of England.  
(c) Anne of England.  
(d) Queen of Hearts.  
(e) Isabella of Spain.
14. (a) Juliet.  
(b) Lady Hamilton.  
(c) Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson.  
(d) Josephine.  
(e) Thisbe.  
(f) Stella.  
(g) Ruth
15. (a) Helen of Troy.  
(b) Lady Godiva.  
(c) Madame Pompadour.  
(d) Salome (she obtained John the Baptist's head from Herod).
16. (a) Madame Roland (France).  
(b) Marie Antoinette.  
(c) Queen Victoria of England.  
(d) Dorothy Parker.
17. (a) Lucille Dupin, later Madame Dudevant.  
(b) Comtesse Catherine Agoult.  
(c) Grace Zaring Stone.  
(d) Mary Ann Evans.  
(e) Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Bronte.
18. (a) Harriet Beecher Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."  
(b) Betty MacDonald in "The Egg and I."  
(c) Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (wife of the poet) who wrote "Frankenstein."  
(d) Gene Stratton Porter in "Girl of the Limberlost."
19. (a) Jenny Lind.  
(b) Mary Tudor (1516-1558).  
(c) Clara Middleton, heroine of "The Egoist," by Geo. Meredith.  
(d) Joan of Arc.  
(e) Florence Nightingale.
20. (a) Cordelia in "King Lear."  
(b) Jeanie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian."  
(c) Little Miss Muffet.  
(d) Anna Karenina in "Anna Karenina."

## "Everybody Benefits—Everybody Gives"

Canada's Community Chests are appealing for six million dollars to meet the minimum needs of their member agencies for the coming year. It sounds like a lot of money, yet it's a small price to pay for sympathetic social services that look after homeless babies, steer difficult children away from delinquent paths, provide proper, intelligent help in the rehabilitation of broken homes. Remember—the war cost Canada eight million dollars a day! We didn't shirk then; let us assume the new public responsibilities of peacetime. "Everybody Benefits—Everybody Gives." Support your Community Chest.

ARE YOU  
REALLY SURE  
OF YOUR  
PRESENT  
DEODORANT?  
TEST IT UNDER  
THIS ARM.

PUT FRESH  
THE NEW CREAM  
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SEE WHICH STOPS  
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## Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...



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● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins a national favourite brand.



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**HOLD-BOB**  
BOBBY PINS

DAN ROUSED suddenly, a shock running through him. Someone had been knocking at the pilothouse door. It was dark. He lifted his cramped fingers from the spokes of the wheel. He went and yanked the door open. A strange deckhand stood there.

"You all right, sir?" the deckhand asked. "I was afraid—I knocked a long time. Captain Gunnarsen asks you please to step back to his boat." The deckhand stared at Dan. "Look, sir, could I get you a glass of water or something?"

"I'm all right," Dan said hoarsely. He wiped his face. "I'll come," he said, and he was grateful. He wanted light and a human voice.

He followed the deckhand. "Captain Gunnarsen want a game of pinochle?" he asked.

"He didn't say, sir," the deckhand answered.

They climbed the Anna Sanford's shore ladder. Captain Gunnarsen was waiting for Dan at the head of the ladder. He was dragging deeply on his cigar, and there was a gleam in his eye.

He grunted, "What kinda cock-and-bull story did you tell that girl, that Miss Rayne, last fall? About bein' married? That girl already knew all about you—anyway, all I could tell her. She used to follow me around, askin'."

"I don't know what you are talking about, sir," Dan's heart began to thunder. He asked roughly, "What are you trying to say?"

"Girl didn't know you had a boat of your own now." Captain Gunnarsen jerked a thumb toward the observation lounge. Lights burned in there. He said, "Dan, wait—"

Dan could not wait. But as he ran, he heard the captain call, "Ask her what she means by quotin' an owners' safety precaution." Dan heard the captain's rumbling chuckle. "Ask her what she means by telling me, 'It's now five months, and the lights are still bright.'"



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Another "Hickory" Success

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You'll enjoy many more benefits in wearing "Perma-lift" brassieres than we claim for them. For beauty—for unsurpassed style and comfort ask for a "Perma-lift" bra—

Canada's favorite—at fine stores everywhere.

\*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Chatelaine *Fashions*







## Dresses are her dreams...

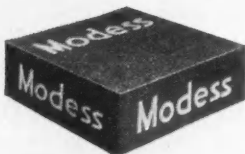
She's an artist to her finger-tips... her draping and "line" are bywords in the dress designing field, her label is famous.

She's always on the go! Art galleries, museums, her hunting grounds. Art classes a "must". Trips to California and New York a frequent affair... and Paris and London in the air again!

Temperamental seamstresses and fractious customers are daily occurrences... but she can take it! She's too smart a girl to let minor discomforts get her down. On those extra-edgy days, downy-soft Modess gives her the added poise, comfort and confidence she needs.

Tests prove Modess more absorbent than any other leading napkin. Modess proves more comfortable in the wearing too. That downy-fluff filler starts soft—and stays soft. The full-length, non-absorbent safety shield gives you an extra margin of safety.

**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS



SMART GIRLS CHOOSE MODESS BECAUSE IT'S SOFTER, SAFER

## A House: Simple, Modern, Spacious

*Continued from page 12*

the other looking toward the dining area. Distance from the rear wall of the dining area to the front wall of the bay window is nearly 30 feet—a magnificent free flow of space!

Combining living and dining facilities as Architect Betts has in Chatelaine House No. 5 results in high appeal from both appearance and functional standpoints. A door from the dining area leads directly outside, giving ready access to the garden and facilitating the serving of outdoor meals. A breakfast nook separates dining area and kitchen, the latter being well located with regard to servicing the dining area and answering the front door. The garage is attached to the house, with roof carried across the rear wall, over the back door. Just outside the back door is the garage door and a drying yard.

There is a large, well-lighted recreation room in the basement, together with the usual furnace, laundry and storage rooms.

THE SECOND FLOOR provides three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a sewing room, and generous closet space. Two of the bedrooms share a bathroom across the upstairs hall. They are of average size. The deck over the garage, ideal for sitting out on warm evenings, may be reached from one of these bedrooms. Alternatively, a door from the stair landing may be used.

The third bedroom is the "master" type, in effect a self-contained sleeping suite with a private bathroom and large clothes closet. A dramatic suggestion for its furnishing and arrangement is made elsewhere in this issue by Freda G. James, Chatelaine's interior decorating consultant.

The sewing room, small, with good light, is a particularly valuable feature of Chatelaine House No. 5. Of course its functions need not be limited to those dictated by use of needle and thread! A large cupboard would store linens, and the resourceful housekeeper might well add ironing equipment to the setup.

Mr. Betts specified that only the best, most substantial materials were to be employed in construction of this interesting house. Walls of the first story are stone—a fairly light greenish-grey variety with accents of purple and brown—laid in random-coursed pattern. The second story is boldly sheathed with horizontal wooden siding, the joints between the boards being concealed by wide batten strips. All woodwork of the second story is painted

ivory except the window sashes. They are a delightfully fresh turquoise shade. The molded recess of the entrance is also turquoise, while the door itself is dark maroon. For the roof the architect calls for composition shingles in blended tones ranging from tobacco brown to purple.

IN GARDEN PLANNING an accepted rule says it is better to seek successful use of existing difficulties than to try to eliminate or ignore them. In this way properties which might otherwise lack interest can be accorded true individuality of landscape treatment.

A condition occurs with Chatelaine House No. 5 that, at first glance, might appear to present an unsolvable problem. The sill of the big window in the basement recreation room is two feet below the finished ground level. How could light and air be provided without loss of valuable land space?

Helen M. Kippax, Chatelaine's landscape architect consultant in this project, answered the question with vigor and enthusiasm. Turning a disadvantage into an asset, she suggested building the house as far as possible to the west so as to create a large sunken area on the east. Instead of putting a small well or areaway around the window she made the excavation extend the depth of the house right to the property line! This sunken area was then outlined by a low retaining wall and its entire floor paved with flagstones. Accessible by a flight of stone steps and fitted out with comfortable summer furniture it makes an inviting outdoor room.

Like other dwellings in the Chatelaine series, House No. 5 can best be described by the word "modern." Not modern merely for the sake of being different, but because of the conviction that modern architecture makes for the most livable and enjoyable house. After all, modern houses are simply shelters designed to minister to modern needs in a modern way. They reject, for the sake of economy and efficiency, all that's outworn and old-fashioned but retain the best of tradition.

A well-designed modern house does not "flout" its modernity. To do so would violate good architectural manners. Instead it makes a subtle appeal, quietly drawing attention to the fact that it offers more intensive use of space, is flexible in plan and adaptable to many individual and family activities. Other advantages are its co-ordination of indoor and outdoor living, the ease with which it is maintained, and the bright, cheery atmosphere it provides for contemporary home life. +

## Dress Up Your Rooms Now!...

Do the bedrooms need new curtains? And would you like to know how to make a professional-looking valance box? Or is your problem that worn upholstery on the living room armchair, which could be hidden so easily with a well-made slip cover?

Here are two handy little guidebooks designed to give you practical step-by-step help on both these problems:

"Make Your Own Curtains," Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 2100, price 15 cents.

"Slip Covers" Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 2101, price 5 cents.

Order from Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



This age of charm and elegance gives new fashions, lovely and wearable, to the mature woman whose own good taste is the secret of her ageless charm!

It wasn't always easy, in recent years, for the mature woman . . . neither young nor old . . . to find clothes that satisfied both her love of beauty and sense of age "fitness"! Only a tall willow could wear those deep, deep sleeves without looking like a pillow. Only the young in years—hips or no hips—could get away with dirndl-full skirts. And last year's downpour of sequins washed out plenty of well-made, pretty dresses, so far as the forties were concerned.

This year, it's different . . . new lines fit into the life of the most discriminating woman, and in the accompanying selections—among the season's loveliest—you can see how it's done.

For instance, on page 35, a short-length black crepe dinner dress is cut simply on soft lines, with bust-easing shoulder folds. Eyes are attracted to the sleeves, richly silvered with small beads, fine thread and tiny sequins. A forward-tilting black hat, shiny with coq feathers, veil-softened, is perfect with this dress.

Garments and accessories courtesy  
The Robert Simpson Company, Toronto.

No gold threads among the silver of your hair doesn't mean retreating to dull colors! On the opposite page, at top, a new rosy-violet tone in fine wool, lightly beaded, and a wine felt hat, curling with pink and wine coqs, are strikingly flattering to gleaming silver hair.

Persian lamb, in a coat of just-above-the-dress length, has full, snug-wristed sleeves, figure-whittling lines. There's wonderful hat appeal in the blue and rose baby ostrich feathers on black felt.

The long black crepe dinner frock is worn with a softly draped, white jacket in novelty-weave jacquard, and a black hat covered with lustrous ostrich plumes—a beautifully correct and stunning ensemble.

If you love a suit, but never felt right in one, study the design right, with its tunic-length jacket, figure-wise, and lavish with Persian lamb. A very slenderly cut skirt offsets deep-wristed, gracefully full sleeves. Pale pink coq and ostrich feathers on the black hat bring life to the suit, delicate contrast with the rich fur.

Two danger zones are carefully avoided in all these ensembles: extreme or faddish features, and bright, hard-to-wear colors. Styles and colors are handled in a way that's kind to mature figures, changing hair and skin. The result: proof that Fashion, whimsical, elusive, sometimes a little difficult—like a woman—defies the years in this age of charm.



# "Adjustable Waist" GIRDLE

by  
NEMO



**STOOP, bend or sit and you expand your normal waistline as much as three inches!**

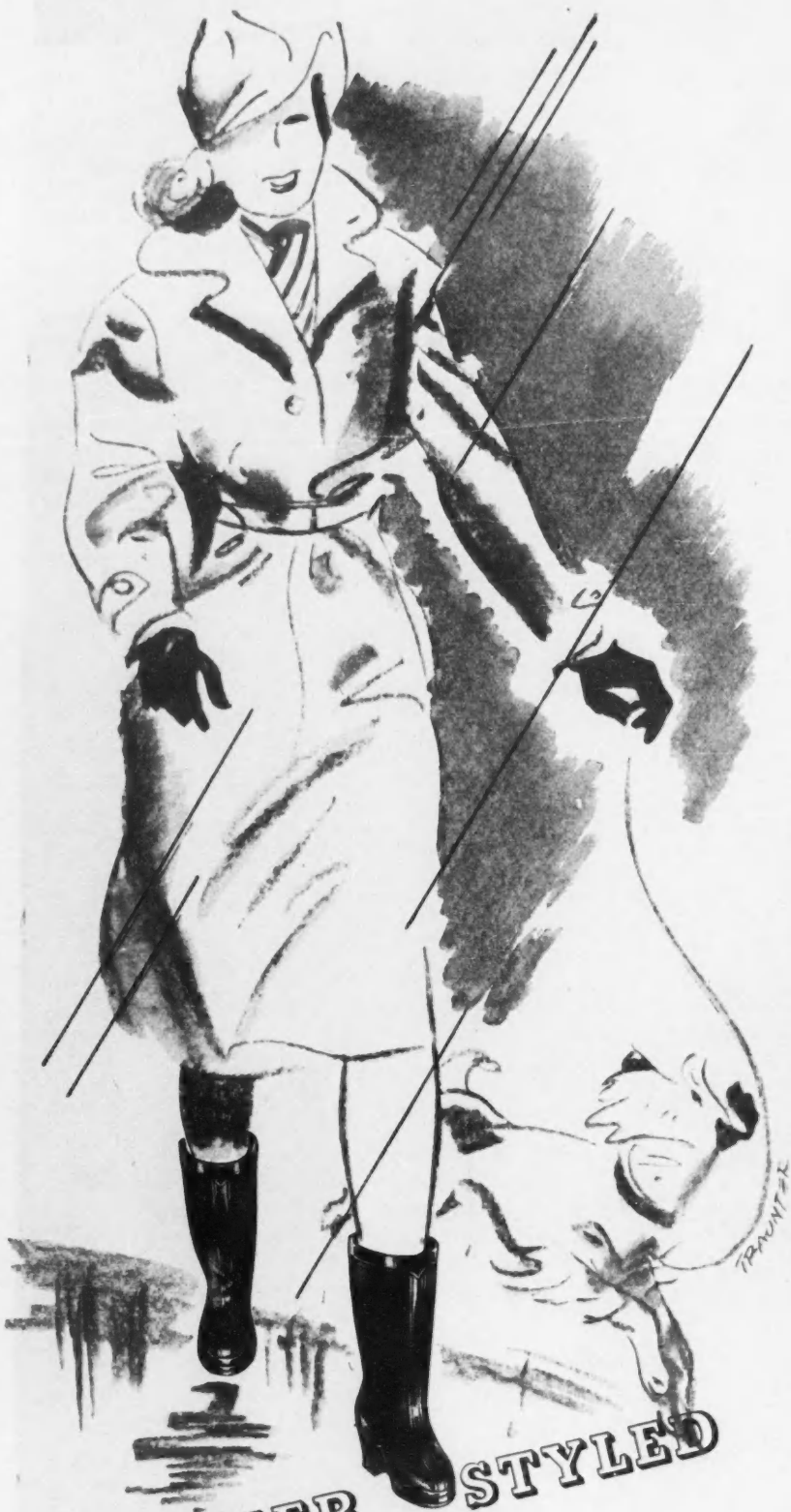
For the right support during these natural movements you need a NEMO "Adjustable Waist" which automatically adjusts itself to every expansion of your waistline, comfortably.

The elastic section at the top back is the secret; it expands and contracts as your waistline changes.

"Adjustable Waist" is made for every figure type.

NEMO FOUNDATIONS, 359 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO





**WEATHER**

*Sylvia Fullovers*

set you  
off with a gay swashbuckling swagger—  
handsomely prepared to face rain,  
slush or sleet. Ask your footwear dealer  
for Gutta Percha's Weather Styled  
footwear to fit your personality.



277-S-46

# This Age of Charm

by Evelyn Kelly



## Are you in the know?



Do this often, if you are addicted to—

- ☐ Tantrums
- ☐ Booking blues
- ☐ Hickey trouble

You can drown all three sorrows (above) in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickies . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. Quest, the powder deodorant, will help you stay sweet and dainty. Quest is specially designed for sanitary napkins . . . it absorbs moisture and prevents chafing, too. Large size 35c.



To use silver correctly, would you—

- ☐ Start from the outside
- ☐ Start from the inside
- ☐ Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you use the dainty, light Kotex Wonderform Belt. It holds

Kotex secure with patented flat clasps . . . it's so inconspicuous you'll feel completely at ease. Each 25c.



## Men Hate to See a Woman Drunk

Continued from page 16

little and you'll soon see that Canada has its fair share of downright drunkards.

The percentage of them who are women is another hard question to answer. There isn't much use in breaking down the number of liquor permits issued and noting the proportion held by each sex. Possession of a permit doesn't necessarily involve the abuse of it; and all we shall learn is that so many women have them that those who say, "Nice women don't drink", are demonstrably wrong. But there is something quite conclusive and beyond argument about dying of alcoholism, and the over-all Canadian picture of deaths attributed to this cause is therefore inescapably significant.

According to figures published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics for years I have chosen because one group fell in peacetime and one in war, that over-all picture looks like this:

Year	Male Deaths	Female Deaths
1929	224	23
1930	167	19
1931	137	9
1932	122	14
1933	83	15
1939	106	16
1940	138	12
1941	73	10
1942	50	9
1943	50	7

The Bureau observes, incidentally, that the decline in 1941, 1942 and 1943 was more apparent than real since "a revision in the classification of causes of death, as recommended by the International Commission, lessened the number of deaths which could be attributed to alcoholism." It will be seen that the ratio fluctuates: yet come what may, a rough average of nine men die from drink in Canada to every one woman.

Another thing people nearly always do personally is get arrested for offenses against the various liquor control and prohibition acts. Here, taking the Bureau's statistics for 1943 and 1944, we find an approximate average of 12 men running afoul of the law to each woman. So we shall probably be fairly close to the truth if we conclude that in this country the proportion of drunken males to drunken females is about 10 to one, with women on the short or more creditable end.

AS TO our wider question, whether there is much difference in cause and result of alcoholism between the sexes, we shall have less trouble answering. There isn't.

At the root of the matter for men and women alike is a large simple fact. It is safe to say that a person who is really well and happy is never an alcoholic and rarely drinks to excess. If they are or do, there is something wrong.

Nearly half of all alcoholism is symptomatic of serious mental disease: schizophrenia, a manic-depressive psychosis, or some other grave disorder. Putting it another way, if you assembled 100 alcoholic people in one big room, 40 of them would either be going crazy or have already just about got there. So

+ Continued on page 43

## Are you in the know?



In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?

- ☐ Miss Dinah Mite
- ☐ Miss Mite

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making any business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin really protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive safety center. Never a panicky moment with Kotex!

How to belittle a too-big foot?

- ☐ Wear shoes with instep interest
- ☐ Choose cut-out toes
- ☐ Shun fussy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light-hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is really inconspicuous, for those special, flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!



How should you dress for job-hunting?

- ☐ On the tailored side
- ☐ In your campus togs
- ☐ Go glamorous

Bobby sox and business don't jibe—though you needn't scrap your entire school wardrobe. For job-hunting, weed out the trick "teenish" items; shun the date bait get-ups . . . dress on the tailored side. Your attitude should be workmanlike. Live up to it, even on trying days. You can stay comfortable, serene, with Kotex—the napkin that's made to stay soft while wearing. So next time try Kotex. Just see how much longer that softness lasts!



PERSONNEL DIRECTOR



★ T.M. Reg.

More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary napkins





## Your Fall Suit

You'll be needing one of these new suits for the first crisp fall days, and on through the cold months for wear under your fur coat. All the important trends are interpreted in these styles, two of which are for the very young in years and figures, three for maturer types. Sleeves are wider and deeper, necklines and pockets are rounded with soft finishing details, and the molded, nipped-in look is created through clever darts and tucks.

1762 *Simplicity* 1758

The shirtwaist collar of No. 1745 is narrowed and lengthened to emphasize the hip-length jacket, front-darted and seamed down centre back. The panelled skirt has a centre front pleat.

Lapels and pockets are rounded in No. 1762—new version of the Norfolk jacket, with hand-stitching to give it a good-looking finishing touch. The skirt has front, back and side pleats.

The jewel neckline—actually a high sweetheart cut—makes this softly tucked little suit, No. 1758, one of the season's prettiest dress-maker types. Because of its simple detail, it fills an important place in any wardrobe, for it can be kept very plain or dressed up with jewelry for an informal occasion. Panelled skirt is plain cut.

The Johnny collar and four-button closing are very young notes in this bolero suit, No. 1741. The bracelet length sleeve is cuffed, the skirt slightly full. Perfect for either school or business!



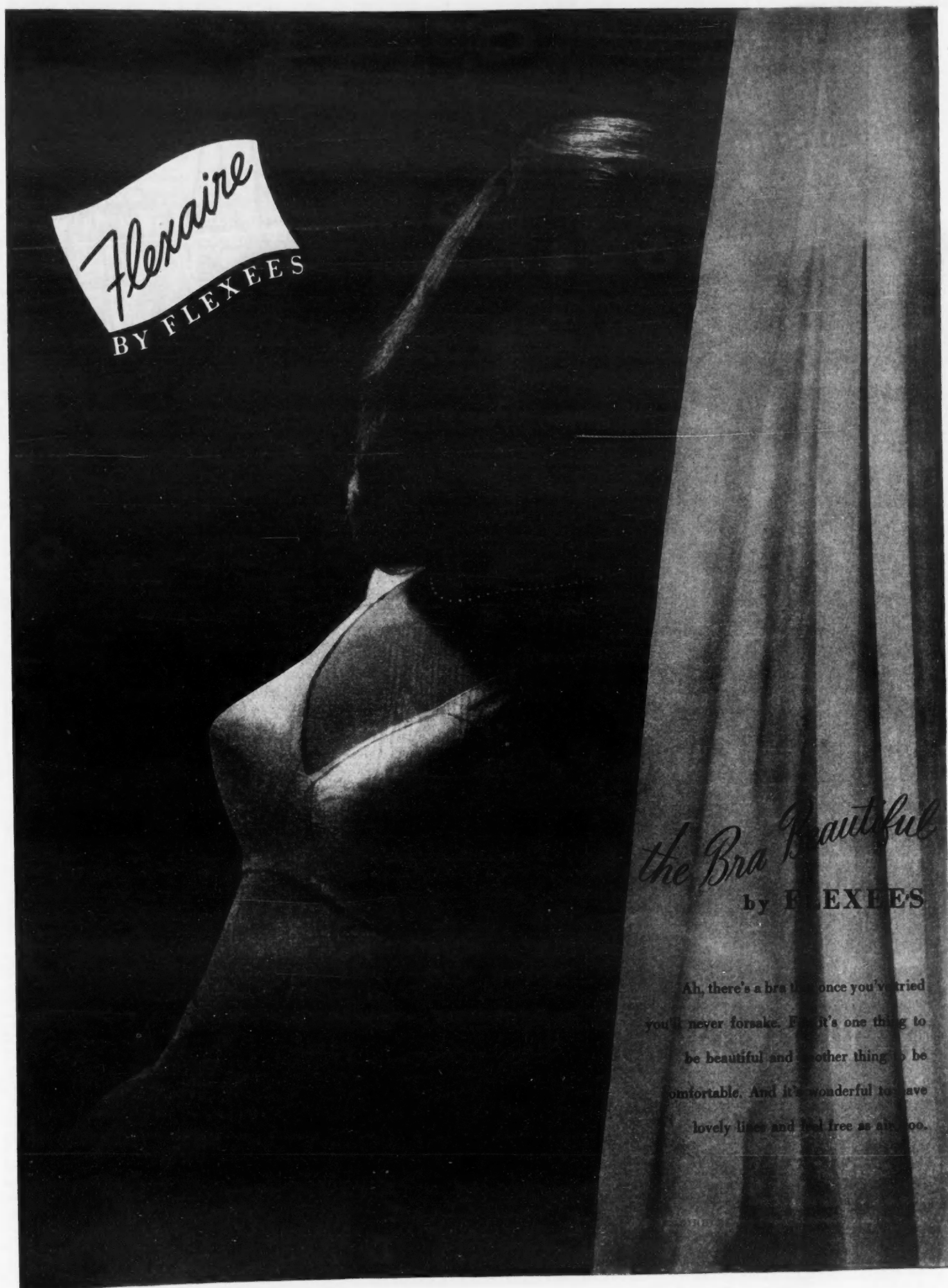
1741

1742

*Simplicity*

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, see page 60.

Velveteen and plaid would be a wonderful combination in No. 1742—one of the suits the teen-agers have been talking about. The lumber-jacket coat has full bishop sleeves, large patch pockets; the four-section skirt is tuck-fitted on either side of the centre front pleat.



*Flexaire*  
BY FLEXEES

*the Bra Beautiful*  
by FLEXEES

Ah, there's a bra that once you've tried  
you'll never forsake. For it's one thing to  
be beautiful and another thing to be  
comfortable. And it's wonderful to have  
lovely lines and feel free as air, too.





LOOK FOR THIS  
**TRADEMARK**  
*It's your Guarantee  
of Purity*

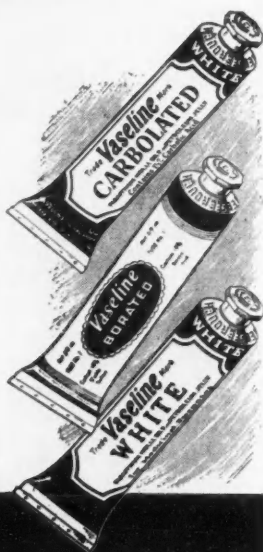


*The Favourite Remedy*  
in **CANADIAN** *Homes...*

THROUGH the years 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly has earned a place in Canadian homes as a dependable remedy for cuts, burns, irritated throats, chapped skin and many other minor ailments. It is obtainable at all drug counters for only 10¢, 15¢ and 25¢ in jars and 15¢, 20¢ and 25¢ in tubes. It costs no more to get the highest quality petroleum jelly, scientifically prepared and chemically pure—just make sure it bears the well-known trademark, VASELINE.

'VASELINE' brand Medicated Products should be included in your First Aid Kit for home and for travelling. Use 'Vaseline' Borated Petroleum Jelly for inflamed eyelids or nasal irritations.

**Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cong'd., Montreal**



# Vaseline

— TRADE MARK —  
PETROLEUM JELLY

# Our Cover Dress



by EVELYN KELLY

**I**T'S SIMPLE to make . . . it's easy to wear . . . and when you move into your fur coat period from November to March you're going to find it the smartest little number in your wardrobe! It's *Chatelaine's* exclusive dress design for fall and winter wear (Simplicity Pattern No. 1739), and in the sketches above you see it teamed up with the tricky new hood and barrel bag featured on page 42.

There's lots of high-style interest in this design. Eyes focus first of all on the new lantern sleeves, three-quarter length, which, by reason of the law of opposites, seem to make the slim, easy-fitting bodice look even slimmer! The high "dandy" collar, emphasized by way of its black velvet ribbon and bow, is a leading fashion note this season. The skirt has just the right amount of fullness in the right places to flatter an agile young figure. It's a dress to keep for dates—in a smiting-bright color—or to wear from nine to five, in any color, and still feel perfectly turned out for the sudden invitation after!

For our cover picture we made it up in new alpaca-weave crepe—one of the fine Canadian-made fabrics, dull-finish, wonderfully flexible for draping and the other soft effects so important in the fashion picture of '46-'47. The warm, glowing color is new too, and it has been officially christened "Chatelaine Rose"!

To order Simplicity Pattern No. 1739—price 25c: consult your local dealer or write to Chatelaine Pattern Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Sizes 12 to 20—and size 14 require 3¼ yards of 39-inch fabric or 2¾ yards of 54-inch.

For our cover dress: Gallant Lady alpaca-weave crepe  
—a fabric by Bruck Silk Mills.



## Are You Overtired



Whether you overwork, worry or expend your energies in the social whirl, the result is the same—chronic fatigue or nervous exhaustion.

Your nerves and bodily organs are also tired so that digestion fails and you lie awake at nights unable to sleep.

Perhaps there is nothing that can so definitely help you as Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD. Many people find this to be the case. Why not benefit by their experience. Ask for the new economy size bottle of



**Dr. Chase's  
Nerve Food**

60s.—60cts. 180s.—\$1.50

## Oriental Cream

The cream to use before the evening dance. No rubbing off—no touching up. A trial will convince.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan



**I EARN MONEY  
EVERY DAY  
SHINING SHOES  
THE NUGGET WAY**



62

**BLACK and ALL SHADES of BROWN**

## Men Hate to See a Woman Drunk

Continued from page 39

with these unfortunates, drinking is a problem definitely secondary to their mental illness, and for the purpose of this article we can rule them out. But it is instructive to remember that while you don't have to be actually deranged to drink like a fish, it is almost the greatest single reason for doing so.

Not that the remaining 60 would be otherwise perfectly normal if it weren't for the booze. There is, as we have seen, something wrong with them also, though not so seriously; something which it may be possible by proper treatment to uncover for the drunkard, thus allowing her to vanquish it for herself and become temperate. Or, far more often and indeed nearly always, to realize not merely what's wrong with her but that enough of it will persist to make it absolutely essential to stay on the wagon for the rest of her life.

A very large number of alcoholics have drifted into that condition because away down deep inside they don't feel secure. Sometimes their chief worry is money, sometimes love; quite usually both. Rare is the woman who has all the money she can conceivably need, safeguarded in such a way that the supply will never fail her under any circumstances; almost as rare one whose private longings are satisfied in every least detail by a husband about whom the slightest concern is unimaginable, or whose children never give her a moment's anxiety. Unmarried women may have separate distresses of their own. It isn't one long continuous feast of fun to be a spinster, even when you've decided of your deliberate free will not to marry. Nobody can count on hitting the jackpot every time—a lesson most people learn quickly, and women rather faster than men.

Some never quite do, though; never entirely grow out of a childish belief that what they want will somehow or other come true "just because." They were the little girls who were going to be movie stars when they were big, and meanwhile didn't bother much over homework since maybe a bad report card could be avoided by burrowing under the bedclothes, and pretending there was no such thing.

Women like that, as physically mature as a ripe peach, have left themselves emotionally years behind. When and if it begins to be borne in upon them that they aren't exquisitely beautiful, or even awfully pretty, they don't shrug their shoulders and get on with being plain Jane Doe. When the savings account is too small for comfort, or their job or their husband's is about to go, or is dull and unrewarding, or hasn't any discernible future, they don't sit down and figure out practical steps to take.

Instead, their childishness drives them to run away from worry by make-believe; and if they discover that drinking can be a sort of adult equivalent of pulling the bedclothes over their heads, because after they've had a few they can kid themselves along so much more easily—well, they drink. And it takes stiffer and stiffer highballs to do the trick, and by and by they can't stop.

There are almost as many different things to feel insecure about as there are people to feel that way. Love and money are just the commonest.

**"Aye, there's a wee bit  
of the Scot in me, too!"**



**I HAVE** to be thrifty, with a husband like Jock!

So it's nothing but Colonial sheets for me... when I can get them. Because they're *really* thrifty—so long-wearing, so well worth waiting for. I can hardly wait to see the gleam in my Jock's eye when I *do* come marching home, one of these days, with those new Colonials under my arm.

**DEMAND** for "Canada's Finest" still exceeds the supply.

But you never know when you'll be lucky enough to pick up a pair or two. We're shipping them out every day.



Made in Canada



**PILLOW SLIPS • TOWELS • FACE CLOTHS**





## Styled for a New Season

A clever way with accessories will give your suit, new or old, a different personality each time you wear it! And the secret lies in planning a good, striking assortment in blouses, bags and hats. Every suit deserves several blouses that look as if they were made just for it alone: a couple in solid colors . . . some in pretty stripes or gay checks and plaids. Have variety in necklines, always becoming of course; and make yourself two or three bag and hat sets of novel fabrics in unusual shades!

Hood, bag and belt set, No. 1766, would be very good in velveteen, plain wool or heavy taffeta. The hood, with its attached little capelet, is the medieval style—high fashion favorite this season. For evening, try banding it in sequins. The barrel-shaped bag, with adjustable strap and buttoned flaps, is very easily made; smart and roomy, too. The belt can be made up plain and hand-stitched, or brightened with beading or sequins for a five-o'clock party dress.

Good with any suit, No. 1752 is a front-buttoned blouse, softly gathered at the front neck edge, tucked at the waistline. The very

full bishop sleeves may be made either long or three-quarter length.

A neckline for every type is given in the new blouse pattern, No. 1728. Left: The simple shirt-waist style has its collar, armholes and large flap pockets outlined in top stitching. The perfect blouse for a simple suit or slacks! Centre: The Chinese collar is made of contrasting fabric, and is one of the neatest of all necklines for a beautifully tailored suit. Right: This is the dandy collar, with narrow ribbon drawn under. Looks wonderful under a tunic-length jacket.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, see page 60.



# Melting Point

**H**E WAS *HE*... AND YOU WERE *YOU*...  
Then! One heart-shattering kiss,  
one teeter-tottery moment—and, like that,  
it's *WE*!... Soaring out of this world.  
Up, up—into the star-dust...  
where two hearts melt into *one*! And  
you know your beauty makes Heaven for him.  
Oh, this is so right—to be forever-us!

**T**O KEEP LOVE ALIGHT, keep your  
beauty bright with Woodbury Facial  
Soap. Beauty soap made to cherish  
skin alone, made with a costly *beauty-cream*  
ingredient! Daily, take a Woodbury  
Facial Cocktail... enjoy creamy-  
rich lather and creamy-mild cleansing...  
for enchanting smoothness!

*How can he resist? Why should he try to?*

**WOODBURY 10¢**

FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

MADE IN CANADA





## Connie Boswell

*Famous Radio Personality... says:*  
 "The new improved Postwar Arrid is simply wonderful for stopping underarm perspiration and for protecting against offending. I like it better than any deodorant I've ever used."

*Connie Boswell*

## NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

*which SAFELY*

## STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



**39¢** also 15¢ and 59¢ sizes

At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

# ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Fused together in marriage, their impact on the emotionally immature produces more hard-drinking wives than all other causes, except mental disease, combined. Here the married woman alcoholic is up against the male attitude, which amounts to a special occupational hazard for her.

That is because the more sensitive a person the alcoholic is, the greater the need for intelligent and sympathetic understanding. Women, as nobody has to be told, are generally more sensitive than men. The revulsion of a husband is going to hurt when he shows it, and show it he very likely will, often by criticism so bitterly shrewd as to be unendurable. Such conduct is on a par with throwing gasoline on a fire in order to put out the flames; and, strain for strain, it probably does more harm to a wife whose drinking has defeated her than, if it were the other way round, nagging would to her husband.

THE TYPICAL male attitude won't appear, of course, when a man has let himself be henpecked, or is so easy-going or infatuated he agrees automatically to anything; but these husbands can be as much a handicap as their forthright brothers. If it isn't intelligent to be angry and mean, neither is it to be too indulgent. A friend of mine was so kind to his wife that he is now a widower. She had been drinking heavily for months—he began it by coaxing her too successfully to be a good sport—and it was no longer safe to trust her out of the house alone. A sanitarium was the proper place, but she wouldn't hear of it and he didn't insist. On a Wednesday morning at half-past nine, crossing the street against the traffic light, she dodged two trucks that weren't there and was instantly killed by one that was.

Sensitiveness is an example of the relatively minor points which are all that distinguish the problems of the female alcoholic from the male. There are others, less discouraging and positively hopeful.

As a rule psychiatrists, who are the doctors most concerned with alcoholism, have in their private practice many more women patients, relatively, than men. There are several rude and superficial explanations for this; the real answer likely being, as one specialist told me, that women are more willing than men to accept help when it dawns on them there's something the matter which isn't obvious as a broken arm is obvious, or an acute attack of appendicitis. They go for treatment early enough to make the chances of a cure that much better. Whereas men, on the whole, regard it as pretty sissified to get medical assistance for a mere inability to behave themselves in a rational manner, even when it is wrecking their homes, their careers and their health.

A further quite common cause of

alcoholism which applies especially to women, because there are few men of middle age and below who have nothing useful to do all day, is the life of leisure. Few women can lead it either, or would if they could; but those who spend their time in lazy self-indulgence may sooner or later reach a stage when, as the saying goes, they're ashamed to face themselves in the mirror. So they try the reflection from some nice smooth drinks, which is a great deal more flattering, instead of working to help others or studying to improve their minds. After a while the principal difference between them and the town drunk will be that they can afford imported whisky for breakfast, and he has to make shift with shaving lotion or canned heat.

At the opposite pole from women who just lie around the house and mope, but still leading the moral equivalent of a life of empty leisure, are such as are free to do whatever they please and have crammed their schedule to bursting with unsuitable activities. Since there is no accounting for taste, what has made their choice mistaken isn't the actual thing done unless of course it happens to be criminal or reprehensible. The question is whether it meets their particular needs. If not, they may find their nerves acting up, and be dog-tired at the end of a day in which they can't take any real pride or satisfaction. Drink is a swell pick-me-up for these wilted butterflies; and if, as is usually the case, they are none too stable emotionally anyway, it will prove in the long run an even sweller fling-me-down.

IF BECOMING a drunkard were simply to be avoided by keeping busy and being good, no woman would ever have to be taken off by attendants to a homelike place with a high fence, where her room was thereafter searched at regular intervals to make sure she hadn't hidden a bottle—that, or prison, being the most probable last stops on the alcoholic's line. Nor would she have to pass through the intermediate stations: a tendency to strip in public, for instance, or to leave the babies alone with a box of matches while she goes to get another quart.

Unfortunately the avoidance of alcoholism isn't always simple by any means. We have seen some of the dark and subtle ways it can begin, in women who would be horrified at the bare suggestion of their danger and honestly don't know it exists for them; but we have touched only the fringe of the problem.

Never take it lightly, wherever you see it. It is a desperately serious thing. And though men are unfair to be less tolerant of a drunken woman than they would be of one of their own sex, there is a reason which is perhaps also an excuse.

They know in their hearts she has so much more to lose. +

## TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

It costs about \$500 a year to keep one child in an institution for delinquents. With the same amount of money we can give 25 youngsters a chance to stay out of it—by means of recreational services, youth training, and other important projects which will offer them a chance to grow up good citizens. That's just one sound investment you make when you support your Community Chest campaign this month. Give now. Remember: "Everybody Benefits, so Everybody Gives."



*"You just want to hug them"*



Look to the Caldwell Label  
for quality, colour and matching beauty

*Caldwell Towels*

Caldwell BATH TOWELS • DISH TOWELS • TABLECLOTHS • HUCK TOWELS





## EARLY AMERICAN

*Friendship's Garden**American Bouquet*

EXPRESSING THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS

The flowers sing in this bouquet,

Pink betokens love they say,

The violet true is modesty,

The jasmine amiability—

A provocative garland, lyric, bright,

That weaves its witchery day or night.

Friendship's Garden Toilet Water, 4 oz. \$1.25

Blossom-fresh Dusting Powder, 7 oz. \$1.25

Mist-light Talcum, 3½ oz. 50c, 10 oz. \$1.00

Each a Shulton Original

\*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON (Canada) LIMITED, 360 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

**Just Drop in Anytime**

Continued from page 6

now Carlotta, twice divorced, was going to show her how to hold a husband, was she? A great pity that this dark-eyed Venus in the bathtub happened to be Dick's sister! Unfortunately you couldn't tell Dick's sister to try steaming herself in the kitchen for a change, if she wanted to keep her next husband.

Breathing hard, Peggy asked, "Are you almost through in here, Carlotta? I want to clean up."

Carlotta shifted to a more comfortable position. "Just run along, darling. When I'm through, I'll clean the place myself."

It sounded fine the way she said it, but by the time she had finished there would be ashes in the tub and powder on everything. And it was hard to picture Carlotta, clean and perfumed and wearing that negligee, getting down on her knees to wipe it up.

Seething inwardly, Peggy closed the door. As she passed the telephone, it rang.

"Hello," said a brisk feminine voice. "Is Mrs. Joseph Bronson there?"

"No," Peggy said, "she's visiting in New York."

"What time do you expect her today? This is important."

"I don't expect her today. She'll be at her own home on Monday."

"There must be some mistake." The voice was annoyed. "I had a card from her—"

It took time to convince the voice that Mother Bronson was not available. Mother was president of the local Woman's Club, and all her telephone calls were important.

But this was only Saturday, and Mother had said that she would not return till Monday.

And even on Monday she wouldn't be in Peggy's house. Or would she? Suddenly Peggy remembered that Mother was once more without a maid, and that after a week's absence her icebox would be empty and her house dusty. And there were, unfortunately, twin beds in the guest room Carlotta occupied.

She swallowed hard. Firmly she told herself that at least the big Sunday dinner Grandma always expected would be over, and if spending a night or two at her house would make things easier for Mother, why then of course she'd be glad to have her . . .

But this time the old formula just didn't work. Darn it, she was tired of listening to Bronsons and cleaning up after Bronsons and never having a minute to talk to her husband! She and Dick had planned this house much too well. An extra bedroom for a second child and twin beds in the guest room. When she bought those three beds she had mortgaged her future.

Sighing, she went downstairs and cautiously entered the kitchen. "What do we need from the grocery today,

Mildred?" she asked her treasure coaxingly.

"I ain't had time to look. My feet hurt."

It was all too evident that the treasure needed extra time off. Peggy thought fast. Five people for lunch if Dick came home, and five for dinner. The marketing to do, the chickens to dress for dinner tomorrow, a couple of pies to be baked.

It was more than one woman, however willing, could do. Briefly she considered Carlotta and rejected her. Carlotta always burned something.

"Mildred, I'll give you an extra day off—next week—"

Mildred merely tightened her lips.

Peggy crept out of the kitchen and compiled her grocery list elsewhere. She was opening the garage door when Joey appeared.

"I want to go too, mother."

As usual, his face was dirty, and before he could go anywhere he would have to be washed. And letting him push the cart around the grocery would take time she could not spare.

"Not today, dear," she said regretfully. "I'm sorry."

Joey howled, of course, and her heart

ached for him. He loved to go to the grocery. He ought to be able to go if he wanted to. In the end she had to spank him lightly, and that sickened her. A fine thing when she didn't even have time for her child! How had she got into such a mess as this anyway? At first it had been fun to be a Bronson.

DRIVING ALONG the familiar route, she reviewed the five years of her marriage. For two of them she had followed Dick from one Army post to another, scarcely seeing his family.

After a jeep had overturned with him in it and he'd left the hospital with a medical discharge, they had come home. And what a homecoming that had been! Bronsons had met them at the train and installed them in the guest room, refusing to admit that Joey could be any trouble. Bronsons had lit the candles and poured tea and entertained in her honor. To Peggy, who had lost her parents at the age of 12 and been raised by a spinster aunt, it had all seemed very wonderful. It had still seemed wonderful during the year that she and Dick had lived in a small apartment.

Once she'd had a house of her own, she had tried to show her appreciation. "Just drop in any time," she had told them. And at first it had been exactly what she had expected, an occasional cup of tea or an extra plate at dinner.

But somewhere along the line the whole situation had got away from her. She wasn't sure just when or why. Of course Mother Bronson's maids never stayed very long, no matter how much she paid them, and her days were too crammed with luncheons, lectures and committee meetings to leave much time

**Daydream in Umbrage**

By J. G. HOWE

Thin, calculating, wise has been your love,  
The desperate dream,  
The music on the height, the singing pain  
Were not for you. You wrapped your cautious heart  
Within a cloak of reason, cool and neat,  
Against disorder.

But here's a lad come whistling down the hill!  
He's gay and bold,  
With laughter in his heart, and in his eyes  
The promise of a heaven and a hell.  
He'll walk the heights with me, nor heed the things  
Cold reason has to tell.

And if he break my heart, what matter that?  
Another lad will make it whole again!

# CUTEX



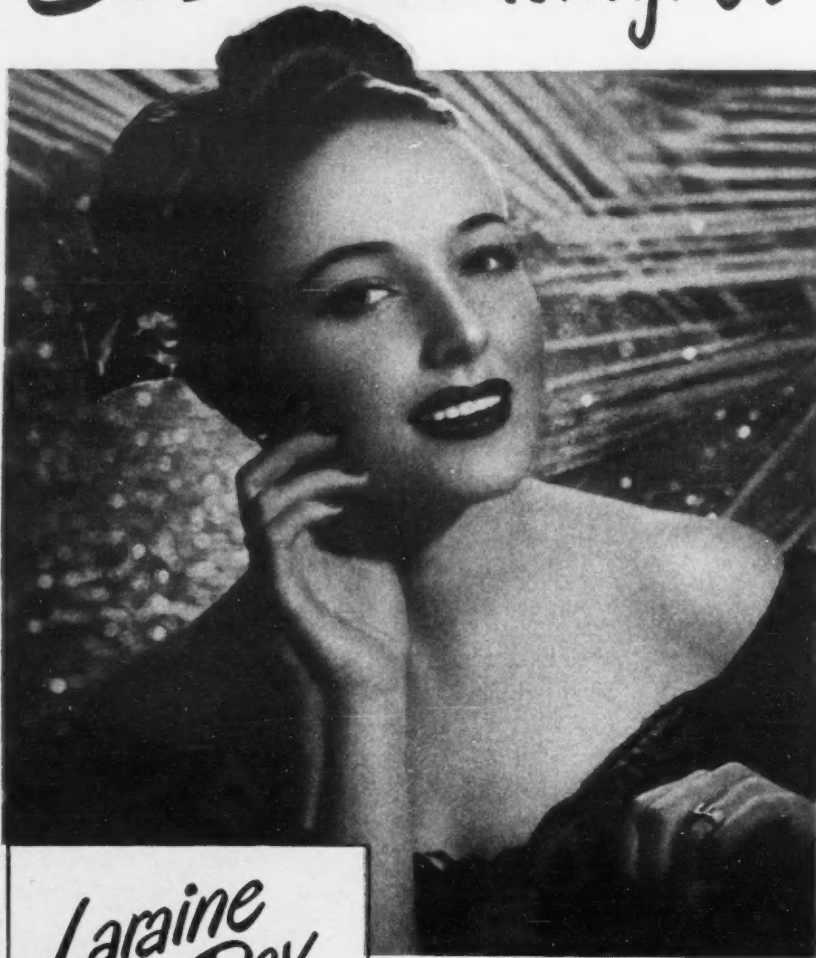
## Red Flannel

WONDERFUL WINTER SPARKLE  
FOR YOUR NAILS

*Young Canada* loves . . . skiing . . . casual clothes . . . and Cutex "Red Flannel". Clear, brilliant color . . . sun-on-snow sparkle for pretty fingertips! In winter after dark—wear new Cutex "Dark'N Handsome"! Try these two new fashion shades for easier application and better wear than you ever thought possible! No wonder Young Canada has a crush on Cutex.



# "Be Lovelier Tonight!"



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Soon to be seen in R.K.O.'s  
"What Nancy Wanted"



A LEVER PRODUCT

9 out of 10  
Screen Stars use  
Lux Toilet Soap —

*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

## "My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness"

Just smooth the beautifying Lux Toilet Soap lather well into your skin as Laraine Day does. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. With a soft towel pat to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness. Try these beauty facials screen stars recommend!

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier—tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved.



*You* will find these gentle Active-lather facials give your skin fresh new beauty that wins Romance!

for housework. Once Mother had asked Peggy to take Grandma for the week end, and then it had been Dick's other sister, Gertrude, when she and little George came down for a visit. Then suddenly it had been Mother herself, and sometimes even Carlotta.

Dodging around a truck, Peggy reflected grimly that there had never been a time when she could say no without feeling like a heel. When your mother-in-law said she needed a rest, you could scarcely tell her that she didn't look it. Nor could you ask Carlotta to take care of Grandma, when she said she was nervously exhausted from getting her last divorce. And when Gertrude's husband was travelling and she came home for a visit, why should she stay at Mother's, where there was no one to play with little George? "Let me stay with you, Peggy darling," she would write. "I'll help with the housework and the boys can have fun together."

Which sounded fine, but George was two years older than his cousin, and his ideas of fun with a smaller boy were a bit sadistic. And Gertrude's idea of helping with the housework was to wave a duster at the furniture and then go out and meet her friends for lunch.

They didn't exactly strain themselves doing things for her either, Peggy thought resentfully. Not any more. Once, when Mildred was sick, she had asked Carlotta to take Joey for the afternoon, but Carlotta had been feeling too nervous. And there was Mother, president of that lovely Woman's Club, where you met all the nicest women in town. Had she ever offered to get her daughter-in-law into it? She had not.

Oh, well, Peggy told herself, they were Dick's family and he loved them. And she was still pretty silly about Dick. Just to keep things from being too perfect, she had the Bronsons, so she'd have to take them and try to like it.

AN HOUR later, feeling even more ruffled than usual, Peggy left her groceries in the chill atmosphere of the kitchen and headed for the living room. And the first thing she saw was Grandma, hastily wiping Joey's hands with her handkerchief. But Grandma hadn't been quite quick enough—there was still a ring of chocolate around his mouth.

Peggy stopped in her tracks. "Grandma, I asked you not to give him candy before meals!"

Grandma tossed her handsome white head and pulled her skirt over something on the couch beside her. "What did you say? Don't mumble so."

Peggy stared at her. She knew perfectly well that the skirt concealed Grandma's box of chocolates, or what was left of them. Could this be the reason why Joey followed Grandma around like a puppy, and why he'd had a tummy ache two nights before? Peggy began to simmer like a hot tea kettle.

She snatched Joey up, carried him into the dining room, and tried to give him his lunch. But Joey wanted Grandma to feed him. Joey tucked a

wad of toast in his cheek and kept it there, refusing to swallow. Joey just wasn't hungry.

Boiling over, Peggy started for the living room, to give the remarkable old lady a piece of her mind. Barely in time, she managed to remind herself that Grandma was Dick's grandmother and nearly 80 years old.

Carlotta appeared, carrying an empty coffee cup, which she left on top of the radio. She looked very lovely in a dark-red satin housecoat, with a flower in her black hair.

"Heavens," she said, inspecting Peggy, "go wash your face or comb your hair or something. Dick will be home for lunch, won't he?"

"When are we going to have lunch?" Grandma demanded.

Biting her lip, Peggy set the table and made a salad. Mildred stalked about the kitchen in silence, and even her back looked grim.

But at 12.45 Dick came home, and Peggy's world began to seem brighter. There he was, big and good looking and sweet as they came. She'd want to be married to him, even if he had half a dozen sisters and two grandmothers.

"Hi, small fry!" he said, tossing the squealing Joey in the air. "Hello, Peggy. How's everything?"

Everything was swell, she told him happily and untruthfully. Then seeing that he looked tired, she rushed him into the dining room.

Grandma was at the table, sampling the creamed fish. "This needs some grated cheese and a dash of paprika," she said. "Good morning, Dick. Where were you last night?"

"He had to stay at the office," Peggy reminded her. "They have a new personnel director."

Carlotta pulled out a chair. "How very depressing!" she murmured, her eyes on Dick.

Peggy sat down and admired her

husband. Like all the Bronsons, he was something to see. But to him, his handsome face was merely so much epidermis which had to be shaved every morning. He was quiet, almost shy, and scared to death of fascinating women.

"You shouldn't wear that tie," Grandma was telling him. "You've never looked well in blue."

"Perhaps he's just tired," Carlotta's smile widened. "He had a hard evening last night."

Oh, for heaven's sake, Peggy thought crossly, can't they see he really is tired? With her eyes she tried to tell him she was sorry he'd had a hard evening, and that she liked all the ties he wore.

But Dick had begun to look, not merely tired, but definitely glum. With a sudden scared and sinking feeling, Peggy realized that he had scarcely spoken since he came home. This wasn't just fatigue—she knew those symptoms much too well. Something must be wrong.

Perhaps his boss didn't like the way he had been handling his new job. If he lost that wonderful job and couldn't do all the things he had planned for her and Joey . . . Peggy's hands tightened on the edge of the table. This couldn't, she realized suddenly, be something which

## For Your Own Good

By MAY RICHSTONE

+

Respond as warily

As to a serpent's hiss:

Flee it as you would flee

An adder's tender kiss —

The friend who begins with qlee,

"I hate to tell you this!"

beauty  
fashioned  
in fabric

A gracious home . . . an exquisite fashion . . .

distinctive settings for modern living

in fabrics designed by Bruck.

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And...Avon serves you in the privacy of your own home through the well-informed Avon Representative who calls on you with these exquisite preparations. Welcome her visit. Learn why Canada's most beautiful women have looked to Avon for loveliness for well over two decades. Learn how you, too, can win thrilling new beauty with delightful Avon Cosmetics. Let beauty be brought to you!



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had just begun to worry him, because he had been even more quiet than usual for at least a week. While she, if you please, had been so busy entertaining his family that she had barely noticed!

Twisting her napkin in her fingers, she tried to send her love and her concern across the table to him. Darling, I won't really care, no matter what it is! I won't mind anything, as long as we're together...

THE DOORBELL rang, but Mildred did not seem to hear it. Peggy hurried into the hall.

On the porch stood a tall familiar figure in a beautifully tailored suit. A smart little hat was perched on the lovely grey hair, and beside the well-shod feet were two large suitcases. A taxi was pulling away from the curb.

"Mother!" Peggy gasped. "I—I thought you weren't coming home till Monday."

Mother Bronson laughed gaily and kissed her. "I decided to surprise you." Leaving the suitcases where they were, she swept into the dining room.

With the turmoil of Bronson greetings in her ears, Peggy managed to drag the suitcases into the hall. Then, feeling as though the ceiling had fallen on her, she followed her mother-in-law.

Mother was kissing everyone. "Peg, dear," she cried, "you won't mind if I crawl into your extra bed tonight, will you? My house must be a frightful mess."

Well, there it was, and Sunday dinner was still in the future! For one sickening instant Peggy thought of Mildred, and her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth. Then she saw that Dick was watching her, that he looked worried. Did he suspect that his mother was not welcome?

In panicky haste she pulled out a smile, spread it over her face, and tacked it down. "Of course I won't mind," she caroled. "You know we're always glad to have you."

Mother sat down at the table and looked at the empty plates. In the pantry Peggy collided with her treasure.

"Is she going to spend the night?" Mildred demanded.

There was nothing to say but yes.

Mother ate the remains of the creamed fish, leaving none for Mildred. Mother left the table and opened one of the suitcases. Out of it came a large box of candy—for Joey, of course.

"Please don't give it to him now," Peggy pleaded. "He had too much this morning."

"Oh, one little piece won't hurt him, dear. It's the very best chocolate."

Peggy's tacked-down smile began to pull at the edges. She might as well be Mildred, for all the attention they paid to her. But when Joey woke up scream-

ing at three a.m., she knew who would have to take care of him.

"You need a haircut, dear," Mother told Dick. "And why do you look so tired?"

"I've been busy," Dick said.

"The trouble with him," Grandma said, "is that he doesn't organize his work."

"He needs amusement," Mother decided. "I'll take him to a movie tonight."

"But he doesn't like movies when he's tired," Peggy protested.

Mother looked slightly amused, and so did Grandma and Carlotta. Darn them, they always seemed amused now, whenever she ventured an opinion! Peggy tried not to squirm. She tried again to tell herself that she was just as good as they were, but it was no use. Those dark confident eyes said plainly that she was just a silly dowdy little thing, not good enough to belong to the Woman's Club or even to have opinions. Yet they hadn't seemed to feel that way about her when they first met her. What had happened to change them?

Their voices rose in happy Bronson clamor, filling the house and making it seem like their house instead of hers.

"I think Dick ought to get a new suit," Carlotta was saying. "I loathe that blue one he's wearing."

"He has never looked well in blue," Grandma said.

"A brown one would be nice," Mother said. "It would match his eyes."

Dick glanced at his watch and rose. "Sorry," he said, "but I have to look at some papers. See you later." He crossed the hall to the library and closed the door.

"But he shouldn't be working on Saturday afternoon!" Mother cried indignantly.

"Dick has been very unsociable all week," Grandma said.

Peggy gritted her teeth. There was Dick in the library, struggling, she supposed, with some

painful problem. Could she go in and try to find out what it was? Not unless she wanted three other Bronsons to follow her.

The telephone rang and she picked it up. It was a telegram. She scribbled it on the pad and her knees began to tremble.

Carlotta read it over her shoulder. "Arriving Tuesday. Can you put us up. Love, Gertrude."

"How lovely!" Mother's dark eyes brightened. "We can have a real reunion."

"But I can't possibly take them!" Peggy cried. "The house is full."

"Nonsense, dear. The rest of us are leaving on Monday. It will work out beautifully."

Peggy stood quite still. Just what did

✦ Continued on page 59

## O Man, Which Shall You Choose?

By EUNICE MILDRED LON COSKE

O man, you hold earth's future in your hand.

O will you spend your frightful knowledge for

The good of all? To make an end of war?

Or will you still the breathing fruitful land;

The changing seasons, and perhaps disturb

God's poetry in stars and moon and sun

Which through eternal ages now have spun

With tranquil eloquence. O may you curb

Your rough hands, lest you childishly destroy

God's gift of songs. His song of bird and bee;

His song of rivers and of wind and tree;

His song of snow and rain, of love and joy;

His song of life caught in a baby's breath...

O man, your hands hold either... LIFE or DEATH!

# Chatelaine Beauty



**LOVELY HAIR** with a sheen of glowing health can transform any woman from medium good looks to well above the average. Because it is a living, growing part of you, it requires as much thought as you give your complexion or your teeth — and it will pay back fourfold all the intelligent care you can give it.

Pagano





# Key to Romance



JUST THE RIGHT NOTE to draw admiring glances... charming Jean Lord's Drene-lovely hair gleams in upswept flattery. "It's easy to keep shining curls and rolls in place," says Jean, "when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action."

**Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action**

A Product of Procter & Gamble — Made in Canada



ROSES AND ROMANCE go hand in hand when your hair shines with all its natural beauty. "I always use Drene because it reveals up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo," says Jean. Drene never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do.

**No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.**

Shimmering, lustrous hair, whether dark or fair, always strikes a responsive, masculine chord. And to be sure that *your* hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

"Hair that is satin-smooth and alive with all its natural lustre is one beauty asset I'll treasure for keeps," says lovely Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jean Lord.

"Here are my favorite hair styles.

Try them at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate one after your next Drene Shampoo."

No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



THE RIGHT NUMBER is Jean's day-time "do"... her bright Drene-lovely hair arranged in this simple center-part with shining-smooth turned up roll. "Never let dandruff spoil the sleek beauty of your hair," warns Jean. Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.





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Jewellery styled with an air of smart distinction... superbly wrought in gold-filled... treasured for intrinsic quality

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*To wear with an air*

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**QUICKER RELIEF FROM CORNS**

**BLUE-JAY**  
now has pain-curbing **NUPERCaine**

Such blessed relief from corns you've never known before. The new Blue-Jay is activated with pain-curbing Nupercaine. It deadens the tormenting pain around the corn's hard core, while Blue-Jay's gentle medication softens, loosens the core itself—you simply lift it out. Get relief from corns now—with the new Blue-Jay.



HELP REMOVE CORNS  
NUPERCaine  
BLUE JAY  
CORN PLASTERS  
EASES PAIN

on your shoulders. For simple dandruff, balsam oil treatments are good. Hair should not be shampooed more often than once every 10 days and should always have a warm oil treatment beforehand.

If your health is below par, dandruff can really become a serious problem. Some dermatologists believe that this "aggravated" dandruff is caused by a germ and is, therefore, infectious. In case this theory is true, you should take special precautions against contamination. Don't borrow or lend brushes, combs or other headgear. When you're travelling on trains, buses or other public conveyances, cover the back of your seat with a pocket handkerchief before leaning your head back—that is, unless the seat is equipped with a clean head rest. Aggravated dandruff is a problem for your doctor to tackle—but you can help a great deal by oil shampoos, brushing and scalp massage.

#### Does Your Hair Fall out in Patches?

This, again, is a problem for your doctor. Some types of nervous disorder may cause bare patches to appear on your head. A good local treatment is to rub sulphur ointment on the bare spots. Use only a small amount—don't rub too hard as it makes the skin sting—but repeat several times a day. When your general health is improved the chances are good that new hair will grow in again.

#### How Should You Massage Your Scalp?

Begin right down at the nape of your neck, press your thumbs into the spine, working around the neck and ears with a kneading motion. Then "loosen" the scalp with the tips of your fingers and wriggle it all over your head. With the palms of your hands go over your scalp in circular movements. At the end of five minutes you should feel a tingling all through your head.

#### How Should Dry Split Ends Be Treated?

Have your hair cut back to the beginning of the split—or, if you prefer, you can have the ends singed. To keep these ends from resplitting, lubricate them with cream dressing each night and morning when you finish brushing and combing your hair in place. This cream dressing is particularly good for upswept hair-dos when brittle ends wave out at the back and spoil the up-molded effect. Smooth the cream dressing on your finger tips and run them up the back of your hair as a good finishing-off touch.

#### Grey Hair—To Dye or Not to Dye?

Prematurely grey hair is largely a matter of heredity. If your hair is in good condition it can look most attractive as it turns white—that is if you give it proper care and use the right shades of make-up. But if, for some special reason, you want your hair to retain its original color, you can have it tinted after each shampoo, with no harmful results. Tinting is a specialized process and to make a first-class job it should be done in a hairdressing salon. Brunettes with streaks of white running through their hair can blend and camouflage them

+ Continued on page 58

## Hair THAT TURNS hearts

*Does Yours?*

Don't envy the girl whose lovely hair makes her so attractive. Yours can be just as glamorous with the help of Danderine.

Danderine removes the dulling film that makes your hair appear drab and unattractive. Helps remove unsightly loose dandruff... adds a beautiful sheen that sets your hair dancing with shimmering highlights.

And Danderine is so easy to use... takes just a few minutes a day to keep your hair looking its best... radiant... lovely! Simply sprinkle a few drops on comb or brush and then dress your hair as usual. That's all!

Get a bottle of Danderine today... once you use it you'll never want to be without it again.



**Danderine**  
MEN, TOO, LIKE DANDERINE  
IT FIGHTS LOOSE DANDRUFF



BOTH THE SAME  
AGE—26—BUT  
SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

## Robbed of youth at 26!

### Read how you can avoid this heart-breaking tragedy

● It's tragic when a woman looks old before her time! She loses out on popularity, good times, romance.

Why is it that one woman may look old and faded while another of the same age is still radiant with the bloom of youth? Do you know the extraordinary difference your skin can make in your appearance? Actually, a fresh, clear, flower-like skin can make one look years younger.

So don't let your skin steal your youthful good looks! If it seems rough and faded-looking, get a jar of Noxzema

Cold Cream and start using it today.

Noxzema Cold Cream is not just another cleanser! It super-cleans, of course, but more than that it smooths and refreshes while it cleanses—helps keep your skin supple, younger-looking.

Try this simple 10-day treatment! Massage your face each morning and night with this new Noxzema Cold Cream. You'll feel a change the first time you use it. Your face will tingle... feel revitalized. And at the end of those 10 days see if you aren't surprised at the radiant new youthful appearance of your skin.

Get a jar of Noxzema Cold Cream today. At any drug or department store; 17c, 29c, 55c.



CATHERINE McLEOD AND WILLIAM CARTER, STARRING IN REPUBLIC'S "I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU," A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR



## Catherine McLeod... Provocative...her Hands

FOR YOU, TOO—exciting-soft hands  
Catherine McLeod's way—using Jergens Lotion.

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**EVEN FINER NOW.** Thanks to skin-care improvements worked out in wartime, Jergens Lotion is now more effective than ever.

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For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

# JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research



MADE IN CANADA

## Your Hair Deserves Care

by Adele White

### How Can Normal Hair Be Kept Healthy?

The two rules for healthy hair are (1) good circulation and (2) cleanliness. Brushing and scalp massage each day, plus a thorough shampooing at least once a fortnight, should keep normal hair in good condition. A well-balanced diet is important. Hair is chemically similar to nails and skin, so that the same vitamin deficiencies which make complexions dry or spotty cause hair to be lustreless and brittle.

### How Much Should Hair Grow in a Year?

If new hair is to keep pace with the old hair which falls out, it should grow from four to six inches a year. When hair strands grow old they are shed, and new hair springs from the growing spot in the follicle. It's a fact that hair will grow more in summer than in winter and that short hair grows faster than long hair.

### What Makes Hair Naturally Curly?

Hair which curls naturally is constructed differently from straight hair. A cross section seen under a microscope shows a curly hair strand to be flat and triangular in shape, while straight hair is round.

### Will Permanent Waving Harm the Hair?

If the permanent is given by a trained operator it should not be harmful to your hair. An experienced operator will first make a test curl to find out exactly how much heat is necessary to give you a soft natural wave. It is wise to have your hair in good condition before a perm. A permanent won't disguise unhealthy hair—it may emphasize it. The most important factor in a good perm is the elasticity of your hair. If it lacks elasticity it will break off or split at the ends. Too dry or too oily scalps should be given reconditioning treatments once a week for at least a month before a perm. You can give yourself home treatments by regular brushing, scalp massages and oil shampoos.

### What Is a Good Home Shampoo?

Use a prepared liquid shampoo or pure castile soap shaved thin and dissolved in water until it is of a jelly-like consistency. Never rub a cake of soap on your hair. To cleanse your scalp thoroughly, part your hair in sections all over your head—then with a small brush (an old clean toothbrush is first-rate) lather the liquid soap or jelly right into your scalp. Rinse in at least four different waters. To make sure all soap is washed off, run your fingers down a strand of hair to see that it feels smooth and silky. If it should feel sticky, give it another rinse or two.

### What Rinses to Brighten Hair?

If you are a brunette, a quarter of a cup of vinegar in the last rinsing

water will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Blondes should use either the strained juice of two lemons or a camomile rinse. You can buy camomile flowers from your druggist. Steep a handful in a quart of boiling water. When it cools, use the liquid to brighten blond hair. Grey hair will take on a lovely platinum silver tone if a small amount of French blueing is dissolved in the final rinse. A henna rinse will bring out auburn shades, but stay away from henna unless you have natural reddish glints in your hair.

There are, of course, many prepared rinses on the market which are handy to use in home shampooing.

### What Causes Oily Hair?

Excessively oily hair is caused by the natural oils overflowing and spreading over the surface of the scalp instead of through the hair shaft. This causes your hair to become lank and stringy a day or so after you wash it—and yet the ends can be dry and brittle. To counteract oily hair rub special tonic into the scalp each day. Shampoo once a week and in between wet shampoos use a dry egg shampoo to absorb the oil. Use the beaten whites of two eggs and apply it to your scalp with a toothbrush. Allow it to dry and brush it out with a stiff-bristled brush. Vigorous brushing will not make your hair more oily—it will stimulate circulation and help the natural oils to make their way through the shaft of the hair.

Watch your diet! Drink 6 to 8 glasses of water each day—eat fruit and vegetables and cut down drastically on starches and fats. Hair and complexions react very much the same way to too rich foods.

### How Should You Treat Dry Brittle Hair?

Dry hair needs a great deal of brushing and scalp massage to encourage the oil glands to function. Don't wash your hair more often than once a fortnight. If it needs washing between times, use a dry shampoo—a powdery preparation which you brush on to remove and absorb dust and grime. Be sure to use soft water when you shampoo. You can soften hard water by adding a tablespoonful of washing soda to each basin of water. Protect your hair from strong sunlight. If you have your hair washed at a hair-dresser's, try to arrange to have it dried with warm towels. If this isn't practical, don't sit under the electric drier any longer than necessary. Be sure to get plenty of calcium in your diet—in the form of skim milk, cheese dishes and green vegetables.

### What Causes Dandruff?

Simple dandruff is caused by the outer skin of the scalp scaling off when it is rubbed or brushed. This makes white flakes through your hair and an unattractive "white collar" effect

Look at your hands. Are they as attractive as you wish them to be? It's easy to improve them if you follow this step-by-step manicure routine. Use the right tools and right technique—once a week.

by ADELE WHITE



5. Apply a thin coat of lacquer base and let it dry for at least a minute before you start painting on color polish. Choose your favorite shade of red—with an eye to the costume you're planning to wear. Start on the right hand, working from the little finger to the thumb. For smoothest results put the polish on each nail with three quick even strokes—first down the centre, then down each side.

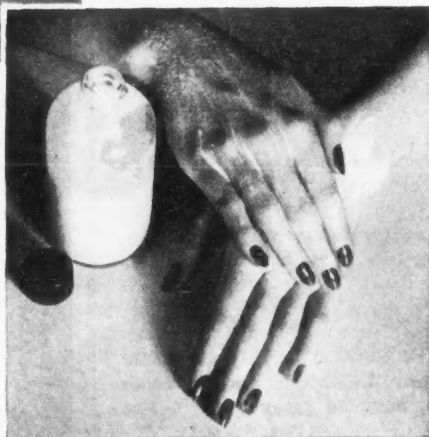


6. With the sharp point of an orange stick remove any polish that may have run over the edge or side of your nail. Here is a trick for giving added protection against chipping: draw a hairline tip on each nail. If your hand is not steady enough for this job, you can file each tip very lightly with the fine side of an emery board after the polish is set. To make your fingers seem long and slender, paint over the half moon.

Fashion decrees that lips and finger tips be the same shade of red and that they harmonize with the color of your costume. Choose lacquer and lipstick to match.



7. If you would like your nails a deeper shade of red, apply a second coat of color polish. When each nail is thoroughly dry you can cut down on daily repair jobs between manicures by finishing off with a layer of clear - colored chip-resister. Use a light stroke over the entire nail and around the edges to seal the color polish firmly. For extra speed in finishing this manicure, brush each nail with a coat of quick-dry—an oily liquid which cuts drying time.



8. As a final step toward hand grooming, soften your hands with lotion. And, from then on, reach for a bottle of cream or lotion each time your hands have been in water. Constant lubrication is the only way to make the skin soft and smooth. When you cream your face at night, get the habit of massaging any excess application thoroughly into fingers and cuticles — then your hands will never be a handicap.

## In Just 3 Days A NEGLECTED SMILE CAN SPARKLE AGAIN!



Twice a year you visit your dentist to have your teeth cleaned. And always after he gets through, your smile is sparklingly beautiful. Note how often he uses powder.

Of course, the powder your dentist uses to clean your teeth is a special powder made for use by dentists only. But there is a powder for daily home use which will quickly bring back the sparkle to a neglected smile. It's Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder!

Use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder for JUST THREE DAYS and notice the extra sparkle in your smile. Dr. Lyon's helps remove the smudges, discolorations and smoke stains that are so often the signs of improper cleaning.

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OF LONDON

## Give Yourself a *Manicure*



1. The first step is the complete removal of the old lacquer. Dip a piece of absorbent cotton in polish remover. Saturate, then press it firmly on the nail and let it stay for approximately five seconds until the polish is loosened. Wipe it off by slicking the pad from the base to the tip of each nail—in one quick stroke!

It's a good idea to use a fresh piece of absorbent cotton for each nail.

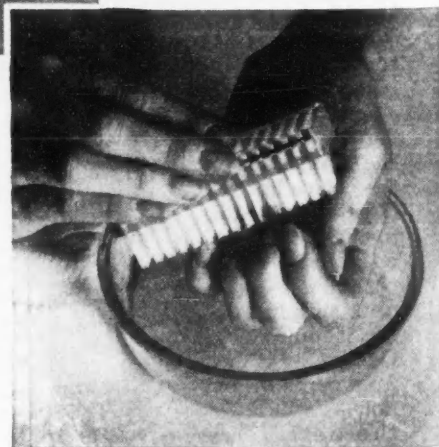


2. Using the coarse side of an emery board, file and shape your nails to suit your taste—some like them short, some like them long, but they should be a pretty oval shape regardless of length. File only in one direction—never a scesaw movement. Use the fine side of the emery board to level the nail edge. If you like long pointed mandarin nails, leave plenty of support on each side.

**Never cut your cuticles. Like the selvage of cloth, they will fray, and may cause painful hangnails. Press back each cuticle with a towel every time you wash your hands.**



3. Cover the tip of an orange stick with a small piece of absorbent cotton. Dip it in cuticle remover and work the stick gently around the edge of your nail. This softens and loosens any hard cuticle which may overlap the half-moon and fore-shorten your fingers. Cuticle remover can also be used to tidy up stains or stubborn bits of dirt from under your nail. (If you're the type of gardener who can't work in gloves you'll find cuticle remover a boon.)



4. Fill a bowl—large enough to soak one hand at a time—with warm soapy water. A marble placed in the bottom of the bowl will give your fingers something to hang on to so it won't be a strain to keep them immersed. Use a soft brush to scrub each finger. Rinse and dry your hands thoroughly. Now go over each nail once more with polish remover to dissolve all traces of soap or oil. This makes color polish stick more firmly.

## Just Drop in Any Time

Continued from page 50

they think her house was anyway—a hotel where they could reserve rooms? This was too much—she would not do it. This time she would say no.

Then she remembered Dick. Whatever was wrong, this was no time to add to his troubles by arguing with his family. She'd have to manage somehow.

"All right," she said almost steadily. "I'll be glad to have them." Not trusting her voice any further, she left the room.

When she returned Joey's mouth was once more ringed with chocolate. Mother, Grandma, and Carlotta were talking with their heads close together.

"Come here, dear," Mother said, patting a space on the couch beside her. "Carlotta has just told me something which you ought to know."

That pitying look was in Carlotta's eyes again. Slowly she said, "I saw Dick at the Chinese Room last night—with a girl."

"What?" Peggy gasped. "I don't believe it! You must have made a mistake."

"Carlotta had a good look at them," Mother said. "The girl is a pretty blonde. Now, dear, you mustn't take this too hard. You know how men are."

Peggy sat frozen. Of course it was absurd. Dick wouldn't do a thing like that. Dick loved her.

Then she saw those three pairs of eyes watching her, and the same look was in all of them. Even Grandma was sorry for her.

And suddenly Peggy's safe little world seemed to explode around her. She

found herself alone in an immense cold emptiness, such as she had never imagined.

Mother patted her shoulder. "A wife has to keep her eyes open. And she can't afford to let herself go—"

SO THAT was it! That was why Carlotta had wanted to remodel her. That was where Dick must have been on those evenings when he'd said he was at the office. And she had been sorry for him—she had worried about him! Peggy closed her eyes.

"This isn't like Carlotta and her last husband," Mother went on. "Sam was most unkind to her. But Dick has been good to you, and I'm sure you can keep him if you make the effort—"

Keep him? Peggy's eyes opened and her teeth clicked together. So now, in typical Bronson fashion, they were blaming it all on her, were they? And she was supposed to lure him back with satin housecoats and new hair-dos. She, his wife, who had ruined her fingernails and her disposition taking care of his family, while he was out with a blonde!

Well, she wouldn't do it. Not she. If that was the kind he was, she didn't want him. Mother could take her precious boy home.

"Grandma, look!" Joey was shouting. He tried to stand on his head.

The attempt was unsuccessful. He clutched at the nearest object, which happened to be Carlotta's knee.

Carlotta shrieked. "You bad boy! You've smeared chocolate all over me!" She slapped him, and Joey howled.

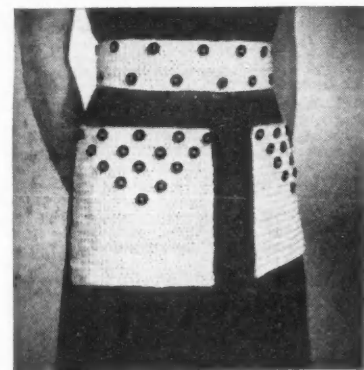
Peggy rose to her full five feet two inches. She gathered her howling off—

Continued on next page

## New Lines for Old

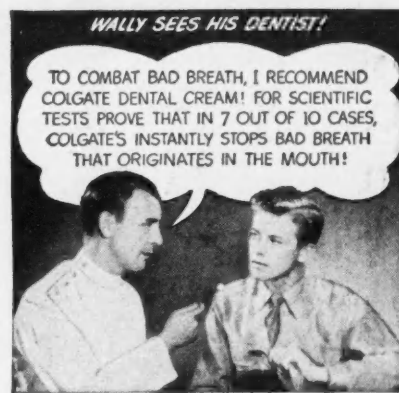
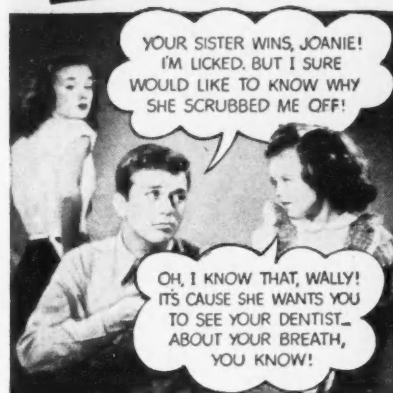


Last year's dress will take its place in this year's fashion picture if only you transform its lines with accents like these, planned just for that purpose! Change a neckline, a waistline or a hip curve... and you have something different! For instance, peplum and bow set (No. S143) could be made in a bright checked or plaid taffeta for a plain dark wool or crepe dress. Or you could make it of velveteen, and trim it with sequins... a new and utterly charming evening touch!



**Belt and pocket set (No. S144)** is of simple, solid crochet, with a dashing button trim, quickly and easily made. We used shiny, black buttons on stark white crochet. But on a dark woollen dress you might do the crochet in bright red and trim with multicolored buttons. Or if it's an afternoon dress you want to glamorize, try using large sequins instead of buttons. And if you have plenty of patience, you might make an evening set of black and gold, and cover the belt and pockets entirely in tiny gold buttons or sequins. Heavily beaded or sequined pockets are high fashion this fall!

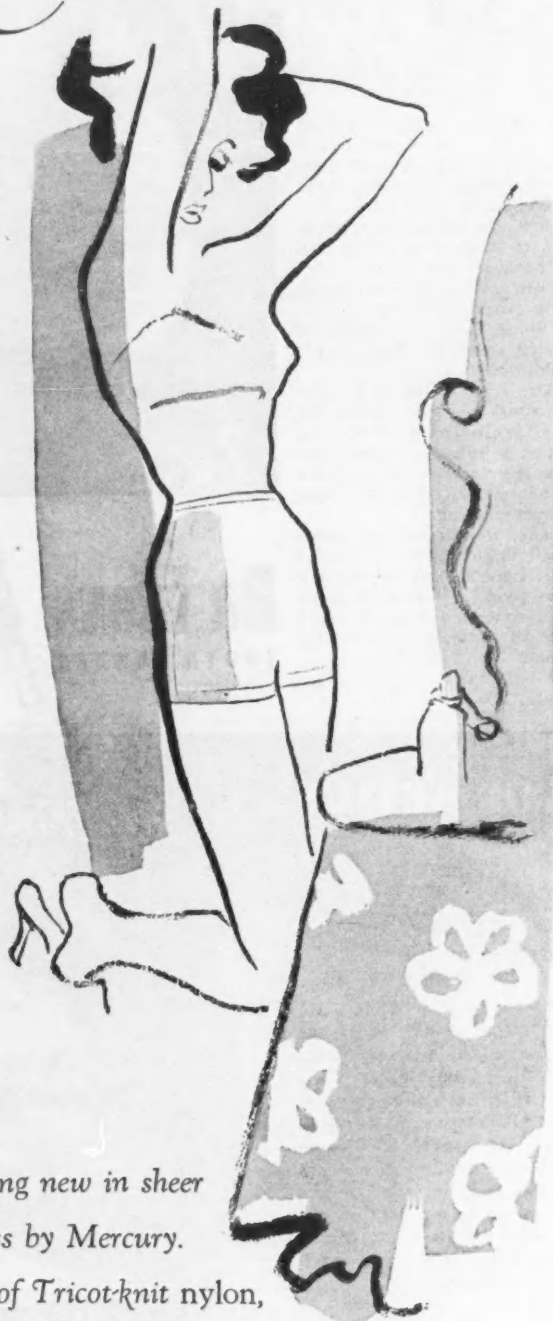
Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S143 (with diagram), 10 cents; Order No. S144, 5 cents.



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## Your Hair Deserves Care

Continued from page 55

by adding French bluing to the last rinsing water.

If you have grey hair, be sure to keep it flawlessly groomed, expertly shaped and cut. It must be scrupulously clean as the least amount of dust or oil destroys the natural lustre, and is apt to give it an unattractive yellowish tinge.

### How Do You Prevent Grey Hair From Turning Yellow?

First of all, keep it scrupulously clean. Avoid over-exposure to any form of heat, that is strong sunlight, hot curling irons, or, when you have your hair shampooed at a beauty salon, ask the operator to turn the drier on to "warm" rather than "hot." You'll have to sit there for a longer period but your hair will have a more attractive sheen. Blue or violet rinses will cover up yellowish tinges and lend a lovely platinum effect.

### How Does a Permanent Make Straight Hair Curly?

Certain chemicals are used to soften the shaft of the hair and to make it flat instead of round—just like fine shavings of wood. When the hair is in a softened condition it is wound around a rod and the heat is turned on. This heat makes the hair retain its flat shape until new hair grows in. Too strong chemicals or too much heat will cause your hair to be frizzy and split at the ends.

### Are Permanent Wave Failures Ever A Health Problem?

Yes. One of the greatest headaches of hairdressers is giving a permanent to a woman who suffers from under-activity of the thyroid—a condition known as hypo-thyroidism. It can be responsible for her hair refusing to take a curl and it is definitely a problem to be tackled by a doctor. The symptoms are lustreless, thin hair with very little elasticity.

If your hair has refused to take a perm, it is a good idea to have a basal metabolism test before you try again. Proper treatment will eventually make your hair thick and glossy, and much more responsive to curl. But don't expect this to happen overnight. If lack of thyroid is your trouble it will take some time before you can count on a really successful permanent.

### Careful About Brush and Comb?

Keep both your brush and your comb away from dust. Wash them as often as you wash your hair. Swish the brush up and down in suds—never let it soak in the water. Rinse first in hot and then in cold water to make the bristles firm. Allow it to dry in an open place—but not over a radiator or too near artificial heat. A good way to dry your brush is to stand it, handle down, in a jar, near an open window. It's a fine idea to have two or three sets of brushes and combs so there'll always be a clean pair on hand.

Choose combs with wide spaces between the teeth so they can be more easily cleaned. There are special comb cleaners, made of pieces of string, to keep the in-between parts clean. +

## Never neglect a neck pimple



Any pimple can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the pimple properly. Then put on a BAND-AID\* — the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage that stays put . . . even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection. Keep one box at home — one where you work.

\*BAND-AID is the registered trademark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.



# ★ Beauty Brevities ★

**T**HE ULTRA-ULTRA in feminine fastidiousness is a new type of cream deodorant which is perfumed with the delicate scent of apple blossoms. It's delightful to use under your arms, on the soles of your feet and, if you like, even a touch on the palms of your hands if they have a tendency to become moist and clammy.

**Now is the time** to houseclean your beauty kit—to tidy up your dressing table—to get rid of bottles of dried-up nail polish, old lipstick cases and dog-eared rouge boxes. You'll want to stow away the darker shades of foundation and face powder which blended so beautifully with summer tan. With dark autumn clothes you'll want your complexion to be creamy beige or petal white.

**And—when you do** tuck away those summer beauty aids, it's a good idea to keep your bottle of leg-do within easy reach. Because, under the sheerness of nylons any marks or bruises show up almost as clearly as though you were stockingless. Use leg-do under your gossamer-thin hosiery to give your legs a smooth mat finish, just as you use foundation make-up on your face.

**A pimply skin** condition, known as "acne" is often one of the penalties you pay for being a teen-ager. If you are a victim of a spotty complexion remember that cleanliness is the most important factor in clearing it up. Cleanliness, not only of your face, but also of your hands. Before you touch your face be sure your hands have been thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water because they may carry germs which will aggravate and reinfect those angry red blemishes. A good external treatment is the nightly application of cleansing grains—a granular substance which you mix with enough water to make a paste and then smooth over your face. These grains will cleanse and stimulate the blood supply to help carry off poisons under the surface of your skin. Follow this with special medicated cream—preferably one with a calomine base. If acne should spread to your back use the same treatment to clear it up. Be sure to wear, next to your skin, only lingerie which can be easily laundered. Don't expose a spotty, pimply back directly to woollen sweaters or non-washable dresses.

**Enlarged pores** usually go hand in hand with an oily skin. To reduce these pores and, at the same time, counteract oiliness, try a cream masque treatment two or three times a week. It is easy to apply and, as it dries on your face, you can feel it tightening, brightening your complexion and shrinking the enlarged pores. A good astringent skin lotion should also be used night and morning after creaming your face with fluffy, nongreasy cream.

**Short locks**, curled and combed into a neat-fitting cap, are going over in a big way with mature women. This

hair style looks crisp as a cookie if cut and tapered into just the right shape. But—don't confuse it with the old-time shingle bob. This new version has a tailored neckline but is not nearly as short and chopped-off looking in the back.

**If you want** to get the maximum of comfort with the minimum of effort from the short hair-do, be sure your hair is parted in the way that comes naturally to it. The side you should part your hair depends on the direction it swirls around the crown of your head. If you follow this rule, your hair will "stay in" longer and be much easier to handle.

**In spite of** the fact that fashion has forecast the end of the glamour bob, our teen-agers steadfastly refuse to chop off their locks. And—who can blame them? Just look around any school campus, or corner drugstore when classes are out, and you'll see a wealth of lovely shining hair tumbling around young shoulders. Although they may not know it, these gals owe a big debt of gratitude to their mothers—who realize the value of well-balanced meals, chuckful of vitamins. That, plus cleanliness, is what puts the glow and sheen on youthful heads.

**When it comes** to grooming, it's the little things that count. For example, lipsticks and nail polish are natural affinities and now they are being packaged in twin sets, in exactly the same shades of red. This is one of the newest and headacheless ways of creating color harmony.

**For a quick repair job** between hair-do's, try using a dab of cologne to reset the recalcitrant curls which come out of place. Dampen the strand of hair with cologne, twist it into a pin curl, secure it with hairpins. You'll find the cologne will dry in a jiffy and the curl will stay put.

**When cleansing** your face at nights, be sure to cream right up to your hair line. If you leave a line of make-up around the edges of your face and forehead, it will cake and flake off just like dandruff. A headband made of cotton or cheesecloth is ideal for holding back your locks and giving you a good chance to cream properly over the whole skin area.

**Here's a simple trick** for figure improvement. When you go about your daily household chores, make it a habit to s-t-r-e-t-c-h your arms and your body as high as you can, each time you pass through a doorway. Try to reach the top of the door frame. (It won't be possible, of course, unless you're giant size, but it's the trying that counts!) This pull-and-stretch exercise will straighten your spine, add to your height and slim down your waist. It'll make you feel less tired, too, after a day's work in the house.

## Frame your face



## with Lovely Hair...

Just a little grooming care can coax your hair to added loveliness... new lustre... help it to be hair that frames and flatters your face! Why not try the Specialized Hair Preparations created by Ogilvie Sisters... for your hair-health and loveliness?

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THE PRECISION WATCH



spring in her arms and held him tight. Her world was rubble and ashes, but at least she still had Joey. And from now on she was going to look after him.

"Carlotta," she said, "if you ever slap my child again, I will slap you."

"What?" Carlotta gasped.

Mother was shocked. "Why, really, Peggy—"

"Don't bother to unpack those bags," Peggy told her. "You'll sleep in your own house tonight, no matter how frightful it is, and so will Grandma and Carlotta. And so will Gertrude and that unspanked brat of hers when they get here. Little George won't break any more of Joey's toys."

"What?" They were all staring at her. Peggy looked at those handsome horrified faces and suddenly she felt a wonderful sense of freedom and exhilaration. It was exactly like her dream.

In a loud firm voice she said, "You eat too much, Grandma. And you, Carlotta, are the worst spoiled woman I have ever met. As for you, Mother Bronson, it's time you learned that a mother-in-law's place is in her own home. You're through camping out in my house."

Still clutching Joey, she strode into the hall, where she bumped into Dick. His face was something to see. She shooed Joey outdoors to play with his wagon, and stalked upstairs to her own room.

There her exhilaration left her swiftly. Good heavens, what had she done? Individually and brutally she had insulted the members of Dick's family. In five minutes she had destroyed the work of years.

Clutching at the shreds of that wonderful sense of freedom, she tried to tell herself that it didn't matter. Of course it wouldn't matter if she was through with Dick. But was she through with him? It took her only a second to realize that she was not. She was a one-man woman and Dick was it.

Cold and terrified now, she faced the appalling facts. After all there had been blondes before and wives had coped with them. But she was one wife who would never have the chance. A dozen satin housecoats couldn't help her now. She had done the unforgivable. Her knees gave way and she fell on the nearest bed.

A LONG time later the door opened. "Have you cooled off?" a voice asked.

Peggy lifted her damp and swollen face. With horror she saw that the

husband she had lost actually looked cheerful.

"Go away!" she cried, shoving her face back into the pillow.

Dick sat down on the bed beside her. "The trouble with women," he said slowly, "is that they jump to conclusions. The wrong ones. That blonde Carlotta saw is our new personnel director. She's been working so hard that Mr. Randall was afraid she might quit. He asked me to take her out and feed her."

"What?" Abruptly Peggy sat up.

Dick grinned at her, and there was something in his dark eyes—something warm and wonderful which belonged to her. You little goose, it said very plainly, don't you know better?

And suddenly all the scattered pieces of Peggy's world flew back into place, shutting out the cold emptiness.

"Oh, darling—" She flung her arms around his neck. "I'm sorry! I should have known—"

She was shedding tears of happiness on his collar when she remembered the rest of it. "Dick!" Her voice was sharp with fear. "Your family—did—did you hear—?"

"Hear? Nobody in this house could help hearing." He chuckled. "Why didn't you tell them that a year ago?"

"Wh-what?" Peggy whispered.

"My sweet-tempered wife," Dick said tenderly, "did it never occur to you that a man might get tired of living in a house full of women? Tired of hearing about his suits and his ties and where was he at 9.55 last evening? Well, he gets that way, even when he happens to be fond of them. I thought"—he looked at her—"I thought when I had a wife she'd keep them in their places. I thought women knew how. When they all moved in and started the same thing here, I just had to make excuses—"

"What?" Peggy cried. "Oh, Dick, why didn't you tell me?"

He grinned ruefully. "Well, you seemed to be having such a whale of a time with them. I hated to spoil your fun—"

"What? Oh, no, Dick—you didn't!"

Suddenly they were both laughing. They collapsed on the bed, shrieking helplessly.

Finally Dick said, "Go wash that face, honey. And don't worry about my family—they are packing and calling employment agencies. It seems they didn't even dream that you had so much spirit. Grandma is going to knit a sweater for you, and Mother wants you to join the Woman's Club." \*

### Pattern descriptions and details for ordering.

1741—Junior misses' and misses' bolero suit in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 4 of 35 inch material with or without nap; 3% of 39 inch or 41 inch; 2% of 54 inch. Lining: 1% of 39 inch. Price 25c.

1742—Junior misses' and misses' lumber jacket and skirt in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: jacket: 2% of 35 inch material with or without nap; 2 of 39 inch; 1% of 54 inch. Skirt: 1% of 35 inch, 1% of 39 inch or 1% of 54 inch plaid material. Lining: 1% of 35 inch (optional). Price 25c.

1745—Misses' and women's suit in sizes 12, 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½, 26½. Size 41 inch: 2% of 54 inch material with or without nap. Price 25c.

1758—Misses' and women's suit in half sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½, 26½. Size 20½: 4% of 35 inch; 2% of 39 inch; 2% of 54 inch. Lining: 1% of 39 inch. Price 25c.

1762—Women's two-piece suit in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. Size 40: 4% of 39 inch;

4½ of 41 inch; 3% of 54 inch material with or without nap. Lining: 2 of 39 inch. Price 25c.

1766—Accessory set in one size. Hood: 5% of 35 inch material with or without nap; ½ of 54 inch. Facing: 5% of 35 inch material with or without nap; ½ of 54 inch. Bag: 5% of 35 inch or 5% of 54 inch; felt 14 inches by 35 inches. Belt: 5% of 35 inch; ¼ of 54 inch; felt: 8 inches by 35 inches. Price 25c.

1752—Misses' and women's "Simple to Make" blouse in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16, with long sleeves: 2 of 35 inch or 39 inch; 1% of 54 inch with three-quarter sleeves: 2 of 39 inch; 1% of 41 inch. Price 25c.

1728—Misses' and women's "Simple to Make" blouse with slightly lowered armhole in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, with Chinese collar: 2% of 39 inch or 41 inch lengthwise striped material. Collar: 5% of 35 inch or 39 inch. With Dandy collar: 2% of 39 inch or 41 inch plaid. With pointed collar: 2% of 41 inch; 1% of 54 inch. Price 25c.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada.

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35¢ for 5 rinses  
15¢ for 2 rinses



Then he sat down in front of the fire, stretching forward his arms in their soaked sleeves.

Funny situation, to sit like this in a strange apartment, in a woman's room . . . after an accident, or . . . in flight from some pursuit . . . from the "cops" or something . . . Lord knows, perhaps he had stared too long at the movie screen until he sank into it himself, turned into a shadow to live on as a film ghost.

However, he glanced around, and this room did not look at all like a fashionable Hollywood apartment, like one of those sophisticated interiors into which Irene Dunne or Joan Bennett would lure their victims with diabolic charms. No, this was rather the neat simple living room of a small woman of the lower middle class.

He moved over to the radio to look at the picture hanging over it: a cheap reproduction of the well-known painting showing the poet Dante in a long solemn gown, staring at celestial Beatrice passing by.

Mr. Jones left Dante and Beatrice and walked to the corner by the window where a small piano stood with a second equally touching copy above it: "Little Mozart performing before the Viennese court."

Both paintings, unless they hung here just by accident, betrayed a rather conservative mind, but love of music and the poetic arts.

He walked round the room trying to recall her voice; her pronunciation, her phrases, her educational standard. Strange, as long as she was present, it had been impossible to judge all this because it was wrapped in her pleasant personality and appearance. Now if you tried to recollect her voice only, to play it like a record, it sounded like that of, say, a small businesswoman, a salesgirl, a cashier in a box office. Well, that's what she actually was, wasn't she?

But to bring him up to her room from the street, at night?

CARRYING a loaded tray, she knocked the door open before he rose to help her. "There we are," she said.

She poured tea, steaming hot, into his cup.

"Take more sugar! Two lumps are not enough! Let me squeeze the lemon!"

Having done her duty as hostess, these were her last fluent words. It was now her turn to become silent and ill at ease.

She stirred her tea, gazing at the round little golden lake with the tiny whirlpool in its centre. But for all her absent-mindedness, she did not fail to notice that her guest once or twice looked furtively at the door, and then nervously at her hand.

"Oh," she said, realizing the cause of his anxiety, "no, you needn't worry about that. Nobody will come. There is nobody to come." She paused and then continued: "You are probably surprised . . . and you are right in a way. I know it's unusual . . . and please, believe me, it's really quite exceptional. It happened for the first time tonight . . . only because you were so wet . . . and because the café was shut . . ."

She touched her hair, embarrassed, while outside the rain beat on the window. "No, I never had such an idea before . . ."

Mr. Jones nodded. He was still a little doubtful though, in spite of

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## When Does the Next Show Begin? *Continued from page 15*

sooner if I walk instead of waiting here."  
"May I... may I, then, see you home, under my umbrella?" Mr. Jones brought it out, and was quite surprised at his own boldness.

"Oh, thanks, no. You would get even wetter," she tried to refuse.

"Why not? I have a heavy jacket and besides—" Mr. Jones did not go into the details of this "besides."

"This way?" he asked. She nodded involuntarily and thus they walked on, under the protection of the umbrella.

At the next street corner, under a lamp post, he stopped. "You are freezing. You are shivering. I cannot let you—Look, what a heavy jacket I have on. I am practically perspiring. Please, please, take it over your shoulders!"

His own eloquence surprised him; but with this woman walking by his side, her dark head hardly reaching up to his chin, he felt so much stronger, so much more protected than she was. Besides, the mere fact that a woman was walking beside him so close (because of the umbrella), and so late at night, was in itself something extraordinary. All of a sudden, with an almost painful lucidity, he was seized by the idea that he had to do something for her, to protect her, and he quickly took off his jacket and threw it over her shoulders, in spite of her protests. Because of its size she had to struggle to keep the coat with its dangling sleeves from slipping off. He then held it with both hands to her arms, carefully, tenderly, as though to make it grow against her body. Only when he felt the strange softness of her flesh, he withdrew his hands suddenly—half-scared.

"It's too kind of you," she said, "but suppose someone sees you like this in shirt sleeves, and all on my account. And now it's you who will get wet. If only this rain would stop! Well, it's just one block now..."

She stopped in front of a house.

"Here I am, at home."

He tried to see her face in the darkness. He was wondering whether it looked any different now from that frozen image at the entrance of the theatre.

"This is where I live," she repeated. "Thank you very much." Her voice had changed entirely.

He forgot completely that she still had his jacket around her shoulders. Slightly confused, she took it off with two fingers.

"Very kind of you..." But then, suddenly quite shocked: "Oh, dear, you are trembling. It's you who's caught cold... and it's my fault. Naturally, if somebody runs about in shirt sleeves in weather like this! You know it's only in the movies men are so chivalrous, not in reality. You should have a hot drink at once!"

She gazed at him, as if to judge him carefully. Then she said: "There is a little café right over there round the corner. Perhaps it's still open?"

They hurried across the street, the wind almost tearing his umbrella from his hand like a parachute, so that he had to drop and turn it toward the ground. The cold rain soaked his sleeves.

"You take that jacket," she shouted.

When they reached the café the outer door just closed, and a voice inside said: "Sorry, closed for the night."

They stepped back disappointed.

"What are we to do now?" she asked in front of her house door. "You can't go home like this."

She seemed to gaze at him questioningly as before. "I tell you—you could have a hot cup of tea upstairs with me! There's nothing else for it."

MR. JONES stared at her in surprise. Unconsciously he looked at her left hand where, under the glove, her rings seemed to stand out a little.

"A cup of tea—that's what you need right now!"

Mr. Jones wiped his drenched sleeves. He could not understand. Was this not like something out of a movie? A woman you did not know, whom you met for the first time in your life, but she takes you up to her apartment, offers

you a cup of tea, or to show you a collection of sketches, or something. You accept her invitation reluctantly; then, after a while, there is a knock at the door: "Open, let me in at once!" and a man, his face distorted with jealousy, springs at your neck... There is a fight... a gun... a knife... a murder... the end...!

"Oh, this is really too kind of you," Mr. Jones heard himself answer as he went into the house with her. Walking upstairs, he felt his knees becoming strangely

weak, and a queer uneasiness oppressed his mind—half fear, half expectation. He really felt exactly as though he had stepped from reality into a movie.

The first thing she did on entering her little apartment was to hurry to the fireplace and light the well-prepared pyramid of paper and wood.

"Fine," she said, "It'll soon be warm."

He was again surprised that her voice, so short and crisp at the theatre, could be so different, almost charming.

"You look after the fire while I put the kettle on the stove," she ordered, and off she rushed into the kitchen. She was somehow different again and rather attractive in this new role of a brisk housewife.

Mr. Jones stood in front of the fireplace. She had handed him the poker, a decorative wrought-iron affair; but he was, as it were, afraid to touch the fire with it. He sighed a breath of relief when the fire crackled brightly in the chimney, so that softly, carefully, he could put back that strange poker in its proper place.

## Little Girl Playing Doctor

by FRANCES FROST

♦♦

These small deft hands that soothe the kitten's feverish brow are gentle and are kind, though make-believing now.

These pitying dark eyes upon imagined pain look down, and flurried surprise turns to purrs again.

O child, too soon your heart, compassionate, will be deep-wrung and wrenched apart by life and ecstasy.

And I can only pray that some kind hand will touch your brow on that dark day when love will hurt too much.

her apparently genuine confusion. "And then—you looked so trustworthy," she added.

He did not like this last explanation. Not very flattering, he thought. Do I really look so trustworthy?

"I live by myself," she said quietly. "I wear these"—she avoided the word rings—"I wear them only because of the people, you know. I was married. For seven years. I do not know where he is now. But, why am I boring you with all this?"

"Oh, please, don't stop! That is, if I may still stay for a while. I don't mean out of curiosity, but rather . . ."

He broke off. She did not look at his face, but seemed to inspect the winding flowers of her china cup.

"Seven years . . . During all these years I had not even asked myself whether I was happy or unhappy. If things had not come to an end anyway, it never would have dawned upon me that I was not happy! He was a druggist. We owned a nice store in a good district. At that time I still loved dancing. I liked the movies and good music on the radio. I would also play the piano now and then. He had no feeling for all this. He was absorbed by his business. At the beginning I had to sit at home while he was examining the stock, the shelves, the bills, the ledgers, figuring, experimenting, figuring again, always in a white office coat, with a pencil behind his ear. Later on he'd say to me: you go to a show by yourself, if you want to. I have to stay. Of course, it was more important for him to stay with his bottles and packages than with his young wife! 'You can't rely on anyone, you've got to do everything by yourself!' was his favorite saying. And then something very strange happened. That woman came. She was a customer—a tall, very slender, sophisticated woman with hair dyed auburn. He changed thoroughly. The business broke down. He left . . . A year after someone said he had seen him abroad, in a gambling house, strangely different, sloppy, worn, sitting between two

half-drunk women—he, the man with the pencil behind his ear, the conscience in person!"

She stopped. "I can't understand it! I still can't understand it!"

MUSINGLY SHE lowered her spoon with a lump of sugar into the tea, watching how the little cube was slowly sucking in the brown liquid.

"Is it possible," she brooded, "that a grown-up man may come to suck into himself an entirely new, different, unreal life; may be dissolving, crumbling, melting away like this little piece of sugar there on my spoon?"

She paused as if surprised at her new strangely groping words and ideas. "All of a sudden he was on the other side of life—with women, gambling, adventures—just those trashy movie things he used to despise!"

She bent over the table with her arms. "Have another cup of tea? Are your sleeves dry now?"

"They are—thank you—but what about you?" He stopped, confused.

She did not answer. She looked at the tablecloth, lifting with her finger tip a few crumbs of the cake.

"It's so hard to speak about these things. They turn out to be so unnatural and sentimental if you try to put them into words."

"Not at all, not at all!" Mr. Jones hurried to say, and unconsciously he seized her hand which had come so near from the other side of the table. There it lay now, small and soft in his own, large and masculine. He felt strangely touched. She left him her one hand while with the other she smoothed her hair as if to smooth away her confusion.

Then she added: "It's funny though, I didn't miss him. I realized only then that he'd never really been there at all—I mean, for me . . ."

She grew silent.

It was so quiet in the room now. The rain outside had ceased. Even the fire, though warm and cosy, held its breath.

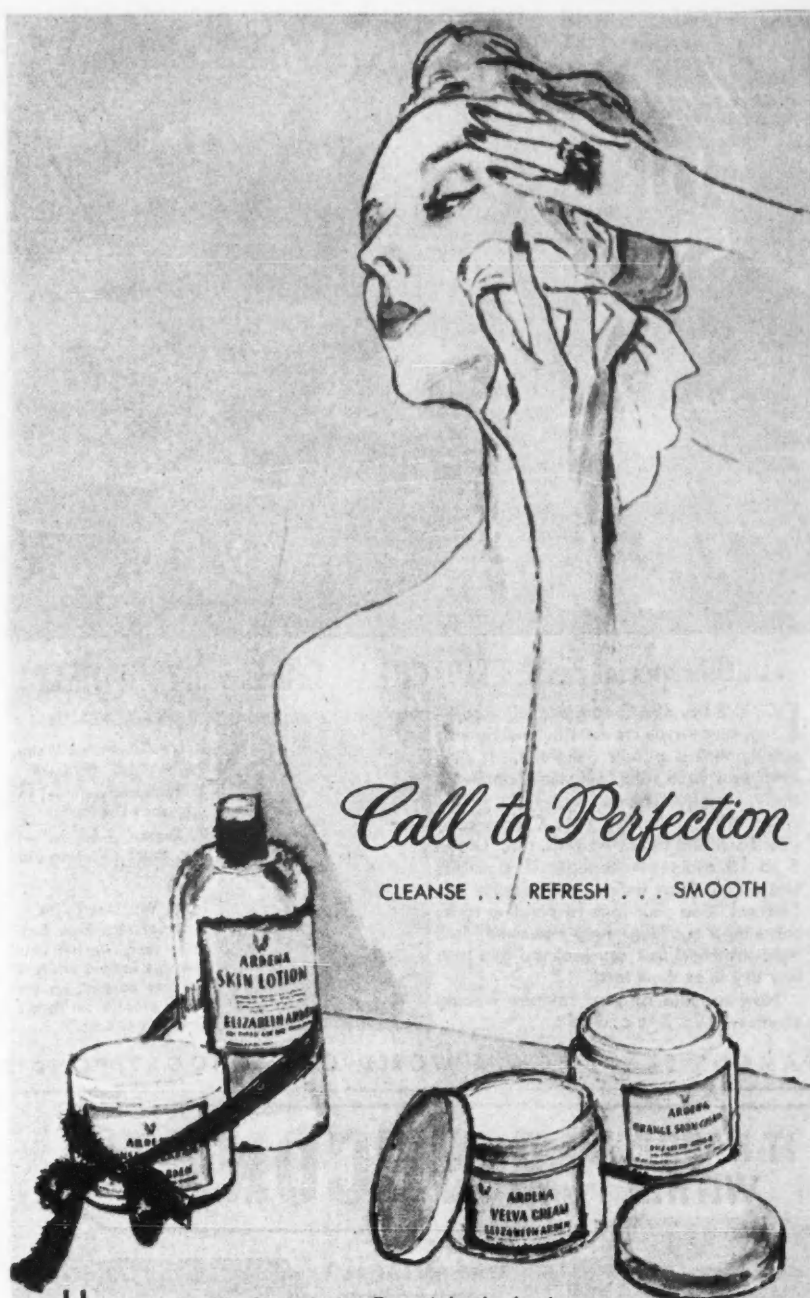
Mr. Jones felt he had to rise.

✦ Continued on page 66



Now is the time to start on gifts you want to make for someone very special! These handy little scuffs, No. S146, are so wonderful for after-bath, or packing into a travelling bag, that you'll be whipping up dozens of them! Bottoms are two layers of felt, with buckram sandwiched between; the toes are felt, with lazy daisy stitch and sequin trim.

Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S146, price 10 cents.



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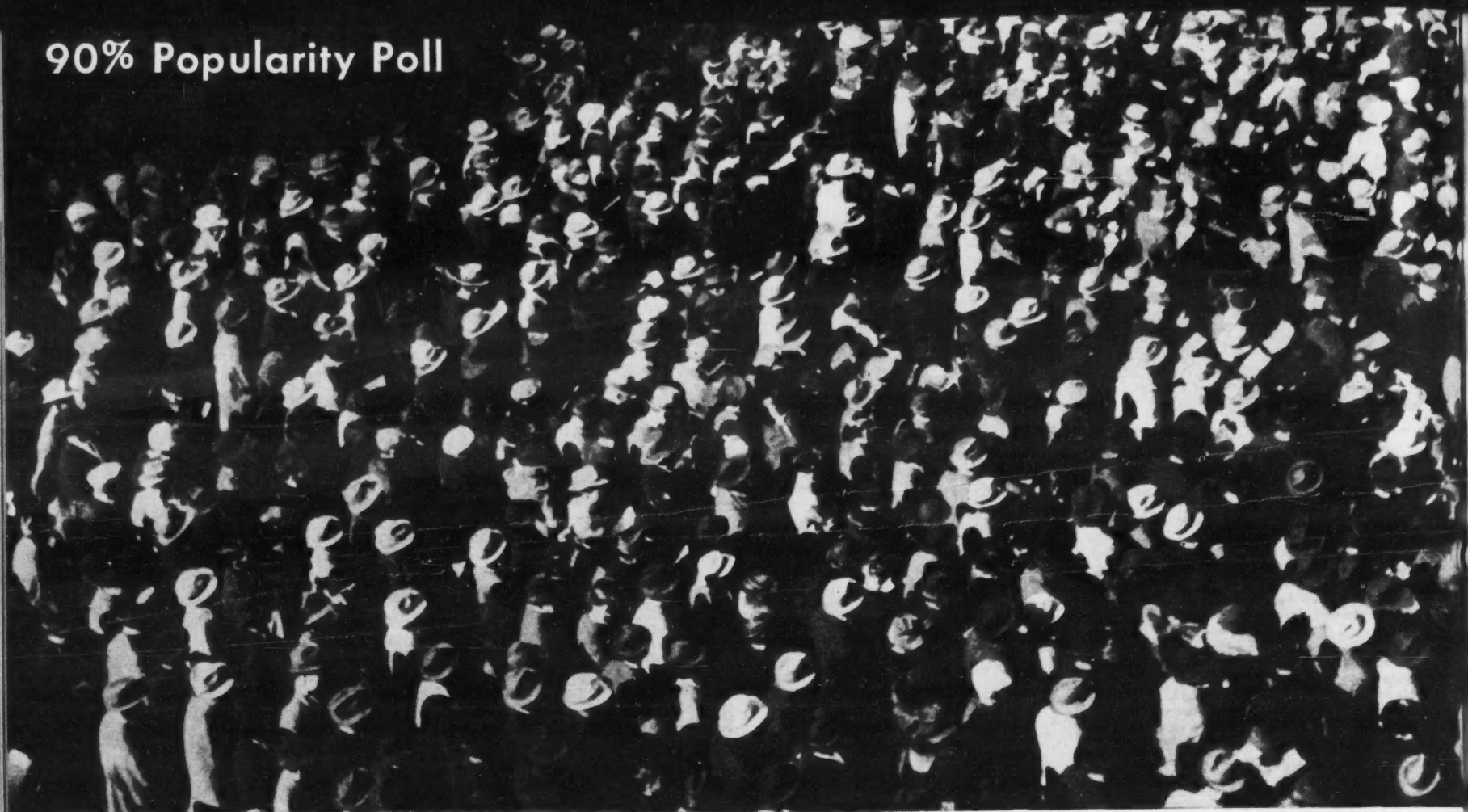
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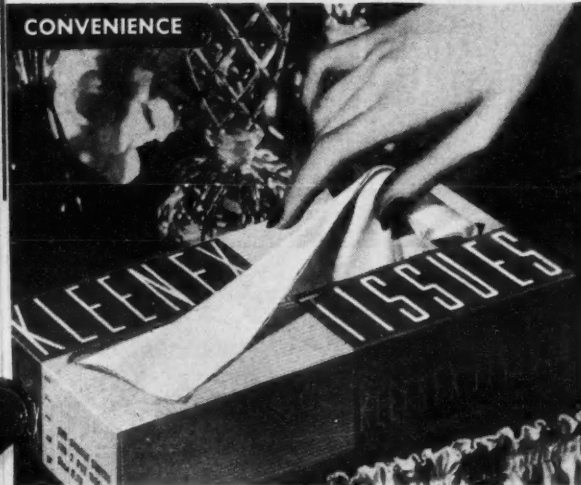
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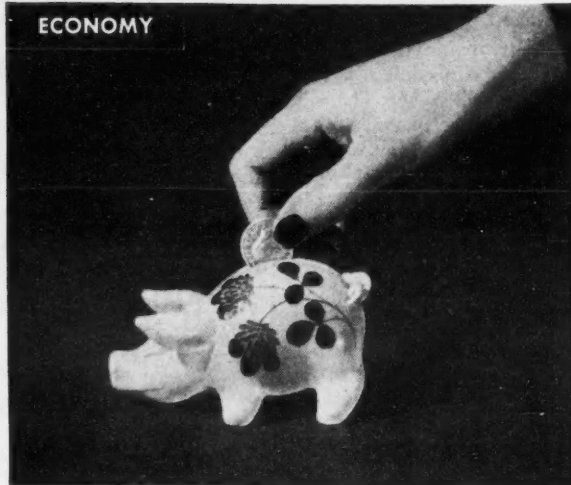
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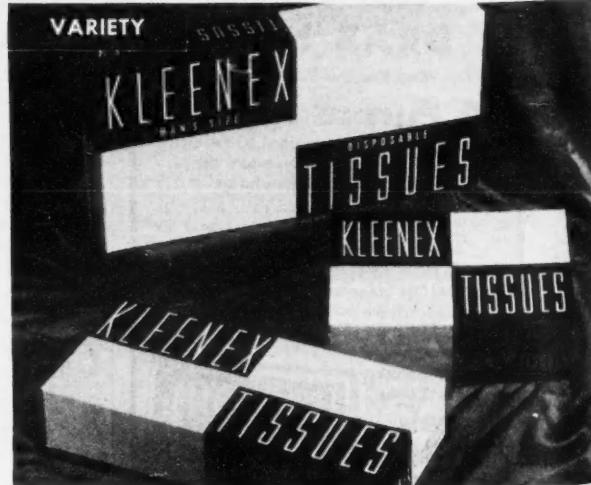
Waste and messiness are avoided... cleanliness and convenience assured by the famous, exclusive Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue package. You pull one Kleenex—up pops the next ready for use. The remaining tissues stay cleanly packed.

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# British Toppers

Arresting plaids, soft camel hair and fine herringbones are among the first to appear in the new collections of long-awaited imports.

Imagine this reflection in any mirror—water or glass! It's a gay woollen plaid, recklessly bold harmony of brown, blue, yellow and white!

Note how the collar revers extend the shoulder line, and are deeply notched to avoid too much bulk. The very large pockets, gathered on top, give emphasis to the slight bodice and skirt fullness. The waist is pulled in by a tricky belt, which is very narrow in front, very wide in the back.



Photographs courtesy The House of Jaeger, London

The coat with the carefree air (right), so very smart, easy to wear, delightful to look at. It's a wool herringbone weave, in rust and nigger brown, with one huge brown button fastening a softly rounded, turn-down collar.

Unusually wide cuffs are distinctive notes in the sleeves which are set into a deep-cut yoke. Note how the resulting gathers in the sleeve fall in line with bodice fullness, which is created, front and back, by unpressed pleats.

Again, high fashion is gained by a wide belt of the same fabric. Slit pockets keep the youthful silhouette unbroken.



This finger-tip jacket is the wonderful kind that you slip on over suits or dresses or slacks . . . and always feel happy about. It's in camel's hair—practically an all-season indispensable. There's a pleat in the back, and, being generously cut, the fullness gives a nice swing at the hips. It's pulled into beautiful shape at the waist with a wide, buckled belt.

The neck may be turned back, very casually, or snugly buttoned up, little boy style, as shown.

## Every Business Girl



...should answer these 4 questions:

**1** To what extent does your FUTURE security depend on your savings? Most working girls, while they remain single, expect their own savings to provide for their future. But ordinary savings, which seem to accumulate so slowly, often fail to provide an adequate income in later life. That is why your *method* of saving is so important . . .

**2** What is the BEST way to save enough money for the future? Though ordinary savings may disappear over the years, investment in Mutual Life of Canada insurance guarantees you a definite amount of money to look forward to. And should you marry, the money you have saved will still be useful . . . perhaps for a special vacation you have dreamed of . . .

**3** What KIND of policy is best for you? It is very important that you choose the kind of policy that will suit your particular needs. You may want an endowment policy which will pay you a lump sum, or you may prefer a monthly income at the end of the endowment period. Ask the advice of a Mutual Life of Canada representative. He will help you to plan your insurance according to your circumstances . . .

**4** Does it matter WHICH life insurance company you choose? It does. Life Insurance Companies are much alike as to policies and rates, but actual long-term results vary widely. We invite you to compare The Mutual Life of Canada's record with that of any other company. Evidence of the satisfaction of our policyholders is furnished by the fact that whole families and succeeding generations have entrusted their life insurance programs exclusively to The Mutual Life of Canada, and each year approximately 35% of its new business comes from our policyholders. Ask your Mutual Life representative to explain the special features of this Company.

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Smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream over your face and throat—hands, too. Leave 5 to 15 minutes—overnight if possible! Use daily. Start today, and see the difference! See your face responding to its softening, soothing help—become less tight-stretched and dry feeling. See how tiny dry lines show less!

Now on sale at your favorite beauty counter—19c, 34c and 59c.



#### 3 SPECIAL FEATURES

1. Lanolin—very like the natural oil of skin
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3. Special Emulsifier — extra softening aid

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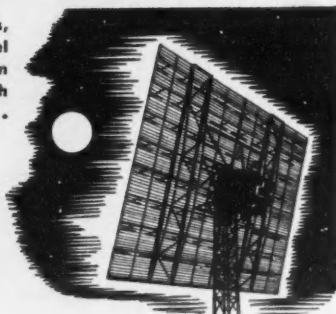
MRS. WILLIAM F. DICK, sister of Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says, "My skin gets that dry look so easily if I'm not careful, so I'm extra grateful for Pond's Dry Skin Cream."

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"It's very late. I... I thank you very, very much..."

She did not hear his remark.

"No, it didn't mean a thing to me," she said, absorbed in thoughts. "Most probably I was always alone. I took on some job; unfortunately, the firm closed down. I became a cashier in a downtown store, and after a while I landed at the box office of the theatre. You can't be too choosy these days. Besides, I sell just the tickets—what do I care what's going on inside, in the darkness, with those red-haired women in Technicolor, those gamblers, blackmailers, adventurers—the silly imitation of life? Or is it life that tries to imitate them?"

An expression of bitterness and contempt pursed her lips.

The old bachelor thought it was high time to say something complaisant, even at the risk of being stale. So he bowed gallantly and said:

"And it was a good idea of yours to join the Mirror—otherwise, how would I have had an opportunity of making your acquaintance?"

She smiled—for the first time this evening. Smiling, he noticed, was becoming to her. Her light face under the dark heavy hair looked definitely pretty now, lovely, almost radiant...

"Well," she said, "at least I've been able to talk things off my chest after such a long time. That wasn't my intention at all at the beginning. It just happened like this. Usually I talk only to my pictures, my piano, my radio..."

His eyes wandered to the pointed directions; to the child musician over the piano whose tiny hands, under lace-trimmed sleeves, touched an 18th Century clavichord in the presence of the Austrian Empress; then to the second picture—the medieval Italian poet, attired in a scholar's solemn talar, gazing at his divine beloved while she passed by.

It was so peaceful here. One felt so safe. No one pushed open the door and jumped at him. No one came and threw him into a movie drama. No, not him! The other one had plunged into adventures, the one with the driving conscience and the pencil behind his ear.

The woman rose and stepped to the radio. "I'm afraid there won't be much on at this time of the night."

She turned the dial. "Wouldn't it be nice if we could get some lovely piece to end the evening? You are fond of music, too?"

"Oh, I love music!" He stood behind her now, his arm on the radio set while she was handling the knob.

He touched her arm with one finger shyly. "But... but," he began, "perhaps we'll have better luck some other time. By the way," he cleared his throat, forming a bold resolution, "when is your next night off? Wouldn't you... I mean, would you care to go to a concert with me, or to a movie?"

"Still to a movie?" she asked, slightly sarcastic.

"Why not?" he laughed. "It's not dangerous—for us, especially when we go there together. Incidentally, have you seen 'New Life Tomorrow'? Sounds rather promising, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does..."

"Would you care to go with me?"

"Sure I will," she answered firmly. "I'd love to!"



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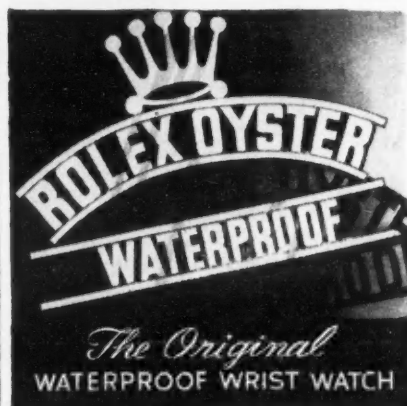
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## NEEDLEWORK LOVERS

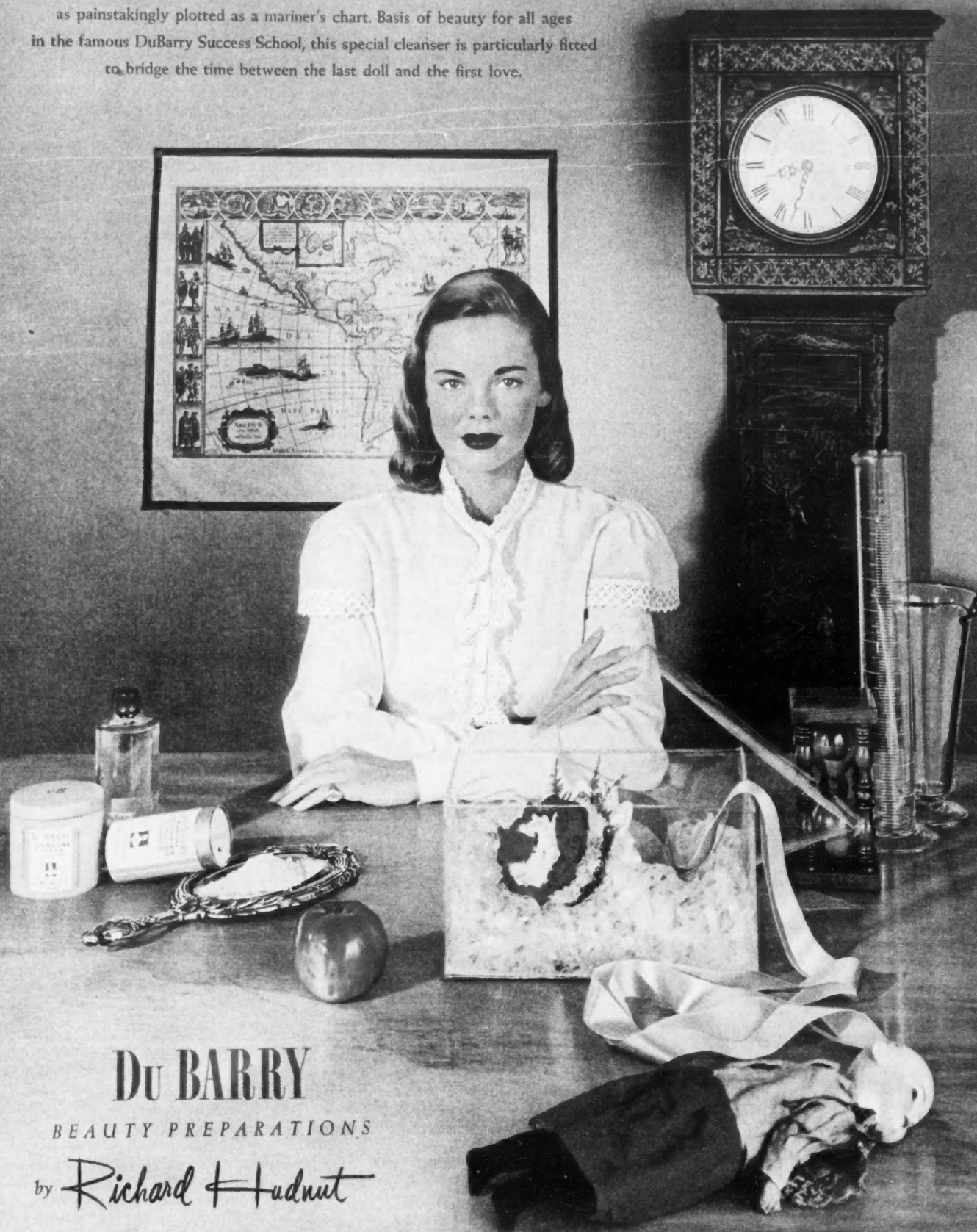
For the reader desiring the address of a needlecraft magazine, Mrs. L. K. L., Minnesota, writes: "I'm sure the needlework lover would like Aunt Ellen's WORKBASKET. This monthly pattern and direction service

brings the latest creations in handcraft and needlework from the country's foremost artists and designers. It is \$2.00 a year in Canada for twelve issues, but no samples are sent because each issue contains large hot iron transfer patterns as well as ideas for such items as doilies, edgings, bedspreads, tablecloths, hats, bags, and baby's things. Orders should be sent to the WORKBASKET, 4501 Westport Station, Kansas City 2, Mo., U.S.A., with currency or money order." If you are not delightfully pleased with the first issue, Aunt Ellen will return your money and you may keep the material you have received without any obligation.





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by *Richard Hudnut*

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## for everything

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**\*STA-UP-TOP**  
Band of tiny stays set in elastic pockets keeps girdle firmly in place at all times.

**PERFECT FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT**



## Glimpses from Paris



Astorg

And here is a beige wool dress signed by Marcel Rochas. Very suave and distinguished with its rippling, slanting tunic line, further accented by the diagonal seaming of the skirt.



The French dressmakers are hard at work in their workrooms and salons, turning out designs for clients of the *haute-monde* and seeking to recapture their supremacy in the whole wide world of fashion. Above: Marcel Rochas goes into a huddle with a customer and a saleswoman over a design for a suit.

**DO THIS to get**  
*Soothing Relief*  
**FROM STUFFY MISERY OF ACUTE CATARRH**

**SPECIALIZED MEDICATION**



**WORKS RIGHT WHERE TROUBLE IS**

**YOU WANT** soothing relief...and you want it **fast**...when acute catarrh makes you feel miserable. One of the very best ways you can ease the misery of catarrh is to put just a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol in each nostril. At once welcome relief starts to come, for Va-tro-nol is specialized medication that works... right where trouble is—to quickly ease distress.

**RESULTS ARE SO GOOD** because Va-tro-nol does three important things to bring relief. It soothes irritation... helps shrink swollen membranes and clear out catarrhal congestion to make breathing easier. Many folks say it's the best relief they know of. Try it yourself!

**GOOD FOR SINUS PAIN TOO!**

# VICKS VA-TRO-NOL



Astorg

"Soft shoulders" are daringly revealed in many of the new evening gowns. This is a Maggy Rouff creation in forget-me-not blue satin; it develops the fitted waistline and lifted bust by subtle embroidery in bronze and silver paillettes.



Maggy Rouff is another famous dressmaker name. Here the camera finds her in her own home, playing with her two Pekingese. Though famous for brilliant showmanship in her designs for evening clothes, she prefers herself to wear simple workaday outfits—like this manish jacket in shepherd's plaid, with white blouse and black bow.

a new *Shimmer Sheen* color  
that sets your hands and his head  
in a whirl...by **PEGGY SAGE**



# Heady Wine

Peggy Sage pressed this irrepressible new color for the woman who is in a mood to wear vine leaves in her hair. The choicest of all the new wines that Fashion has in store for you, Heady Wine is a rich ruby burgundy, deep and mellow. Choose intoxicating Heady Wine in Peggy Sage's SHIMMER-SHEEN for its champagne sparkle. 50c.



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London Salon: 130 New Bond Street  
Paris Salon: 7, Place Vendôme

• JEWELS BY JOHN RUBEL



## All the World's a Stage

Continued from page 11

trees growing in tubs on either side. From outside it looked large, but Sally was delighted when she found it actually would require the minimum of work.

"Like it?" asked Ricky, his eyes on Sally's glowing face.

"Oh, darling," she said. "It's heaven." Her feeling that an apartment lacked something, her long-suppressed urge for a house, crystallized at that moment. But she had never hoped for one like this—the perfect house, *her* house.

They stood in the large garden, with flower beds down either side in which spring bulbs were showing their green promise of beauty to come.

"We'll be landed gentry," said Ricky. He looked doubtful. "It'll take a lot of looking after."

"Never mind," said Sally. "We'll manage." She tucked her hand under his elbow. "And just think of the parties we can have. Popping corn in front of the fire in winter—steaks out here in the summer." Her voice was eager, ringing with contentment at the thought of entertaining the new friends they would make. "We can build an outdoor fireplace—down there at the back. Oh, it's going to be wonderful . . . Please, Ricky, I want it."

"It's yours," he said. "This is what we've been saving those bonds for."

The deal closed, Sally felt that now everything was complete, but she had not been prepared for the reserve of the young-marrieds of Sommerside. It was not that they were unfriendly, they just weren't friendly.

"What's the matter?" she'd wailed to Ricky when they came home from a party given in their honor by Mr. Hallwell. "They seemed distant! I couldn't understand what they were talking about. It's all half-completed sentences that everyone laughed at before you can figure out what it's about."

Ricky laughed easily. "It takes time, honey. These people have known each other for years. You'll get to know what they're talking about. Just take it easy. Rome wasn't built in a day."

So Sally took it easy. War work would have taken time. But with that a thing of the past, she had too many idle hours. Ricky was working hard, bringing home work the nights he didn't stay late at the office, happy and interested. Sally decided that what counted was his happiness, and took up gardening. She became the hardest-working gardener in town, discovered she had green fingers and, with the assistance of her next-door neighbor, elderly Mrs. Cranston, made her garden a riot of color.

Mrs. Cranston was a gossip woman, with kind blue eyes and almost white hair, whose long memory and love of her own voice did much to supply Sally with the key to some of the conversations she

had formerly been unable to understand. Mrs. Cranston liked Sally. So much so that, in addition to giving her slips from her own plants and a treasured recipe from her cookbook, she even revealed what she fondly believed to be a secret—that she spent hours behind the curtains of her unlighted windows watching what went on up and down the street. "My eyes won't let me read the way I used to and it helps pass the time," she said in explanation.

But even the physical effort of gardening and the friendship with Mrs. Cranston didn't stop Sally from feeling neglected. It was on a day when she was feeling particularly blue that Gloria Stillwell called. Sally saw her coming up the walk and thought, as she went to the door, *What a plain woman!*

But she revised her opinion when they were seated on the yellow chintz-covered sofa before the fieldstone fireplace. She felt the attraction and glow of Gloria, as only a woman who has been admired for her own beauty can feel it.

"My dear, what a charming room!" Gloria spoke as if she meant it.

Sally smiled. "We like it."

"And do you like Sommerside?"

Sally lied, she hoped well. "Yes, very much. It's a lovely town."

"Yes, isn't it!" Gloria accepted a cigarette and drew on it intensely. "After living in the city it must seem very small. But then any place would."

Sally was wondering what occasioned this visit. Gloria gave the impression of someone who had a purpose. It was obvious that she had come for some reason other than to find out if Sally liked Sommerside. She turned, and Sally noticed that her eyes were almost violet, that her cheekbones were too finely modelled. It was an interesting face, but too intense—as if its owner were consumed with

a too-compelling egotism.

"Isn't your husband the Ricky Williams who used to act at the summer theatre in New Essex?"

For one season, between agency jobs, Ricky had tried a summer of theatre, to find he was pretty good. "But not good enough for the big time, Sally. And I don't believe in wasting time on the second rate. If you can't be tops—leave it alone." He'd smiled and kissed her. "That's why I went after you. You're tops in any league."

Sally told Gloria that Ricky had given that up long ago.

"But he was very good!" protested Gloria. "I remember Hildegard Wilroy told me he was the best male lead they'd had in years. You mean he never did anything about it, never went on with it?"

"He went into advertising instead."

Gloria leaned toward Sally and put her hand on her knee.

"Do you think we could persuade him to start again?"

✦ Continued on page 73

## THE FOG COMES IN

(Halifax Harbor)

By MARJORIE MAJOR

Old Sambre's "boom"  
At the harbor's mouth  
Salutes the misty queen,  
Her scent is borne  
By the inshore breeze,  
Pungent, salty, clean.  
She rides like a witch  
On the broom of the wind,  
Trailing her skirts in the sea;  
Her breath is cold,  
Like a witch's curse—  
A ghost of the ocean, she.  
Her long slim fingers  
Reach toward the land,  
Its warmth and twilight gold;  
Her grey robes trail  
The crested waves  
Where murmuring pebbles roll.  
The air is filled  
With the gathering mist;  
Muffled, the city's din,  
While the rhythmic "Zoom!"  
Of the lighthouse horn  
Repeats that the fog is in!



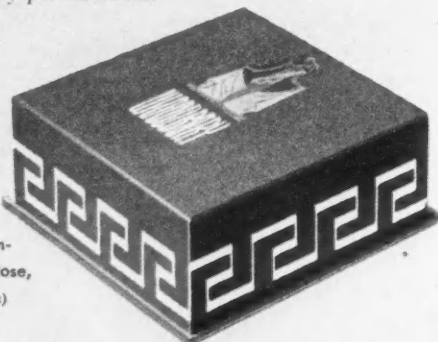
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**Glow!** Pat on WOODBURY Creampuff POWDER BASE. Perfect blend with any powder shade.

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Chosen by Hollywood experts to glorify your skin-type . . . to make you as beauty-right as the Stars. Woodbury Film-Finish Powder in Flesh, Rachel, Windsor Rose, Brunette . . . 50¢, 25¢, 16¢. (Made in Canada)



Woodbury *new film-finish* Powder



To convey your sweetest sentiments and to reflect a gracious charm, let your choice of letter paper be worthy of your best self. You can always be sure when you use



Styled by **BARBER-ELLIS**



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Am I ever lucky. An Heirloom Cedar Chest! . . . Now all my beautiful things will be together waiting for our big day.



If your dealer cannot supply your Heirloom chest immediately he will gladly arrange for later delivery.



## All The World's A Stage

Continued from page 70

Sally was puzzled. "Why?" Gloria became animated. "We have a very good amateur theatrical group here. We do two plays a year. One around Christmas, the other in the spring, after Easter. We've done some really fine plays. Nearly everyone takes some part. Stage setting, selling tickets . . . you know what I mean."

AS HAROLD swung the car into the parking lot at The Shack, Sally thought how hard she had worked for Ricky's agreement. And now he was back there in the auditorium kissing Gloria! It was her fault that he was doing that. She'd persuaded him. But she hadn't persuaded him so that he would kiss Gloria, except when they were rehearsing. Sally knew enough to know that he had to do that. But she was afraid that he was kissing her other times too, that there were more kisses outside the auditorium than in it.

She caught her lower lip between her teeth. It hadn't worked out. It hadn't worked out at all as she'd hoped. She wasn't painting scenery or doing anything with the group. Mostly she was sitting at home alone, listening to the radio and trying not to think about what Ricky was doing. And he'd been getting home later and later from rehearsal.

"We went to Norah James' for sandwiches," he'd say; or, "We dropped in at the milk bar for milk shakes."

Once she'd asked, "Who is 'we'?" and he'd said nonchalantly, "Oh, the whole gang. Wish you'd been there."

"I wish I had," she'd said.

He'd swung round on his chair, holding a shoe in his hand. "Why don't you come down and do something? You'd like it. I thought that was the ideal! Why won't you?"

Before she rolled over, pulling the sheets round her neck, she'd said, "Because I don't want to." But that wasn't the truth. He didn't know the real reason and she wasn't going to tell him, she couldn't tell him. It was because of what she'd overheard at the church social that night, listening behind a half-opened door.

One of the group of wives had said, "I hear Gloria's got a new boy friend."

"That's right. Ricky Williams—he's new in town."

"Has a nice wife. Too bad she's dumb," said another.

"Isn't it about time Harold Carter went into action again?" asked a pretty blonde. "He always comes out of hibernation and goes a-wolfing about now in Gloria's scenarios. I always enjoy watching him. He puts on such a good act—although when you really know him well it's obvious as all get out."

"Before I'd let my husband play lead to Gloria's heroine act, I'd lock him up," observed an older woman.

There was a burst of laughter. "Isn't that what you did?" said the girl who had spoken first. As the group broke up, she added, "We'll be nice to her anyway. After all—she's a member of the league now, isn't she?"

I won't take part in the play, Sally had thought. I won't. I'm not going to have them feeling sorry for me and

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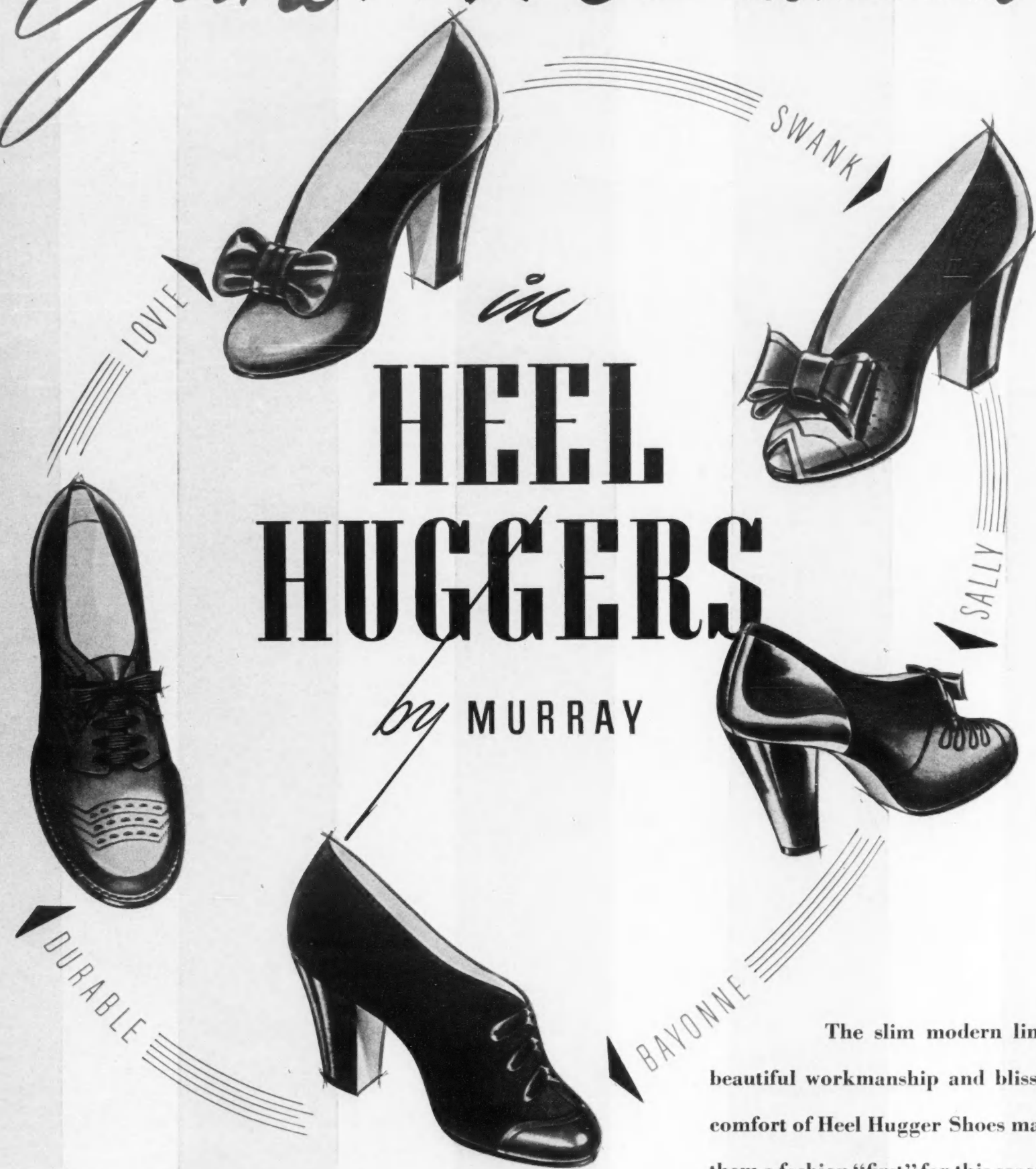


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comfort of Heel Hugger Shoes make  
them a fashion "first" for this season.

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amusement over some funny, joyous incident, sobering and saddening when he told her of the death of his first dog.

THE YELLOW chintz in the living room hurt Sally's eyes and she wished she hadn't stayed for that last dance.

Ricky was sitting in a large chair, tensed forward with angry eyes. The charming picture of his slim wife in the doorway, eyes bright and color high, her mouth looking ready to smile with little encouragement, apparently made no impression on him. "Where have you been?" he snapped.

Sally gathered herself and managed a smile, but not the smile she had been ready to give him. "Having fun," she said. "How did the rehearsal go?"

"We stopped right after you left," Ricky came to her and his hands caught her shoulders, pressing hard through her suit. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

Sally tightened her lips and angrily shook herself free.

"I told you," she said. "I've been having fun."

His eyes searched hers for a moment. "Here, sit down." He pushed her into a chair beside the door. "Now let's get this over with. Where were you?"

Sally looked up at him. This was the first time that she had seen Ricky really angry, angry with her. It gave her a feeling of power. It was a sweet feeling. If he was this angry just because she'd been out late once, then he must still love her! Love her a little, anyway. Perhaps she hadn't lost him completely to Gloria. Her heart swung up and out inside her as it had of old, and she leaned forward to speak to him. But he spoke first.

"What do you think people will say when they hear you've been out till this hour with Harold Carter? You went to The Shack, didn't you?" He clenched his hands in anger. "Can't you see what you're doing? In a town this size you can't get away with it! It would be all right in the city. But not here. Suppose Mr. Hallwell hears about it. You know what he's like! He's liable to fire me... And just when I'm getting somewhere, when I'm due for a raise."

All Sally's elation and gladness died in her, leaving a stale dirty feeling behind. He didn't love her! He didn't care where she'd been because he loved her; he was only worried about his job, about his money! He'd said it would have been all right anywhere else! That must mean he didn't care any longer, he no longer loved her.

Until that moment Sally had hoped, prayed that the Gloria interlude was merely that. That it was only an infatuation, would last only for the duration of the play. She'd clung to that belief, but now she realized the insecurity of her hopes. It was like depending on a life belt, only to find it was a child's belt, too small to hold you up.

She rose to her feet with all the dignity she knew how to show and said, "To blazes with Mr. Hallwell. And I did go to The Shack. With Harold Carter. I think he's nice! And"—she turned at the foot of the stairs—"he kissed me good night. That was nice too!"

Then she ran upstairs, the picture of his furious face clear before her eyes. She slammed the door of their room and, throwing herself across the bed, flooded the pretty green counterpane with tears.

*Mrs. Flynn*

*seems "all in"*

—so she's still in bed though a busy day is ahead.

She has been feeling this way so often lately you would think she would do something about it.

Maybe some good friend will tell her it may be faulty kidneys that make her feel so tired all the time.

Mrs. Flynn probably hadn't thought of her kidneys. If she only knew how Dodd's Kidney Pills might help her she wouldn't be lying in bed now wishing for her usual pep and energy. She would likely be enjoying it as usual.

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SOOTHING, COOLING

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Gives COMFORT Daily

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BEFORE AFTER

ON GLOOM!

ON JOY!

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**Old English Scratch Cover POLISH**

Made by the Makers of Old English Wax

After a while the tears stopped and she heard Ricky come upstairs and go into the guest room. He moved around, then came out to the linen closet. He was getting bed linen...

As Sally began to undress, her thoughts were desperate. Why had she said that? Why had she told Ricky that Harold had kissed her?

She stood looking at herself in the mirror of her vanity. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright and large. Why had she let Harold kiss her? She had known he was going to when he put his arm around her, and she had done nothing to stop him. In a way, she'd really encouraged him.

Sally spun from the mirror and covered her face with her hands. She knew why she was so upset! She'd liked it! She'd felt a quickening of her heart-beat, an increase in the tempo of her emotions which had surprised her, which had made her shove him away quickly.

Harold had laughed, as if he knew what the kiss had done to her, as if he were aware of the fright which had clutched her heart. But he swung open the door without trying to detain her, contenting himself with a quiet, "Good night, actor's wife!" That had been clever of him, reminding her of Ricky. Her fear had gone, anger at Ricky replacing it.

As she slid into bed, she thought, *It was just because I'm lonely. That's all it was.* As she turned her face to the pillow and felt the cool of the linen against her burning cheeks, she wondered if it was the truth...

BREAKFAST WAS a silent meal, and it took determination on Sally's part to get down the orange juice and toast which was all that she could face. Ricky retired behind the paper and ate with an angry violence which disposed of the food rapidly. When he was finished he put down his paper, after savagely folding it back into its creases. He glared across the table, his eyes hard, empty of any emotion but anger.

"We'd better get this straight," he began.

Sally interrupted him. She had a headache, she was feeling a little sick, and the resolutions which she had made after a sleepless night had been changed by his unrelenting manner.

"Look," she said frostily, "let's not talk about it. I'll take care not to go to The Shack again. I'll make sure no one will see us. Then you need not worry about Mr. Hallwell—"

Ricky's eyes blazed. "That wasn't what I meant."

Sally stood. She spoke with terrific sweetness. "That's what was bothering you last night! You'd better hurry—you'll be late. Mr. Hallwell wouldn't like that!"

She stood by the table, the sound of the slammed door in her ears, and weary tears came. She had the worst headache ever. She went sadly upstairs for some aspirin...

Sally was disconsolately prowling around the garden when Mrs. Cranston came to the fence and said good morning.

"Hello," said Sally, in an unfriendly voice. She didn't feel that she could cope with Mrs. Cranston's conversation today.

Mrs. Cranston remarked on the lateness of the mums. "Be getting them

✦ Continued on page 82

Don't let yourself pass this by!

DON'T avoid new ideas. Don't be apathetic. At least, don't resist a new trend until you have *investigated* it. Take the case of Tampax now and look at the facts frankly. Wouldn't you like to be free of the monthly pin-and-belt nuisance? Of your sanitary deodorant troubles? Of the disposal problem? ... Well, all these problems vanish when you use Tampax—for modern sanitary protection.

Tampax is scientifically correct for its purpose. Perfected by a physician, it is daintily small but very absorbent and efficient. Only pure surgical cotton goes into it and individual patented applicators are provided... No pins or belts. NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOR. No odor or chafing. No ridges or bulges to show under sheer clothing. Millions of students, business girls, housewives, travelers, sports-women keep Tampax handy in purse or desk drawer—takes up very little space. Quick to change. Easy to dispose of.

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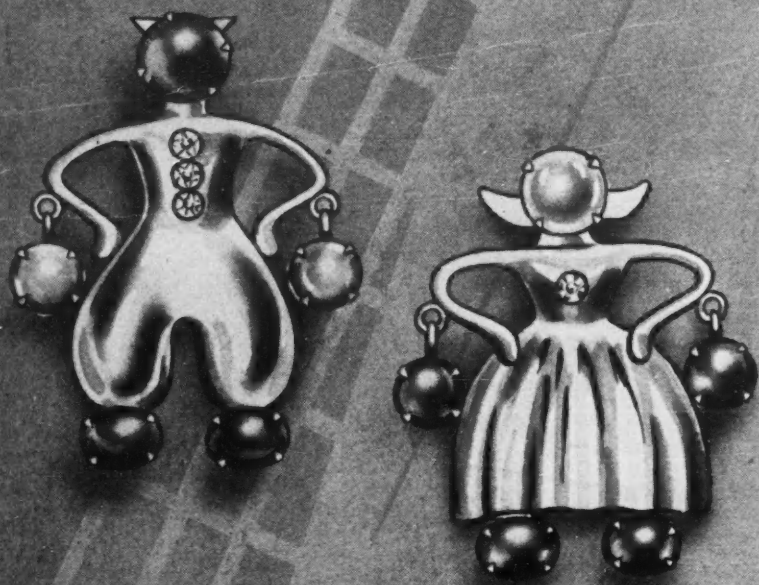
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laughing at me behind my back. And she stuck to her determination despite overtures from various persons and Ricky's puzzled coaxing.

The Shack was smoke-filled and raucous with the blare of a four-piece band. All the booths and tables were filled, but Harold apparently was a favored customer, for the fat proprietor found them a booth in a back corner, far enough away from the band so that conversation was possible, if not pleasant.

"Cuba Libre, you said, didn't you?" said Harold. The wind had disturbed his black hair and a lock hung down over his boyish laughing eyes.

Sally thought that he was a very understanding person. He'd driven in silence, leaving her to play with her heavy thoughts, and now he didn't make the mistake of saying anything about her silence. It was very easy to like Harold Carter.

"And I want a flock of them," she said.

"Keep them coming," Harold told the waiter, ordering the same for himself. Sally wasn't surprised. That was what he would do, he was a pretty polished hand at this sort of thing. She felt a stirring of half-frightened excitement. She remembered the stories that Ricky had told about him. "He's the Lothario of the town. Gives them all a play in their turn. And, from what I hear, he does pretty well."

She'd teased him, accusing him of being jealous of Harold, but he'd laughed and kissed her, saying, "Have no time for anyone except you." But he had time now!

"You look like a little girl who expects to be punished," said Harold.

Sally laughed. "I'm a big girl."

"Not so big," he said, making it a compliment. His eyes were amused as he said, "Like to dance?"

Sally regarded the crowded floor dubiously. It was a long time since she had danced, and her "Yes, please!" was doubtful. However, her fears were groundless. Harold Carter was dancing himself. He held her just securely enough, he guided her surely and smoothly among the couples, and his gentle humming of the tune beside her ear seemed to modulate the stridency of the band.

She felt herself giving over her identity to him. When they returned to their table she was a little breathless, and unwilling to meet his eyes.

"Dancing with you is like discovering a new way of life," he said.

"You're very good," she said.

"It had nothing to do with me," he protested. "Your feet have the same lightness, the same gay lilt as your eyes."

Sally thought the conversation was getting too personal for comfort.

"Tell me about yourself," she suggested quickly. "About—about when you were a kid." She hesitated momentarily, then added in a low voice, "It must be nice to be a child in a small place like Sommerside. I just know there's a swimming hole!"

"There is. And it's just as muddy as all the others."

In an easy friendly way he began to tell her about the activities of a youth in Sommerside. The berrypicking, the nut hunts in the fall—and the sleigh rides when they were lucky enough to get snow. Time passed unnoticed as Sally listened, her eyes lightening with

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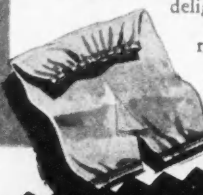


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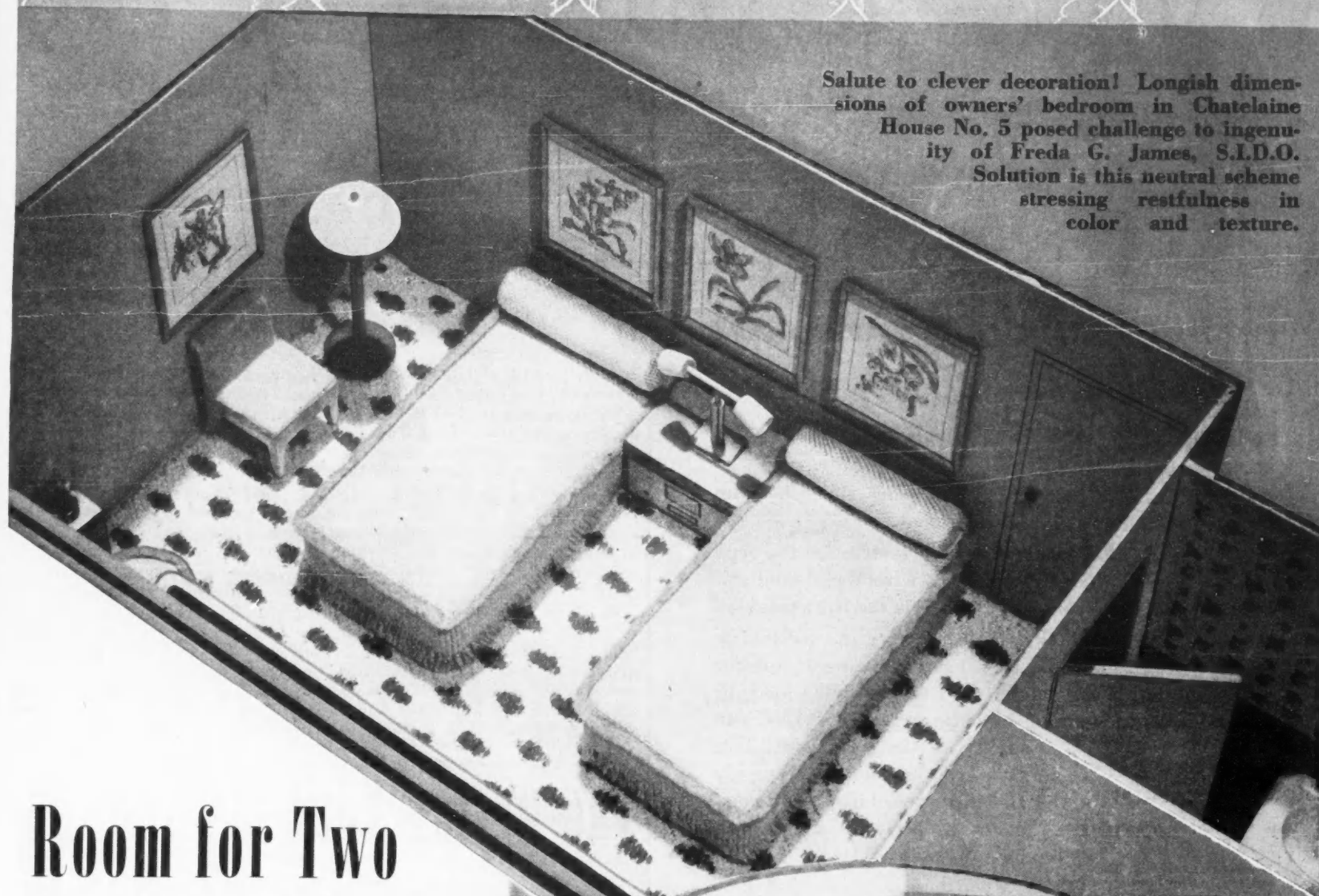
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# Chatelaine Home Planning

Salute to clever decoration! Longish dimensions of owners' bedroom in Chatelaine House No. 5 posed challenge to ingenuity of Freda G. James, S.I.D.O. Solution is this neutral scheme stressing restfulness in color and texture.



## Room for Two

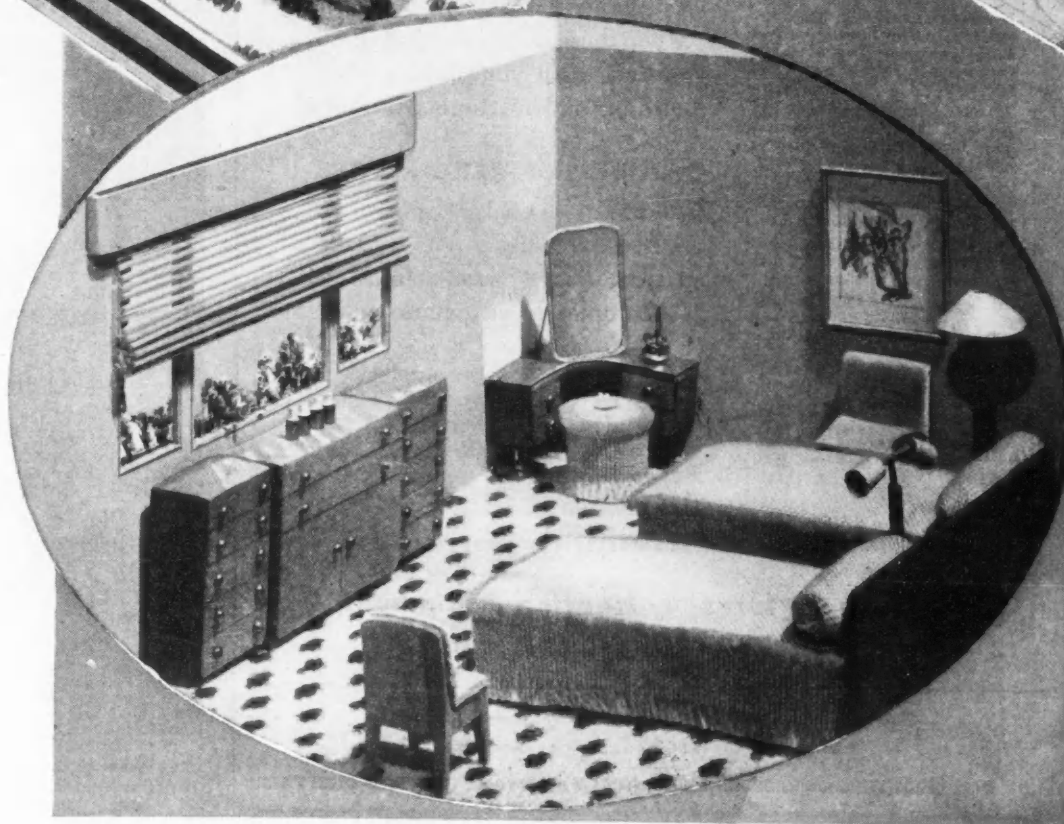
Designed by Freda James, S.I.D.O.,  
Chatelaine's Interior Decorating Consultant.

**C**HATELAIN HOUSE NO. 5 provides a unique private suite for its owners. On the second floor, equipped with a private bathroom and large closet, it's a self-contained unit well suited to interesting decorative treatment.

The owners' bedroom is  $11\frac{1}{2}$  by  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet in size. Requisites of comfort have to be more than ever carefully considered when dimensions are on the longish side, as in this case. For convenience, it was essential that drawer space be not too far removed from the clothes closet. The area under the window proved to be the best location. There a three-section chest was placed. Its flexibility is a prized feature: the pieces can be used as a group or by themselves.

It was logical to place the heads of the beds against the longest unbroken stretch of wall. Twin beds with a good-sized night table between them were chosen in preference to a double bed flanked on either side by small night tables. Space for reading matter and built-in or slide-in radio is contained in the night table. Provision has been made for a double reading lamp, thus allowing "reading for one."

The dressing table, which serves double duty as a desk, makes use of what would otherwise be a wasted corner. The low pouff adds a feminine touch. It is upholstered to match. ♦ Continued on next page







## *I can see it in his eyes*

THE DINNER has gone beautifully.

I can see it in Dick's eyes . . . the proud look that tells a wife she's doing a bit better than all right.

I'll admit I had a moment or two of stage fright about meeting Dick's friends. After all, when a town's favorite son brings home a new bride, she's sort of on display.

But how could I stay worried, when my mirror told me the new blue velvet was perfect . . . when I stood back and looked at the table, a gleam with all my beautiful International Sterling?

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Something like that was in my mind, back when I first picked out my lovely International pattern. Oh, I knew that nothing but solid silver was good enough for our high hopes. And I had that bride's feeling, about choosing for a lifetime . . .

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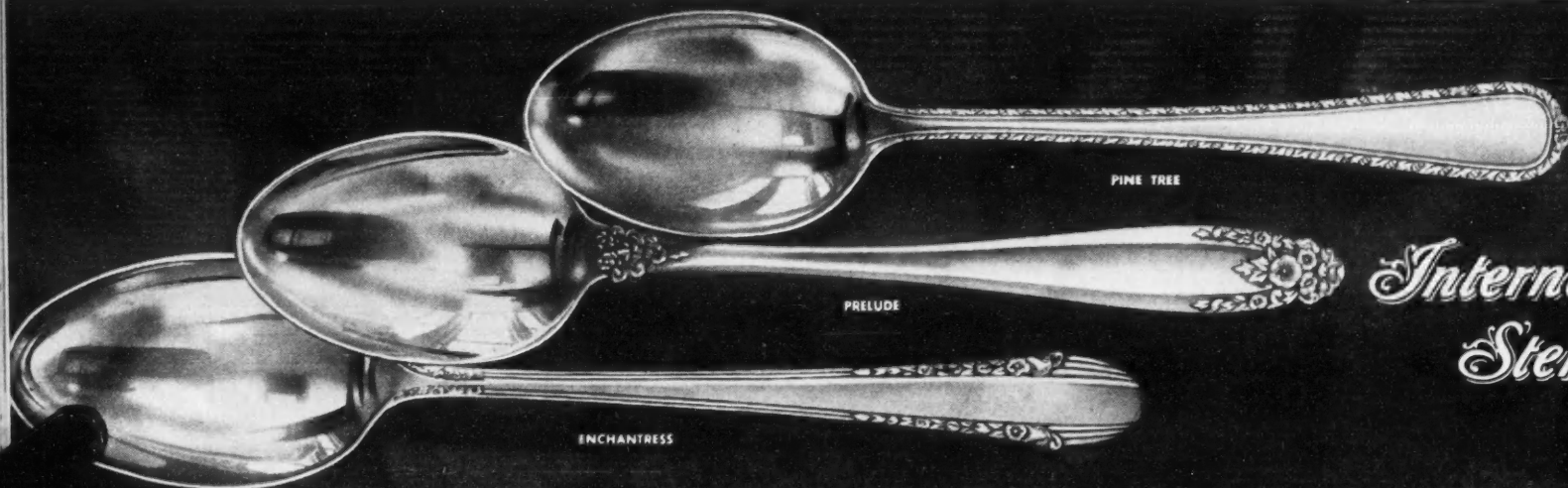
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# Chatelaine House No. 5



Careful landscaping makes what might have been an insurmountable obstacle an asset of great charm.

## The Garden Terrace

designed by **Helen M. Kippax, C.S.L.A.**

MAKING successful use of difficult existing conditions instead of seeking to eliminate them is one of the satisfactions of garden planning. It's also a contribution toward individuality—a quality especially difficult to achieve on flat, treeless lots of limited size.

In Chatelaine House No. 5 a problem results from just such a difficult condition. It is caused by a large window which, in order to light an important basement room, requires excavation to a depth of two feet below ground level.

How to make an asset of this excavated portion—that was the question! To build the usual walled area around the window would, because of the proximity of the house to the property line, divide valuable land area into two completely useless sections. The obvious solution was to create instead as large an unbroken space as possible. The house was placed near the west border in order to gain extra room on the east. The excavation, instead of only surrounding the window, was extended the whole width of the side of the building right to the property line.

A low, "dry" retaining wall was then erected around the sunken area and flagstone paving was laid to form a floor. Stone steps give access from north and south. Gay potted geraniums atop the wall introduce a note of color. With outdoor furniture attractively arranged a delightful sitting-out place is created.

Pockets have been left in the paving for planting Japanese yews in each corner and two *euonymus* vines to clothe the house walls on either side of the window. A low clipped hedge of yew or barberry bounds the north and south walls of the terrace. It contributes to a desirable sense of privacy from the street, as does the small flowering tree on the front lawn. On top of the east wall, opposite the living room window, a pair of metal birds are a centre of interest.

Planting about the house is restrained, consisting of a tall thin evergreen, such as a cedar, on the left of the front porch, with two neat, mounding evergreens, such as Mugho pines, Globe Arbor-vitae, or clipped yew, flanking the steps. A neat vine is planted to the right of the entrance and low-spreading junipers skirt the semicircular bay window. A tall shapely shrub is employed to fill in the corner.

At the rear entrance to the house two Pfitzer junipers accent the door. The latter opens onto a large square of paving leading to the flagstone path which, running east and west, connects with the service area and the sunken terrace. At the eastern end of this path a focal point occurs in the form of a graceful urn of turquoise blue. The walk is bordered by a six-inch box edging enclosing a massed planting of tamarisk-leaved junipers against the house. Spring bulbs can also be planted here to give a touch of color early in the year. Serving as a screen for the rear porch is a tall hybrid lilac. Climbing roses decorate the fences enclosing the service yard and east boundary. On the latter side a bed of *floribunda* roses is also planted. They continue their contribution of bloom up to the late frosts. Groups of tulips can also be planted there for colorful spring showing.

The small trim lawn area adjacent to the house should be immaculately tended, but the section screened from view by the hedge on the north may be devoted to a variety of uses. The owners' tastes may dictate a vegetable garden, a croquet lawn, or perhaps just a place where children can romp and play without restrictions regarding welfare of the garden. The most meticulous upkeep is thus concentrated on the small portion beside the house, while the proverbial "lick and promise" suffices for the larger area beyond. +

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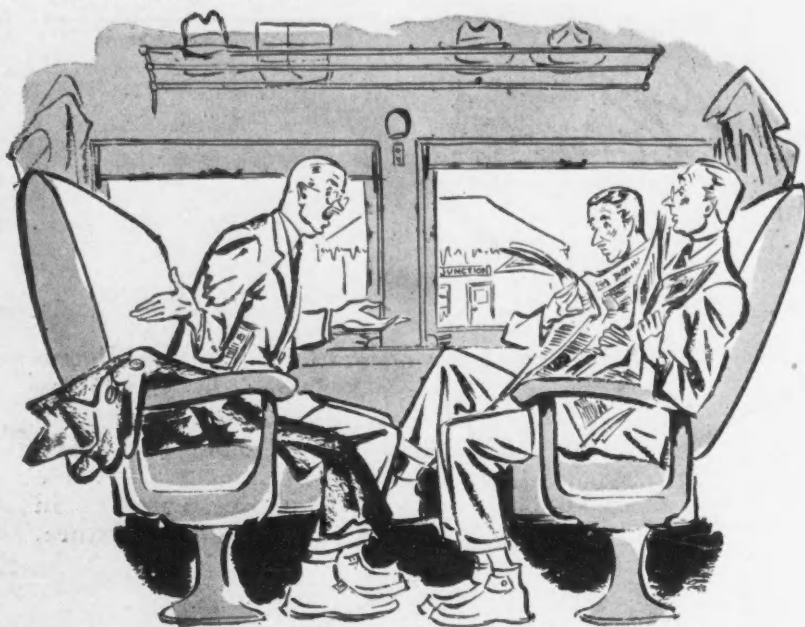
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## More Details from

### Room for Two (continued)

the bedspreads. A floor lamp and two conveniently placed chairs complete the furniture ensemble.

Chests, dressing table, beds, chairs and lamp stand are finished in bleached birch brought to a fine mellow tone which looks exceedingly well against the walls. They have been papered in a deep coffee-beige shade that is a perfect background.

The entire color scheme was developed to give a feeling of spaciousness to a room called upon to accommodate more than the average number of furnishings. The only pattern is in the rug and the paintings. The rug, thickly tufted, has shaggy cocoa-colored spots on a warm oyster base. The paintings are modern water colors which gaily introduce lime, several yellows and a dash of bright coral that is almost a burnt orange.

The bedspreads are very tailored but with luxurious effect due to richness in texture and trimming. Pale beige is the color used. Richness in texture is again played up in the vivid yellow velvet of the chairs. One of these, incidentally, is quite wide enough to be a lounge chair, provided an ottoman is added. Lamp shades are oyster tone.

In winter it would be preferable to repeat the bedspread material for curtaining the window. In summer the split-bamboo rolled shade is sufficient, especially when the long box outside the window is filled with bright flowers.

Pattern appears again in the bath-

room. An extremely colorful paper in blocked fruit design of yellows, limes and coral on a chalk-white background covers the walls. The floor is finished in cocoa-brown linoleum with wainscoting in a lighter shade of the same color. Fixtures are white.

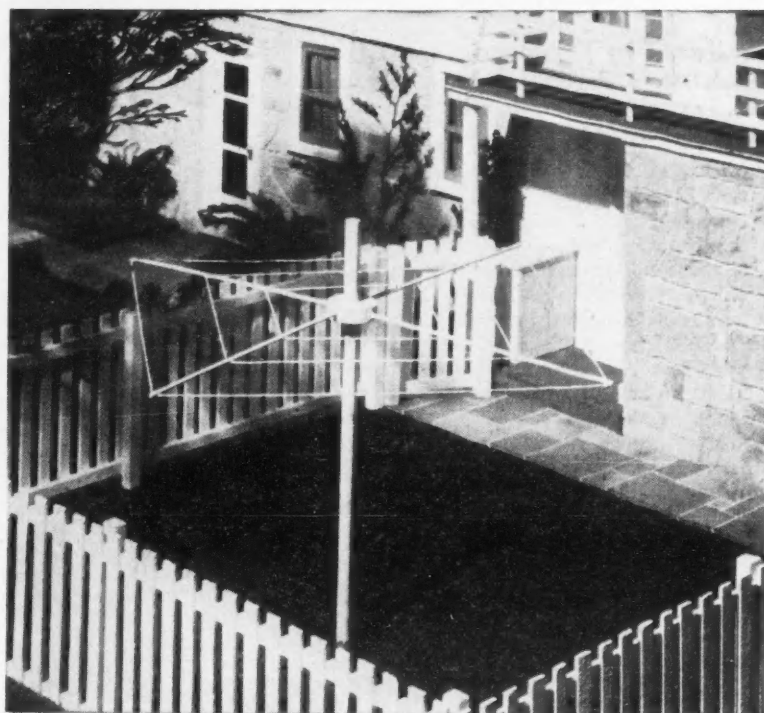
LEST SOMEONE question the purpose of interior decoration, it may be defined as the art of making rooms—indeed, whole houses—more livable and attractive.

The elements of decoration are both tangible and intangible. The nature of the interior space to be treated and the type of furnishings to be used are tangible. Matters of scale, form, color and arrangement are intangible.

Interior space refers to the area and height of the room to be decorated, the location of wall openings such as doors, windows and arches, and the placing of fixed objects like fireplaces and built-in cabinets. Furnishings may be classified as floor, wall and ceiling coverings, drapes and shades, furniture, pictures, lighting and heating fixtures.

Scale is concerned with the size of furnishings in proportion to one another, to the room in which they are situated, and to the human figure. Form relates both to the shape and character of decoration. Color is an essential ingredient in the creation of atmosphere. Capably employed it can make a cool room appear warm, a drab room interesting, or a small room large. +

## The Drying Yard

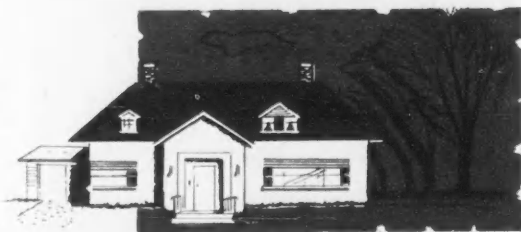


View of drying yard, bounded by attractive picket fence, just outside back door. It is easily reached from basement laundry. Spinner type clothesline makes for neat, tidy appearance, dries washing quickly.

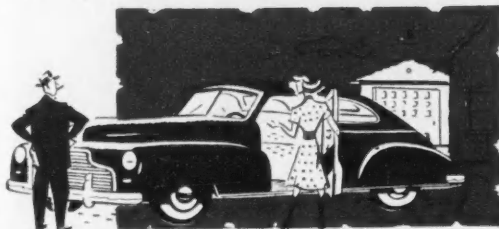
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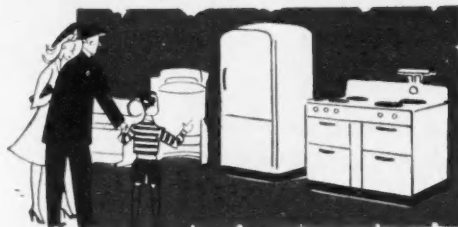
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Harold might become a problem. She might have trouble getting rid of him, but she wasn't positive she wanted to. Before breakfast there had been no doubt, but now she hadn't shut him off completely.

She was in the bedroom when the phone rang again. She came down stairs in a rush. Surely this time it would be Ricky!

It was, but his first words took all the joy out of her heart.

"I just called to see if you'd come to your senses yet?"

"I came to my senses last night at the auditorium," she said.

There was silence for a moment. She was searching frantically for something to say. "Ricky," she said, "would you mind getting your dinner downtown tonight? You have another rehearsal, haven't you?"

His voice was angry. "What's the idea?"

"Harold called and asked me to have dinner with him. You're home such a short time—the rehearsal starts so early." She waited breathlessly for his answer.

Finally he said, "Are you going to have dinner with him?"

"I thought I would," she said. "We'll drive over to the next town. No one will know us there."

There was silence for a long time.

"The food's very good at the hotel, Ricky," she said. There was still silence. "Good-bye, Ricky. Don't stay too late at the rehearsal." She paused for a moment, then added, "I've made up the bed in the guest room properly. You got the old sheets last night."

She didn't wait for his answer, but replaced her receiver and looked at herself in the hall mirror. "You want to watch yourself," she advised her reflection. "You get started and then go too far, too fast."

After a moment she found Harold's number in the book. Once started she was determined to play through to the end. To some definite end at least, although she wasn't sure which ending she wanted.

SALLY WAS ransacking her wardrobe when the doorbell rang. She had about decided on a black crepe, trimmed at neck and wrist with heavy gold circlets. It fitted tightly at the bodice and flared to a full skirt. Ricky used to call it her "Dangerous Woman" dress. That was what she wanted for tonight. She hadn't worn it since coming to Sommerside. She wondered if Ricky would remember it.

She opened the door to Gloria, to a Gloria who came into the hall with a rush. She wore a military cape over a rose wool suit and her angular body gave it a dashing air. She whipped it off and threw it across a chair.

"I want to see you," she told Sally. "It's most important."

Sally looked at her levelly. "Come in," she said after a moment's hesitation. They sat down at either end of the sofa like adversaries. Sally waited for Gloria to speak.

Just as the silence was about to become unbearable, Gloria exploded into speech. "I don't want you to think that I'm butting in," she said. "But I—"

Sally's gesture stopped her. "It's been my experience," she said quietly, "that whenever anyone starts off like that they are butting in. Don't you think it

would be a good idea if you didn't do any more harm?"

Gloria looked puzzled. "But I don't want to do harm. I came to help. Ricky called me."

So Ricky had called her! Well, Sally supposed she should have expected that.

"He says he won't go on with rehearsals, that he's going to drop out of the play," Gloria's voice was troubled. "And it's such a good play. It's going to be our best success. Ricky's so warm and human. He gives such a feeling of strength and color. Without him it will be nothing."

Sally understood that. It was this ability of Ricky's to make whatever he did seem important and exciting, alive and vital, that had appealed to her from their first meeting.

"What can I do about it?" asked Sally. "Ricky's his own boss. If he doesn't want to do it—" She made a gesture expressive of her helplessness.

Gloria's eyes blazed. "It's just because you're going out with Harold," she cried.

Sally smiled sweetly. "Yes?" she encouraged.

Even Gloria's fingers were angular as they twisted together in her lap. She appeared to be gathering herself for some great effort, to be considering her words carefully. "Sally!" Her voice was restrained and careful. "I don't think you can know what kind of a man Harold is."

Sally didn't interrupt her, but lighted a cigarette and watched her through the smoke.

"Harold Carter has run around with every married woman in town. He's—he's a menace! He's nearly broken up more marriages than you'd believe possible."

Sally knitted smooth brows. "Nearly? Hasn't he ever broken one up completely?"

Gloria shook her head. "No. It never seems to come to a complete break. He's charming, Sally, but very elusive and undependable."

"You speak as if you knew," remarked Sally. "You've been on this merry-go-round too?"

"I have not," said Gloria indignantly. "He specializes in married women, I tell you."

Sally appeared to reach a conclusion. "And aren't you a bit of a specialist in married men?" she asked, watching Gloria's eyes carefully.

Gloria laughed. "Not me, dear! Some of the men have thought they were in love with me at times, but they soon find out they aren't."

Sally stood up. "If it's any consolation to you," she said, "I think Harold's nice. And I don't intend to let anyone stop me from having a good time with him. Least of all you. And I need some fun."

"Does—does Ricky know you feel this way?" asked Gloria.

"If he doesn't, I'm sure you'll tell him," said Sally sweetly. "Now I think you'd better go... You'll excuse me? You see, I have to dress for dinner—dinner with Harold."

Gloria's eyes blazed anger as she took up her cape and swung it round her shoulders. Her fingers were trembling as she struggled with the cape's fasteners.

"You tell Ricky I think he should continue with the play," Sally held the

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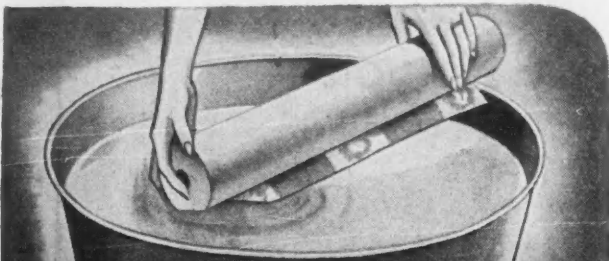


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## All The World's A Stage

Continued from page 75

frost-nipped if they don't come out soon," she said. She didn't look at Sally as she added, "You were out late last night, weren't you?"

So she saw me with Harold, thought Sally. Well, what if she did?

"Yes, I was late," she said. Politeness made it impossible for her to leave the older woman, although that's what she wanted to do.

"Harold Carter is a nice boy," surprisingly said Mrs. Cranston, nipping a dead flower from a dried stalk. "I used to know his mother well. I lived across the street from them, before I moved here."

"Is that so?" said Sally. She kicked a tuft of grass and wondered how soon she could politely get away.

"Yes. It's too bad the families tried to make a match between him and Gloria Stillwell. I always felt that it was a mistake to try and throw young people together who lived so close to each other. The Stillwells lived next door, you know. The two families kept up their matrimonial plans so long that, before they knew it, Gloria and Harold were the only two of their crowd not married. It was too late then. Of course the children hated each other. Or they pretended they did. I've often wondered if they really do. I've noticed that Harold never takes an interest in any woman until Gloria starts—"

Sally ran to the house, leaving Mrs. Cranston in the middle of her wondering, a word of excuse thrown over her shoulder. The telephone was ringing, and she was sure it was Ricky. She answered breathlessly.

"Hey!" said Harold Carter. "You been running? How do you do it? I'm afraid I'm going to die one minute, afraid I'm not the next."

Sally laughed. He sounded so amusing and she knew he was calling to apologize. "Aspirin does wonders," she said.

"Youth and beauty are what counts," he said. Sally wasn't so sure now that he was going to apologize. He didn't sound exactly contrite. "Fun last night," he said. "Especially at the last."

Sally was glad that they were telephoning. She didn't want him to see color rush into her face.

"How about you, Sally? In the cold light of dawn—didn't you like it too?"

She said, "It isn't the cold light of dawn. It's high noon—and the sun's out." He certainly was aggressive. She resisted the impulse to giggle. It was a long time since a man had made love to her on the telephone.

"At any time of the day it's fine with me," he said. "But moonlight adds a certain something! I just met Gloria on the street, she tells me there's another rehearsal tonight, so I thought I'd call you up and ask you to have dinner with me."

"You didn't tell her you were going to do that, did you?"

"Yes. Why—does it matter?"

Sally supposed it didn't really matter. "I'm afraid I can't make it tonight," she said quickly.

He almost sounded relieved. "How about tomorrow night?"

"We'll—we'll see," she said weakly, and hung up with relief. It looked as if

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# Chatelaine *Housekeeping*

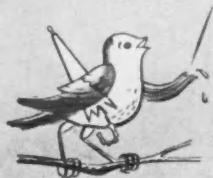


**MAKE HALLOWE'EN** the excuse for a party! Gather the gang together for an informal "do" — a spot of dancing, a session of listening to your latest platters or a playback to Grandma's day, rollicking through your repertoire of parlor games. Feed 'em, of course—simple, hearty sandwiches, big bowls of fruit, lots of doughnuts and soft drinks.





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in packages and filter-type tea balls

open door by the edge. "But I don't care what he does."

"You're in love with Harold," accused Gloria.

Sally refused to be drawn. "Do you think *he's* in love with *me*?" She asked sweetly. Gloria left without answering.

OVER COFFEE in the Paramount, in nearby Storrville, she told Harold about Gloria's visit.

"I wish you could have seen it," she chuckled. "She was all set for an act as the worldly wise woman advising the erring wife. It would have been pretty good too, only I kept missing my cues."

Harold let smoke trickle through his lips. "Gloria's quite a *femme fatale* at times."

"Her performance wasn't so good today," Sally leaned forward and looked up at him with twinkling eyes. "Tell me, do you know why she's never married?"

Harold pursed his lips and shook his head.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he said. "She's had plenty of men after her, at one time or another."

"She still has," flashed Sally.

Harold paid no attention to this as he continued. "A lot of the men in town took her out for a while before they switched to the girls they finally married." He stubbed his cigarette. "She used to live next door to us."

"Maybe she likes other women's husbands more than one of her own," Sally was looking at him with thoughtful eyes. "Did you run around with her too? Living next door it must have been pretty convenient."

He laughed lightly. "She always had a runny nose then."

"Well, her nose doesn't run now," said Sally, and she sounded regretful.

He made an unexpectedly commonplace suggestion.

"How about a movie? There's a good comedy showing."

Sally rose with a smile. A movie would be nice.

Ricky was reading in the living room when she came in. Reading a book she knew he'd finished the week before. He glowered at her as she started up the stairs. She came to a stop, one slim hand holding the railing, her coat across her other arm. She saw by the look on his face that he had recognized the dress.

"Good night," she called gaily.

He rose and came across the room to stand by the newel post.

"Your hair's mussed," he accused.

"Is it?" she said. "It must have been the wind. We had the top down."

Ricky's face was a study in doubt. Sally hid her amusement. Obviously he was afraid to say anything more.

"I had a rotten dinner," he said finally, in a peevish voice.

"I'm sorry," she said sympathetically. "There's some cold chicken in the refrigerator."

"I ate that," he said. At her laugh he started up the stairs toward her. "Look, Sally—"

She interrupted him quickly. "How was the rehearsal?"

"I skipped it." He stood with one foot on the bottom step. "I don't think I'll go on with the play." He said it as if making a peace offering.

Sally yawned widely. "Gosh, I'm

tired. Two late nights in a row are too much for me. Guess I'm out of practice, but I'll soon get used to it again."

Ricky's expression sent her upstairs smiling. She even whistled loudly when she heard his footsteps on the stairs. Sally had stopped being purely emotional and had done some mental addition of facts instead. She was sure she had the right answer to the sum, but tomorrow would prove her correctness.

The next day was Saturday and Sally took as much trouble with her hair and dress as she had the previous evening. When she went out to the garage to get the car to drive to the country club, she waved to Mrs. Cranston, but did not go over to speak to her. She knew she would find most of the young wives at the club, playing bridge while they waited for the marathon poker games to break up in the men's locker room.

She met with an unusually friendly welcome and joined the group as if she had always belonged. This, she knew, was because of Gloria and Ricky. She was sure that much of the conversation over these tables the last few weeks had been about her, Gloria and Ricky. Today they had probably added Harold to the agenda before her arrival. She didn't care.

She spent a busy afternoon talking to all of them. Before she left she had the last figures in her arithmetic problem, and she made two phone calls. As she drove home she had a reflective, contented smile on her lips. If Ricky had seen it, he would have been warned that Sally was on the warpath.

When she entered the living room Ricky jumped up from his chair where he had been talking to Gloria and Harold. "They say you phoned them to come over," he said. "What's the idea?"

Harold had risen at her entrance, and Gloria swung round to face her.

SALLY WALKED over to the window and stood looking out at the flower beds. The mums were in bloom at last. She took a deep breath, then swung round to face them. The room was very quiet.

"Well," she said, "I guess there's no point in wasting time. I'm sure that all of us are understanding, tolerant people of the world. So no one will object to what I'm going to say. After all—we all know how it is."

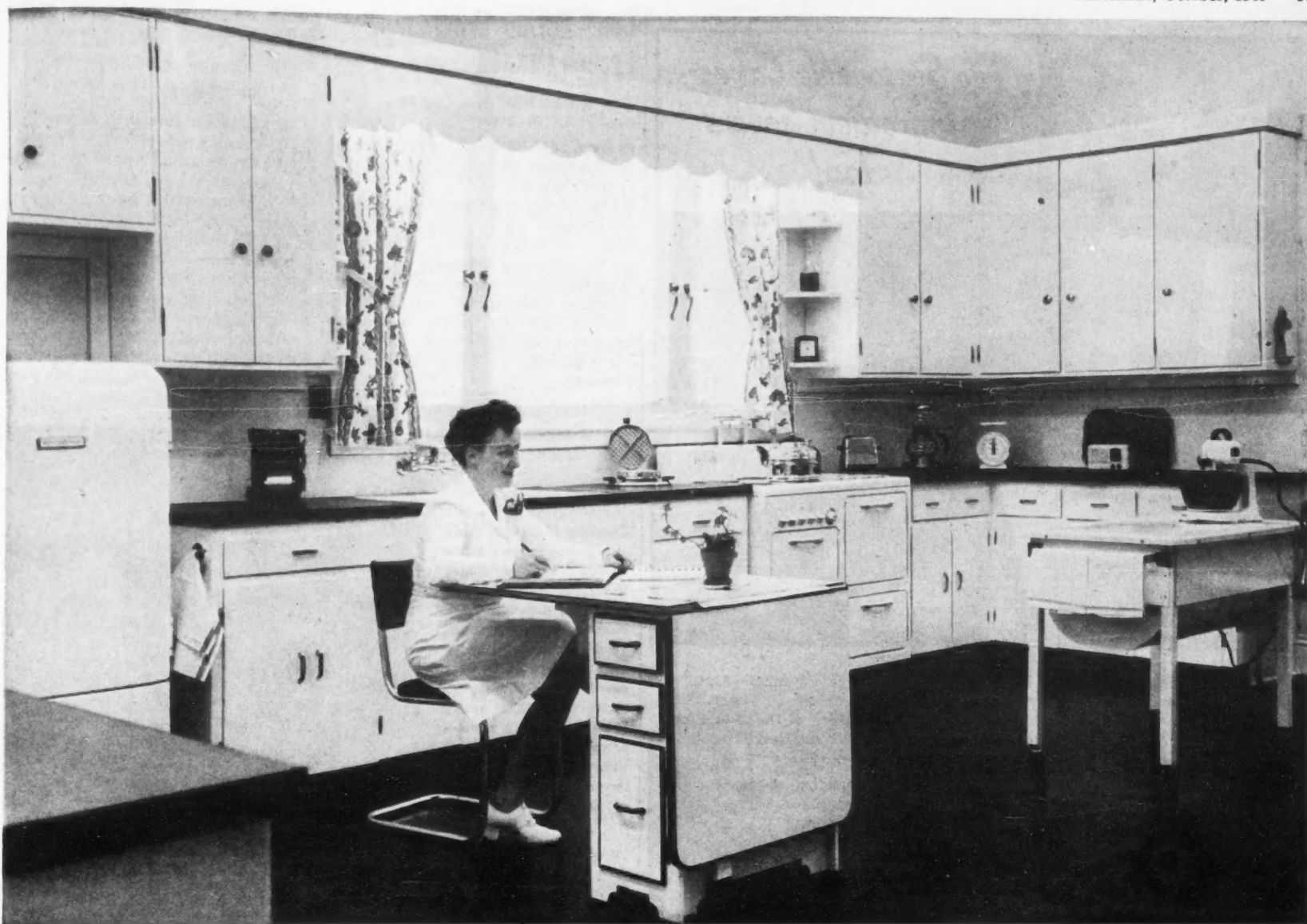
"Well, I don't for one," snarled Ricky. "Will you stop this Katharine Hepburn act, and get to the point."

Sally nodded ready agreement. "Ricky," she said, "for some time you and I haven't been happy together. Then you found Gloria! And Ricky, I think she's a fine girl, I want you to know that I'd have been heartbroken"—she smiled at Harold, who was frowning with his eyes fastened on her face—"if I hadn't also found someone. Oh, I know you haven't told me, Harold—in so many words, that is—but some things are plainer when left unsaid. I love you, Harold; I'm so glad you love me."

She threw her hands wide. "We can easily arrange the whole thing. I felt we should talk it out this way, rather than let things go on for a long time before we came to the same point. It's better to have a clean break in things like this. Don't you think so, Gloria?"

Gloria was on her feet and her hand holding her cigarette was shaking. "Am

(See also page 103)



## This is NOT a Model Kitchen . . .

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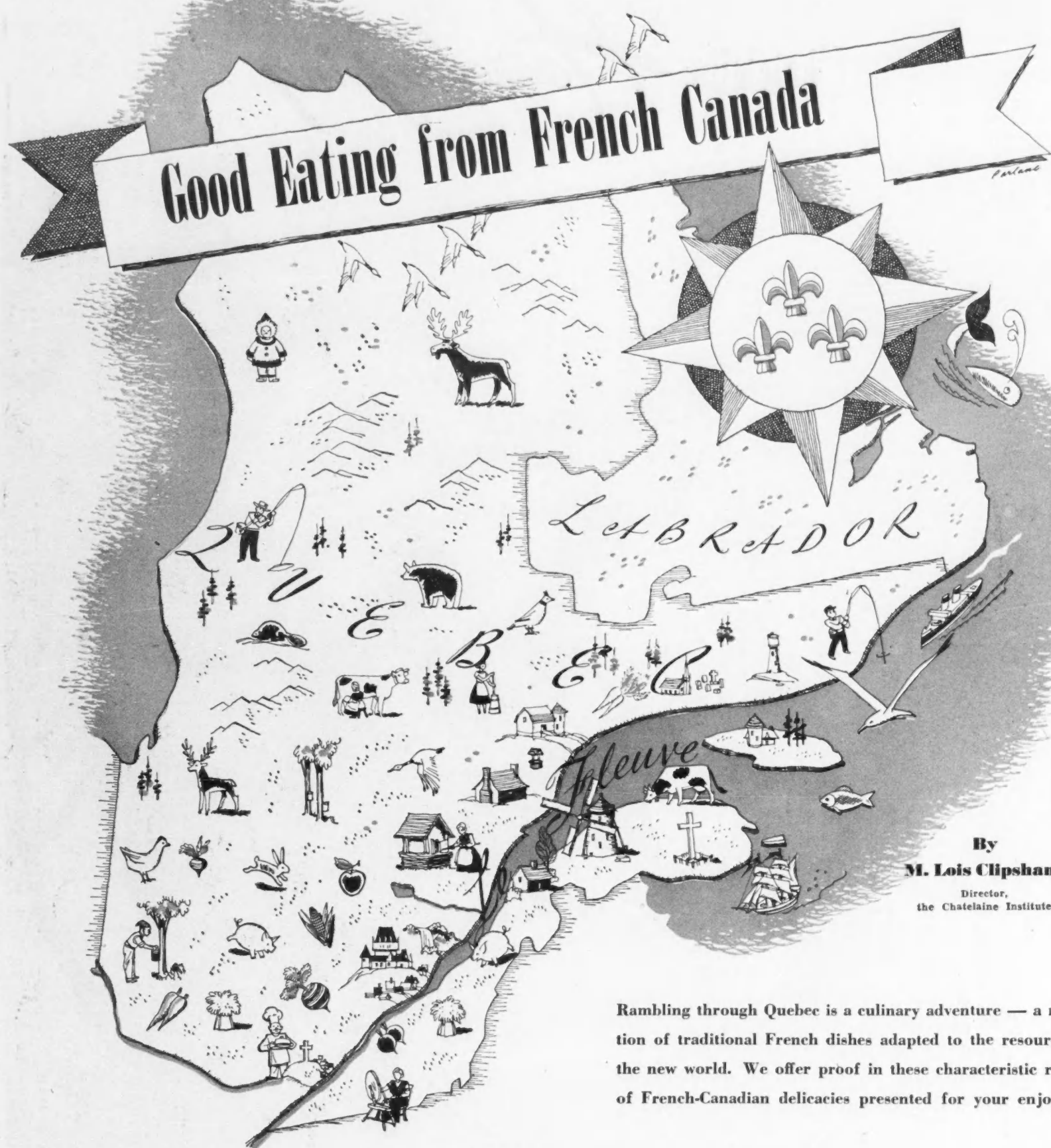


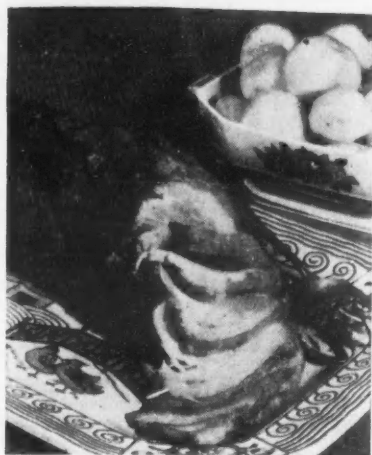
# Westinghouse

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Braised pork for hearty, stick-to-the-ribs goodness.

popularity, made with an all-pork or half-pork half-chicken filling.

### Tourtiere

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Small onion, chopped
- 1½ Pounds of lean raw pork, minced
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Cupful of water
- ½ Teaspoonful of sage
- Pastry

Combine the ingredients and cook for 25 minutes. Pour into a pie plate lined with pastry, cover with pastry and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes, then reduce the temperature to 350 deg. F. for five to 10 minutes or until nicely browned. Five to six servings.

You'll be glad to hear about Bouillie—a complete dinner cooked in a single pot! Meat and vegetables lend their flavors, one to another, in a dish of hearty simplicity.



White-capped Grandpères, a simple treat for the sweet-toothed.

### Bouillie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of lean beef
- ¼ Pound of lean salt pork
- ½ Pound of lamb flank
- 1 Tablespoonful of mild dripping
- 6 Cupfuls of hot water
- 2 Whole cloves
- 1 Onion
- ¼ Turnip, cubed
- 6 Carrots, halved
- 1 Leek, coarsely chopped (may be omitted)
- 3 Potatoes, quartered
- 1 Small cabbage, sectioned
- Salt and pepper

Cut the meat in pieces and sear in hot dripping in a heavy pan. Add the water carefully. Stick the cloves in the

onion. Add to the meat and cook gently until the meat is almost tender. Add the remaining vegetables and continue cooking until done. Season to taste with salt and pepper. The cooking liquid may be thickened and served as gravy or saved for soup. Five to six servings.

**Ragout de Boulettes**—minced lean pork seasoned with a dash of spice, shaped into round balls and cooked in boiling meat stock or consommé.

### Ragout de Boulettes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Small onion, chopped fine
- 1 Teaspoonful of mild dripping
- 2 Pounds of ground, raw lean pork
- 1 Stalk of celery, diced
- ½ Teaspoonful each of allspice, cinnamon and cloves
- 4 Cupfuls of hot meat stock
- Browned flour

Brown the onion lightly in the dripping. Add to the ground pork with the celery and seasonings. Shape into balls about 1½ inches in diameter. Roll in seasoned flour, drop into boiling meat stock and simmer for an hour. Thicken the gravy with flour which has been browned in a frying pan and mixed to a paste with a little cold water. Eight servings.

One of the most delightful tidbits to come our way in a long time! Perfect as a canape spread or bedtime sandwich filling.

### Cretons

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of leaf lard, cut in small pieces
- 3 Pounds of lean pork, minced
- 3 Large onions
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of cinnamon
- 1 Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1 Teaspoonful of allspice
- ½ Cupful of dry bread crumbs

Heat the leaf lard in a heavy kettle until fat separates, leaving crisp cracklings. Drain. Put cracklings through a meat chopper with the pork and the onions. Add a little hot water and the seasonings and simmer, stirring occasionally until the meat is well cooked. Add the bread crumbs and pour into small molds which have been rinsed in cold water. Cool, then chill in the refrigerator. Unmold and serve sliced between pieces of French or rye bread. Or spread on crackers or Melba toast fingers.

Try partridge wrapped in cabbage leaves the day your hunting friend has good shooting!

### Perdrix aux Choux

(Partridge With Cabbage)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

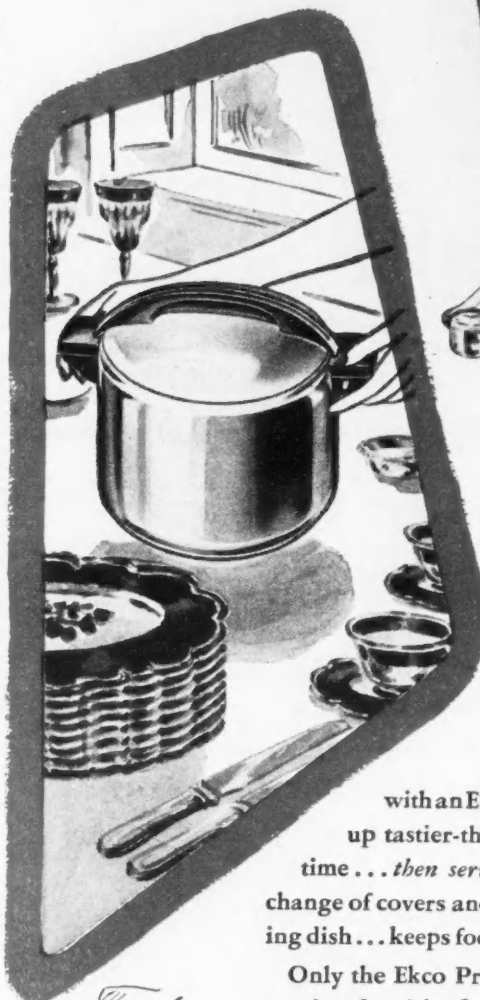
- 2 or 3 Partridges
- 3 Small strips of fat salt pork
- 2 to 3 Small cabbages
- 1 Carrot
- 1 Onion
- 3 Cloves, if desired

Prepare the partridges for cooking. Sear with the strips of pork. Dip the cabbage in boiling water for a minute, remove the core and pull the leaves

✦ Continued on page 92

The grandest news in pressure cooking is the **EKCO** pressure cooker

that stays to dinner



A STAR IN THE KITCHEN  
SHINES AT THE TABLE

You'll be "Mrs. Lightning" with an Ekco Pressure Cooker that cooks up tastier-than-ever dishes in ¼ the usual time... then serves them at the table. A quick change of covers and the Ekco is a handsome serving dish... keeps foods hot, saves steps and dishes.

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FALL and early Winter are full of occasions that call for cakes—a problem these days, since many familiar cake ingredients are still scarce. But here's good news: You can serve tender, feather-light cakes—at the same time you save sugar, shortening or eggs—if you use flour with the wonderful fineness and tender gluten of Swans Down!

Swans Down is made from the heart of choice Canadian wheat, and prepared by a special *controlled-milling* process; then it is sifted and re-sifted through silk, until superbly even and 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Sponge or butter-type, ingredient-saver or regular recipe, you'll bake a *better* cake with Swans Down.

#### LEMON SPONGE CAKE

You'd expect fluffy, tender cake like this to make heavy demands on eggs and shortening. Yet it calls for only 3 eggs, and not even a teaspoon of precious shortening or butter! The secret of such economy?—Swans Down's evenness and soft gluten!

- 1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 6 tablespoons hot milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift three times. Beat eggs with rotary beater until very thick and light, and almost white. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add lemon juice. Fold in flour, a little at a time. Add milk; mix quickly and thoroughly only until batter is blended. Turn into two 9-inch layer pans which have been lightly greased on the bottom. Bake at once in moderate oven (350°F.) about 25 minutes. Invert over cake rack; when cold, remove from pans. Fill with a lemon filling and sift icing sugar over top.

"Grand Recipes and Cake-Making Hints in 'Cake Secrets'. Your name and address and 10¢ brings a copy from Dept. 61, General Foods Limited, Cobourg, Ontario."



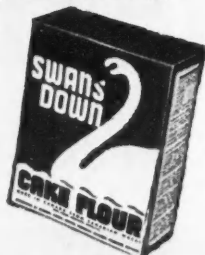
S256

If a cake is worth making it's worth making with

# Swans Down

## CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods



#### CUP-CAKES (ONE-EGG)

Special enough for parties, these melt-in-your-mouth delicious cup-cakes use only 1 egg, 1/4 cup sugar, and 2/3 cup Swans Down's superb, light fineness and tender gluten give miraculous deliciousness to such thrifty recipes as this!

- 1 1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening (part butter preferred)
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; cream until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in greased cup-cake pans in moderate oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes. Recipe makes 12 large cup-cakes.

Tested Recipes on Each Package

## Good Eating From French Canada

Continued from page 86

us some of these dishes, so different, so delicious that we wanted to pass the recipes along to you.

One of the most popular and best-known Quebec dishes is a soup made from the dried, whole yellow peas grown in most parts of the province. We sampled "Soupe aux Pois" from peas grown in Charlevoix County, and we couldn't ask for anything better! Quebecers eat it the year round, but it's especially good on cold winter evenings.

with finely shredded cabbage for flavor and body.

#### Soupe aux Choux

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of shredded green cabbage
- 1 Small onion, chopped
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of butter, melted
- 1 Teaspoonful of flour

Add the cabbage, onion, salt and sugar to a small amount of boiling water and cook rapidly until the cabbage is tender. Add the milk and cook for one minute. Mix the butter with the flour, stir into

Charlotte Cantin and Jacqueline Roy in the Institute kitchen making Honey Meringue. Here's how: In the top of a double boiler combine 1/2 cupful of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of honey and 2 egg whites. Cook over boiling water, beating constantly with a rotary beater, for seven minutes or until the mixture forms sharp peaks. Spread between and on top of layers of plain or spice cake.



#### Soupe aux Pois Canadienne

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of dried, whole, yellow peas
- 2 Quarts of cold water
- 1 Medium onion
- 1/2 to 1 Pound of salt pork
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley or
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of sage or
- 1 Tablespoonful of salted herbs

Pick over the peas and wash well. Soak in the cold water overnight. The next morning add the onion, salt pork and seasoning; cover, simmer for three to four hours. Add salt and pepper to taste. Eight to 10 servings.

Note—If pork is very salty, put it in cold water and boil for five minutes, then drain before adding to the soup.

#### Salted Herbs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Chop fine and mix together equal amounts of chives, celery leaves, green onions, summer savory, parsley and carrots. Pack in layers in a scalded pint sealer, sprinkling a tablespoonful of salt over each layer. Add a tablespoonful of water to the filled jar. Cover, and set aside for a few days before using. This will keep throughout the winter. Add a little as seasoning to soups, omelets, stuffings, stews or other savory dishes.

Soupe Aux Choux is just what its name implies—a smooth creamy soup

the soup and heat thoroughly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve with croutons. Three servings.

Here's a dish made with fresh pork, cooked in a fashion which gives it a distinctive flavor and makes good eating either hot or cold. French-Canadian housewives usually serve Braised Loin of Pork cold with a separate dish of hot potatoes boiled in the brown gravy. Yum!

#### Braised Loin of Pork

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 5 to 6 Pounds of untrimmed pork loin
- 1 Tablespoonful of mild dripping
- 1 to 2 Cloves of garlic
- Salt, pepper

Brown the meat on all sides in the dripping, cut the garlic cloves in strips and insert here and there in the meat. Season with salt and pepper and add enough hot water to come up half an inch in the pan. Cook, covered, in a heavy aluminum or iron pot, on top of the stove—as you would a pot roast. Allow 1 1/2 to 3/4 hour per pound of meat. Remove the meat and serve hot or cold. Cook potatoes in the gravy.

Tourtiere or pork pie is a traditional dish at Christmas. Three centuries ago frugal French Canadians made the pie from a wild bird, now extinct. But the pie continues in



**Oatmeal Meat Loaf**—Combine 1 1/4 pounds ground beef chuck, 1/4 pound ground pork, 1/4 cupful finely chopped onion, 1 cupful uncooked oatmeal, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoonful mustard, 1/4 cupful ketchup, 1 well-beaten egg and 1 cupful water. Mix thoroughly and pack into a loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 1 hour.

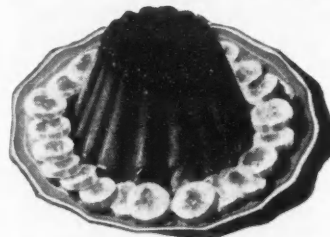
\*Recipes for these dishes in article—Good Eating in French Canada.



*Mom gets thanks  
when there's cocoa at bedtime;  
Mom gets a hug  
when the cocoa is FRY'S!*

Yes! In each and every cup of frothy Fry's there's the richer chocolate flavor that makes Fry's the outstanding name in cocoa! It's so nourishing, too... soothes and relaxes at bedtime, an extra

good-for-them chocolate treat! And for cooking... the richer chocolate flavor makes every recipe a triumph... cakes, desserts, cookies, icings, sauces—all chocolate dishes!



#### FRY'S RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE JELLY

1 tbsp. gelatine	3 tbsp. Fry's Cocoa
1/4 cup cold water	1/4 cup boil. water
1-1/3 cups milk	1/3 cup sugar
Pinch of salt	1 tsp. vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Mix sugar, Fry's Cocoa and hot water in saucepan and cook, stirring constantly till the mixture comes to a boil. Remove from fire and add softened gelatine. Stir well till gelatine is dissolved. Add milk, salt and vanilla. Pour into mould and chill. When firm serve with sliced bananas and cream. Serves four.

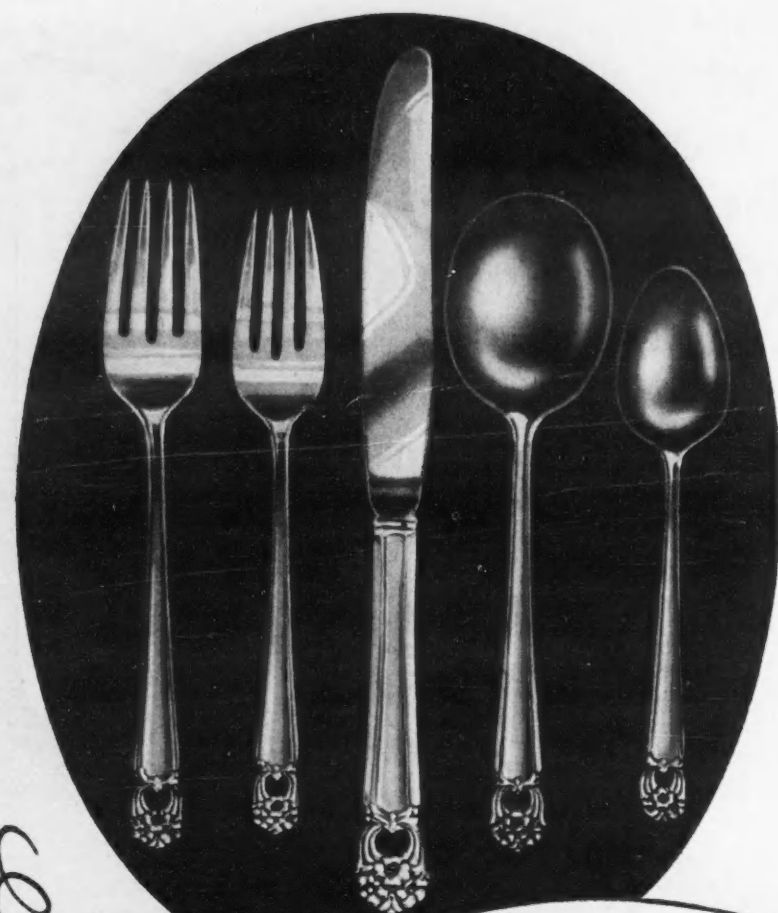
# FRY'S

*The cocoa with the  
richer chocolate flavor*



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>SUN 20</b>	(Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Hot Rolls Marmalade Coffee Tea	Salmon and Celery Salad Green Pepper Strips Potato Chips Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Consommé Roast Shoulder of Veal Riced Potatoes Harvard Beets Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee Tea
<b>MON 21</b>	Stewed Pears Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	*Soupe Aux Choux Cold Veal Baked Potatoes Apple Betty (with rolled oats) Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Baked Heart Boiled Potatoes Creamed Onions *Suet Pie Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 22</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Barley Soup Cabbage and Raisin Salad Stewed Plums Wafers Tea Cocoa	Baked Fish Loaf Mashed Potatoes Peas Pumpkin Tarts Coffee Tea
<b>WED 23</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Assorted Cold Meats Potato and Green Pepper Salad Canned Fruit Tea Cookies Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Horseradish Potatoes Turnips Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
<b>THU 24</b>	Grape Juice Cereal Brown Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Baked Sausages Buttered Noodles Raw Carrot Sticks Stewed Pears Tea Cocoa	Julienne Soup Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Baked Squash Lattice Top Fruit Pie Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 25</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Pilchards on Toast with Lemon Celery Curls Fruit Gelatine Doughnuts Cocoa Tea	Sweet Potato and Apple Casserole Buttered Beets Spinach Caramel Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 26</b>	Fresh Pears Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Welsh Rarebit Lettuce Salad Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Stewed Spareribs Boiled Cabbage Potatoes Steamed Ginger Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 27</b>	(Sunday) Tomato Juice Cereal Cheese Omelet Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa	Mixed Vegetable Salad Brown Rolls Jellied Applesauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast Pork Boiled Potatoes Turnip or Squash *Eggs in Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
<b>MON 28</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread Lettuce Wedges Thousand Island Dressing Stewed Prunes Tea Cocoa	Broiled Liver with Onion Slices Scalloped Tomatoes Boiled Potatoes Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 29</b>	Prune Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Curried Eggs on Toast Celery Curls Sliced Bananas in Orange Juice Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Poached Finnan Haddie Spinach Mashed Potatoes Baked Apples Coffee Tea
<b>WED 30</b>	Stewed Plums Buckwheat Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Green Peppers Stuffed with Sausages Mixed Vegetable Salad Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Hamburger Pie with Potato Topping Ginger Carrots Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea
<b>THU 31</b>	Sliced Oranges Cereal Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Pea Soup Cheese Crackers Tossed Salad French Dressing Applesauce Doughnuts Coffee Tea	*Bouillie Mustard Relish Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea





PRESENTING

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... a new pattern in "1847 Rogers Bros." ever-loved silverware.

There's a breathless beauty in its dainty charm—a "forever" promise in its name... "Eternally Yours". Born to set your table with distinction today and tomorrow... to be treasured always! When cared for with Silvo, as the maker recommends, the silvery lustre will sparkle without tarnish or stain through the years. Trust Silvo to give the gentle, ever-safe polishing your silver needs.

*The care of Silvo is the  
key to beauty to silver.*



## Meals of the Month

### OCTOBER

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>TUE</b> <b>1</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Marmalade Coffee Tea	Scalloped Corn and Cheese Sweet Pickles Tomato Jelly Salad Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Steamed Whitefish Parsley Sauce Boiled Potatoes Buttered Spinach Banana Custard Coffee Tea
<b>WED</b> <b>2</b>	Stewed Plums Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	French Toast Coleslaw Chilled Melon Crisp Wafers Tea Cocoa	Hot Meat Loaf with Mushroom Sauce Mashed Potatoes Summer Squash Fruit Jelly Coffee Tea
<b>THU</b> <b>3</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Grilled Kidneys Potato Cakes Green Salad Fresh Applesauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Fried Eggplant Gingerbread with Cream Cheese Frosting Coffee Tea
<b>FRI</b> <b>4</b>	Hot Cereal with Dates Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Baked Stuffed Pepper Squash Lettuce and Cucumber Salad Fresh Grapes Gingerbread (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Foamy Omelet Parsley Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Deep Plum Pie Coffee Tea
<b>SAT</b> <b>5</b>	Stewed Prunes Whole-wheat Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	*Canadian Pea Soup Vegetable Salad Potato Biscuits Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Home-fried Potatoes Creamed Onions Lemon Snow Coffee Tea
<b>SUN</b> <b>6</b>	(Sunday) Melon with Lemon Fried Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Cheese Rarebit Celery Grape Sponge Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Smothered Chicken Baked Potatoes Broccoli Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>MON</b> <b>7</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Baked Beans Head Lettuce French Dressing Stewed Pears Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Flank Steak Browned Potatoes Diced Carrots Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>TUE</b> <b>8</b>	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Apple Butter Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Cheese Soufflé Tossed Green Salad Assorted Tarts Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Eggplant Hashed Browned Potatoes Spinach Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
<b>WED</b> <b>9</b>	Grapes French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Hamburger with Gravy on Toast Chili Sauce Bran Muffins Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Short Ribs of Beef Hot Mustard Sauce Browned Potatoes Baked Squash Cereal Custard Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>THU</b> <b>10</b>	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Marmalade Tea	Fried Bologna Potato and Tomato Scallop Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Onion Soup Cold Sliced Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Succotash Baked Apples Coffee Tea
<b>FRI</b> <b>11</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Clam Chowder Melon and Grape Salad Johnny Cake Tea Cocoa	Breaded Haddock with Lemon Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Baked Grape Juice Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>SAT</b> <b>12</b>	Applesauce Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Grilled Sausages Hot Potato Salad Mustard Pickles Canned Fruit *Maple Syrup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver and Fried Onions Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Poached Pears with Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>SUN</b> <b>13</b>	(Sunday) Fried Green Tomatoes Bacon Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Pear and Cream Cheese Salad Molasses Drops Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Riced Potatoes Peas Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
<b>MON</b> <b>14</b>	(Thanksgiving) Stewed Plums Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Red Currant Jelly Tea	Cauliflower au Gratin Assorted Relishes Baked Apples Wheat Germ Muffins Tea Cocoa	Minted Fruit Cup Roast Chicken, Cranberry Stuffing Browned Potatoes Green Beans Pumpkin Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea
<b>TUE</b> <b>15</b>	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Scotch Broth Crackers and Cheese Raw Beet and Celery Salad Sliced Orange and Banana Tea Cocoa	Chicken à la King Mashed Potatoes Pepper Squash Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Tea
<b>WED</b> <b>16</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Celery Fresh Grapes Tea Cocoa	Veal Chops Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
<b>THU</b> <b>17</b>	Apple Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Corn Chowder Vegetable Salad Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Beets Date Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>FRI</b> <b>18</b>	Prunes with Lemon Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Curried Eggs Celery and Turnip Sticks Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Fried Halibut Savory Potatoes Carrots and Peas Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
<b>SAT</b> <b>19</b>	Bananas with Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamy Macaroni and Cheese Green Salad Bowl Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Hamburger Patties Boiled Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Baked Custard Coffee Tea



## Kindergarten Housekeeping

by Jane Monteith

**I**T'S A workaday world where everyone has a job to do. While children cannot accept the same responsibilities as adults, a growing proficiency in performing little chores will set a solid foundation for success in later life.

If you can persuade Jim or Mary that it's *fun* to do some of the jobs grown-ups do, you'll get real help and your young hopefuls will learn a lot. You'll have to be patient with the children as you teach them; don't expect too much at first. And never, never act as if you think washing the dishes is a disagreeable task—that is, if you want them to have a different idea.

**Putting away toys** is one of the first things a child should learn. Build low cupboards and shelves that are easy for short arms to reach. A logical place for every toy is a good idea: put the lion in his "den," the doll to "bed," and "run" the trains into the "roundhouse."

**Hanging up clothes** is another important lesson for children. Provide small hangers, suitable for little coats and jackets, to hang from low rods or hooks. An attractive shoe box or rack close to the floor will encourage the child to range sandals, slippers and rubber boots in a neat row.

Flower or animal transfers will identify the preschool child's very own hook—a lion for Jimmy, a rose for Mary. The same motif could be used on other possessions — napkin rings, glare toys or books, even the beds.

**Answering the telephone** is a fascinating game for any child. To be able to say, "This is Jimmy Jones

speaking. Just a minute and I'll call mother," gives a young fellow a tremendous feeling of importance. To be trusted with a message or allowed to chat a while himself is wonderful.

**Dusting.** Quite little children can learn to dust. They may not get into all the corners but they'll have fun making the dirt fly and the house shine. Start them dusting the stairs; later they may graduate to chairs and tables.

**Setting the table.** Children have to be taught that forks were made to replace fingers. The necessity of putting a spoon or fork in a certain position on the table helps to explain its use; that the spoon you use first is placed on the outside of the row appeals to a child as a sensible notion. Hints on table manners may be dropped as Jimmy handles things he likes to play with, in a fashion acceptable to mother as well as himself.

**Washing and drying the dishes.** Children are imitative; they always want to do what mother does. They are able to dry the spoons when quite little and will soon progress to making the glasses shine and the dishes gleam. They love to puddle in water, so washing is even more fun. Start with cutlery that can't be hurt and work up to the more fragile cups and saucers.

Don't allow a young child to handle sharp knives or forks with pointed tines. They'll be quite happy with wooden or metal spoons, table forks and the bread-and-butter knives.

Praise is a particularly good incentive to dishwashing for older children. They take pride in doing things fast

✦ Continued on page 96



## Man versus germs

**When Man first woke to the nature of Germs, and sought for means to destroy them, he got a big surprise.**

**EXCITED**, as well he might be, when he first tracked down his invisible enemies, Man was hardly prepared for the surprise that awaited him. He found that germs were easy to destroy. Carbolic acid, strong alcohol, any number of compounds, he found, would swiftly and surely wipe out whole armies of germs. But—and it was a tremendous 'but'—he also found that germs were made of almost the same substance as his own living tissues.

**AND SO BEGAN** the long, patient, research; the long story of trial and error. One after another antiseptic substances had to be discarded. Some could not be applied in sufficient concentration without harming the patient as well as the germs. Others interfered with the body's own processes of healing and repair. Others combined with body cells and

fluids before attacking the germs. Others again, were changed by the body into inert chemicals.

**BUT TODAY** we have—with countless case-histories to prove it—a highly efficient antiseptic that is gentle on human tissues; one which, so far from hindering, helps the natural processes of repair. Its name is 'Dettol'. In almost every important hospital and maternity home in Great Britain 'Dettol' is used to combat the menace of septic infection. There is hardly a British doctor or surgeon but relies, because he has tested and proved it, on the germicidal efficacy of 'Dettol'.

**AND NOW** in all the leading Maternity Hospitals of Canada, this pleasant non-poisonous, non-staining antiseptic is preferred. It is at your own drug store, too, for your personal use and protection. 'Dettol' is the safe way to safety.



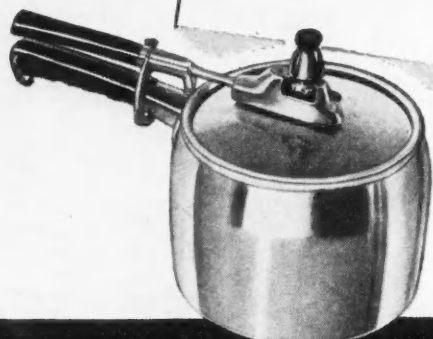
# SAVE 80 MINUTES



IN COOKING A SAVOURY, DELICIOUS  
POT ROAST

## "Wear-Ever" PRESSURE COOKER

IN a mere fraction of the time of older methods, your "WEAR-EVER" Pressure Cooker turns out meats, juicy, tender, ready to serve. And this modern kitchen magician saves you money as well as time . . . it takes so much less fuel, makes thrifty cuts so tasty. A full colour recipe book and time chart covers all your favourite recipes.



### YOUR Modern COOKING CHART

POT ROAST 3½ lbs.  
Normal time.....120 mins.  
Pressure Cooker.. 40 mins.  
Saving..... 80 mins.

SWISS STEAK 3½ lbs.  
Normal time.....120 mins.  
Pressure Cooker.. 15 mins.  
Saving.....105 mins.

The book of kitchen-tested recipes gives full instructions and times for other meats, vegetables, soups, fruits and desserts.

ALUMINUM GOODS LIMITED — VANCOUVER, WINNIPEG, TORONTO, MONTREAL

## Good Eating From French Canada

Continued from page 89

apart. Drain well. Place a layer of cabbage leaves in the bottom of a small roasting pan. On top of this place the partridges together with the crisped pork, then a layer of cabbage to cover. Or the partridges may be wrapped individually in cabbage leaves and placed in the roasting pan. Add the carrots, the onions (with the cloves stuck into them), salt, pepper and enough water to cover with an inch to spare. Cook, covered, for 1 to 1½ hours in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Serve with the cabbage.

Oatmeal pancakes are a favorite breakfast dish in Quebec. We think they're something special, served with tiny link sausages and golden maple syrup.

### Oatmeal Pancakes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 2 Eggs, well beaten
- 1¼ Cupfuls of milk (scant)
- 1½ Cupfuls of cooked oatmeal (rather thick)
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening, melted

Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine the egg, milk and oatmeal, then stir into the dry ingredients. Stir in the shortening. Bake on a greased hot griddle. Makes about two dozen small pancakes.

If you've never heard of Suet Pie, prepare for a wonderful surprise. But it's better to eat than talk about—though the first experience just naturally leads to the second!

### Suet Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of beef suet, chopped fine
- 1 Cupful of brown or maple sugar
- 1 Cupful of chopped, tart apples
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the ingredients, place in a pastry-lined pie plate and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, then reduce temperature to 350 deg. F. for 15 minutes. Six servings.

Perhaps some old grandpère gave his name to this, his favorite dish. Or the white dumplings may have reminded a mischievous child of her grandfather's snowy head. Whatever the reason for the name, you'll approve of the dish.

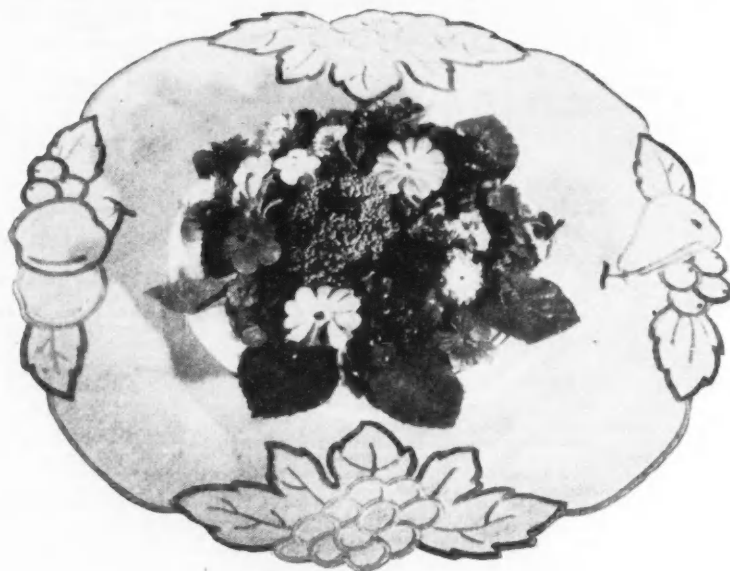
### Grandperes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of maple syrup
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- 2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- ¾ Cupful of milk

Mix the maple syrup and the water in a wide saucepan with a tight-fitting lid. Bring to the boiling point. Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening. Add the milk all at once, mix rapidly and drop by spoonfuls into the boiling syrup. Cover and cook for

✦ Continued on page 103



## FALL FRUIT DESIGN

This gracefully scalloped centrepiece will bring bright fall color to a dark table top. It's a fruit design, stamped for working on finest quality cream Irish linen, and is to be embroidered in the natural fruit colors No. 133C.

To order: No. 133C, 65 cents; cottons for working, 30 cents. Address Marie Le Cerf: c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. On out-of-town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.



MRS. DOROTHY  
ESNOUF  
of Edmonton  
Says

**I LEARNED TO MAKE  
THESE MUSTARD  
PICKLES IN THE  
ISLAND OF JERSEY**

"We used mustard a great deal in my home in the Channel Islands," says Mrs. Esnouf. "The climate is quite damp, and hot, zippy mustard tastes good! This is our favorite family recipe."

**MUSTARD PICKLE**

2 large cauliflowers 2 qts. small onions  
2 qts. green cucumbers 1 qt. string beans  
2 green peppers

Cut up the vegetables to taste, and cover with boiling brine. Drain after 8 hrs. and wash with cool water. Then pour over vegetables a sauce made by blending and boiling the following:

3/4 lb. pure mustard 3 to 4 c. brown sugar  
2 tps. turmeric 1 c. flour  
1 tbsp. celery seed 1 1/2 qts. vinegar

Simmer vegetables and sauce together about 15 minutes, then bottle.

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for NEW beautifully illustrated recipe book containing tested pickle recipes and gummed labels for your pickle jars. It's free!

53A

**KEEN'S  
D.S.F.  
MUSTARD**



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FLOOR WAX**

ANOTHER CAPCO PRODUCT

**Personal PHOTO  
CHRISTMAS CARDS**

from your favorite snapshot

**25 for \$1.50**  
including envelopes



This Christmas send photographic Yulecards, personalized from your own snapshot. They're so exclusively yours—so beautiful—original— inexpensive. Send us a negative of your family, children, doorway, home or any subject you like. We will make beautiful, distinguished cards of highest quality. You have choice of greetings and designs. See your card before you buy. Send negative of your snapshot, this ad and 5¢ for return postage. We will return to you immediately free Christmas Card, illustrated folder, and your negative. No obligation. Free offer expires December 1.

**FREE**

**YULECARDS**

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Regina, Saskatchewan

Have a formal showing of the finished pictures at the end of the session.

**Blind Justice**

Well before the party convenes, you will have numbered and arranged the following items on a table in a locked room: a pencil, a dish of cooked spaghetti, a piece of raw meat, a sponge, a square of silk, a baseball, a flower, a lump of sugar, a clothespin, a glove, etc.

Now is the time to explain to the assembled guests that Mr. Jones, who died under mysterious circumstances a year ago tonight, offered a prize in his will to the person who could identify the most clues to his murder without seeing them. (Mr. Jones must have had the gift of second sight!)

Open the locked room, blindfold each guest in turn and lead him in alone to the table where the "clues" are displayed. He must then call off the items, judging by touch alone.

While some of your guests are playing detective the rest may be engaged in

**Apple Bobbing**

Vary the traditional sport of apple bobbing by converting it into a scheme for choosing partners for the next game.

Fill two tubs with water, one for the boys and one for the girls. Prepare an apple for each player, ahead of time, by making a slit in each deep enough to hold a twist of waxed paper. In the centre of each twist place one half of some Hallowe'en cut-out: a black cat, witch, pumpkin, ghost, gravestone, scarecrow, etc.

It's a good idea to tear all the symbols in two and prepare a pile of apples for the girls first, then use the remaining halves for the boys.

Set the boys' apples afloat in one tub, the girls' in the other. After each player has nabbed his apple, he removes the paper twist, discovers the torn motif and then begins to look around for the other half—his partner. (Before eating the apple, of course.)

When everyone is paired off, darken all the rooms in the house except the kitchen and the dining room. The host and hostess may then describe the last game before retiring to the lighted rooms to make final preparations for supper.

**Sardines**

When the lights are out, send one couple to hide in any part of the darkened house they choose. After a few minutes' wait, the other players set off, in pairs, to track the hiders down.

But—the first couple to discover the stowaways does not announce the find. Instead, they join the hidden ones, crouching down as close to them as possible and keeping perfectly quiet. This continues until the last couple arrives, drawn by the stifled giggles.

To them goes the booby prize!

**Round up**

Half of any party is the food. It can be as simple or elaborate as you like, but let it be good, and abundant.

Here are two menus suitable for any fall party, if you don't quite make the grade on Hallowe'en.

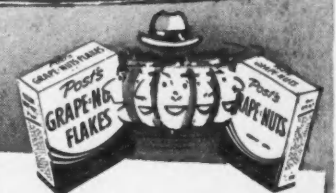
**Menu I**

Corn Chowder Crackers  
Pears, Apples, Grapes  
Doughnuts Coffee

*Oh tell me pretty maiden  
is there any more at home like this*



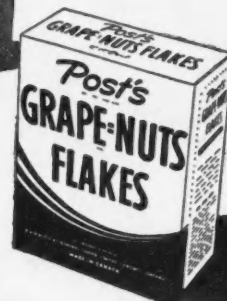
1 Maybe you don't remember the Floradora Girls, but Grandmother and Granddad do. And they remember too, that another unforgettable treat appeared about the same time — that gloriously different Grape-Nuts flavor!



2 That same malty-rich, nut-sweet flavor your parents and grandparents have loved so long is yours today in two grand cereals. POST'S GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES as well as Post's Grape-Nuts.



3 Two golden grains — wheat and malted barley — give Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; other food essentials.



4 Secret and skilful blending, baking and toasting give you that honey-golden curly crispness of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes. Also makes them remarkably easy to digest. Serve Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes tomorrow. Enjoy them also in the tempting recipes you'll find on the package.



**Post's  
Grape-Nuts  
Flakes**

A Product of General Foods

GF386M





PATTY:

**We sure clean up fast,  
don't we, Mom!**

MOTHER: We sure do, honey! Cleaning's simple  
when you know the secret.

Want to cut cleaning time? Then use Bon Ami—the  
cleanser that doesn't leave dirt-catching scratches to  
make you rub and scrub.

Without grit, Bon Ami slides grease and dirt away  
like magic—then rinses off completely in a jiffy. Puts  
a sparkling finish on sinks and bathtubs... doesn't  
roughen pretty hands. For brighter, safer, quicker  
cleaning—switch to pure, white Bon Ami!

P. S. Bon Ami is perfect for all cleaning—sinks, bath-  
tubs, windows, mirrors, smooth painted woodwork,  
pots and pans, metal and enamel surfaces.

MADE IN CANADA

**Bon Ami**

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that  
"hasn't scratched yet!"



# HALLOWE'EN HIGH JINKS



by JANE MONTEITH

HALLOWE'EN is no time for respect-  
able folk to be abroad! The harvest  
moon hides behind scudding clouds;  
attics and chimneys may creak and sigh,  
while trees, under the compulsion of  
witches, goblins and ghouls, tap at the  
windowpanes.

But inside warm, brightly lit houses  
youngsters and oldsters mock the spirits  
with old-fashioned partying. After dark  
the little ones, tired from an afternoon's  
fun, thrilled with their grinning jack-o-  
lanterns and slightly damp from apple  
bobbing, can be tucked away early and  
the decks cleared for their older brothers  
and sisters.

Note: Since no one can tell what may  
happen on All Hallows' Eve, revellers  
would be well advised to wear rough-  
and-tumble clothing.

Start the proceedings in the living  
room with a progressive ghost story. Ask  
someone to begin a spooky tale, leaving  
off in the midst of a sentence at some  
exciting point. The next player carries  
on, finishing the sentence and adding  
any grizzly details that occur to him.  
Each person then takes his turn, the  
final player being responsible for the  
successful conclusion of the story.

When all late arrivals have con-  
tributed their bit and the fictional  
ghost has been run back to the grave-  
yard, the party may adjourn to base-  
ment, recreation room or kitchen. The  
location of the meeting place doesn't  
really matter—but it should be a  
reasonably waterproof, damageproof

spot where the gang can safely carry on  
with such games as:

## Cracker and Whistle

Two teams are chosen, two chairs set  
at one end of the room and a plate of  
crackers placed on each. In relay race  
fashion the leaders of each team run to  
the chair, eat one cracker and then  
whistle (loud enough for the note to be  
heard by all) before running back to the  
starting line and sending the next player  
on his way.

Two or three soda biscuits, tastefully  
wrapped in fancy paper, would be a  
suitable prize for the members of the  
winning team.

## Artistic Consequences

If your guests are a little puffed after  
the last effort, quiet them down with  
this "artistic" pen and pencil game.

Provide each player with a good-sized  
piece of paper, a pencil or crayon, and a  
magazine or book for a drawing board if  
tables are lacking. Ask everyone to  
draw a head (any head—male or female,  
animal or human) at the top of his paper,  
fold it over so that only the lines indicat-  
ing the beginning of a neck show, and  
pass it on to the next person. Neck to  
waist, waist to knees, knees to ankles  
and finally the feet are then added in  
turn by succeeding players—who fold  
over and pass on the "portrait" after  
each section is completed.



**SUCRETS** are throat lozenges—that act like a gargle! Contain hexylresorcinol—a unique analgesic (pain-reliever). Act fast to soothe irritated throat surfaces. Germicidal.

Candy-pleasant flavor. Each lozenge separately wrapped. At your druggist!

**'SUCRETS'**

ANTISEPTIC THROAT LOZENGES

**EASY MONEY**  
Sell Canada's newest, fastest-selling Christmas Cards. Exclusive with REGAL. Sell the 21-card feature box for \$1, or REGAL'S famous "Friendship" box of all-occasion cards. Double Sales! Introduce REGAL'S wonderful new Canadian Scenes Box. 16 cards by famous Canadian artists, \$1.

**21 CARD FEATURE ASSORTMENT**  
REGAL'S new Framed Gift Pictures of authentic Canadian Scenes are ideal Christmas Gifts. Sell for \$1. Learn the intriguing details. Up to 50% clear profit. Write NOW for agent's 1946 Catalog. REGAL STATIONERY CO. LTD., Dept. A2, 105 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont. or A2, 103 W. Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

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## Soothes Baby's Nose

So mild, it's safe in tiny nostrils

Mentholatum quickly, gently clears baby's clogged nostrils, helps keep membranes moist, eases nose soreness, promotes free breathing, restful sleep and relieves distressing colds. Jars & tubes, 30c.

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Gives COMFORT Daily

## A NEW BABY IN YOUR HOUSE?

You'll find a mass of practical helps awaiting you in

"Baby's First Year"

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.  
Price 5 cents.

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Order from Chatelaine,  
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**CHEST COLD  
SORE THROAT  
BRONCHIAL  
IRRITATION**

**SPRAIN, BRUISE  
SORE MUSCLES  
BOILS**

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling, and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) at any drug store NOW.

# Favorites from the Institute

TESTING RECIPES every day, as we do in the Institute, we're bound to have our favorites. Each season brings new discoveries to add to the constantly growing "special treat" file. These recipes, from the box marked "Autumn," include a few old familiar dishes as well as some of our latest finds.

### Curried Onion and Rice Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of finely chopped onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild-flavored dripping
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ¾ Teaspoonful of curry powder
- ½ Cupful of cooked rice
- 4½ Cupfuls of milk

Fry the onion in the butter in the top part of a double boiler placed directly over slow heat. Add salt, cover and cook until tender, stirring occasionally. Place over hot water, add the flour, curry powder and the rice and blend well. Add the milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Six servings.

### Minced Beef Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- 1 Medium onion, chopped
- ½ Pound of minced beef
- 4 Cupfuls of cold water
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Clove of garlic, minced
- 2 Ounces of noodles
- Grated cheese

Cook the tomatoes, onion and minced beef in the water with the seasonings until the meat is tender. Add the noodles and continue cooking until they are tender. Serve with a grating of cheese on top. Four servings.

### Tomato Bean Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of small white beans
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping
- 1 Egg
- 1 Onion, minced
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- ¼ Teaspoonful of sage
- 1¼ Cupfuls of dried bread crumbs

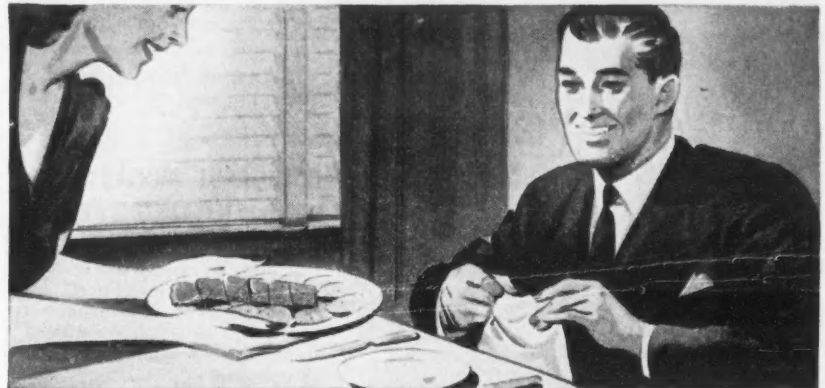
Soak the beans overnight, then cook until tender. When cooked, mash well and add the other ingredients. Place in a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Slice and serve with tomato soup sauce. Eight servings.

### Haddock and Lobster Baked in Milk

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Haddock or cod fillets
- 1 Can of lobster
- 1 Cupful of milk

# The meat of the story about meat and cans



**1. Meat—you know**—is one of the richest sources of body-building protein. And the modern *can*, really a small "pressure cooker", captures and holds the fine flavours, the satisfying qualities of meat that make men like it. OF COURSE...



**2. Women like canned meats too.** In the kitchen, the *can* is unequalled for convenience. When available, *canned meats* in refreshing variety may be kept handy for use at a moment's notice. The tempting meals you can make with them quickly, easily—are almost countless. MOREOVER...



**3. Canned meats** are economical. No bone! No skin! No waste! Every bit you buy gets eaten! And you save on shrinkage and fuel because long cooking is unnecessary. Today, nearly all *canned meats* go to the world's hungry. But someday you will buy them again so—don't forget their advantages.

For good eating economy health convenience } **YOU CAN'T BEAT CANNED FOODS**

**AMERICAN CAN COMPANY**

MONTREAL

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"NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN"



**Radio**  
**enjoyment**  
**for all**  
**the**  
**Family**

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

### RADIOS and RADIO PHONOGRAPHS

**T**HE wide range of styles and moderate prices make it easy for all the family to enjoy their favourite radio programmes. General Electric research and engineering have developed for your enjoyment, more powerful, more sensitive speakers, bringing you Natural Colour Tone — more realistic than you've ever heard before. See your nearest G-E dealer and hear them for yourself. Listen . . . "believe your own ears".

**Illustrated:**

**TOP:** C-105 de luxe model in blonde finish, standard broadcast, Dynapower speaker, 5 tubes, \$59.95.

**CENTRE:** C-100, smartly styled brown plastic cabinet, with powerful speaker for full tone, 5 tubes, \$49.50.

**BOTTOM:** C-221, two toned cabinet of hand polished walnut veneers, standard and short-wave bands, 6 tubes, \$79.00.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.**

**Menu II**  
Assorted Cold Meats and Cheeses  
Rye and French Bread  
Cabbage, Carrot and Raisin Salad  
Relishes  
Hallowe'en Tarts in Bran Pastry  
Shells  
Cider Coffee

**Hallowe'en Tarts**  
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Fill baked pastry shells with alternate spoonfuls of chocolate and orange cream pie filling. Then run a knife through the filling in each tart to produce a marbled effect.

If you're lucky enough to have some prepared pudding powders, make your fillings with one package of chocolate and one of vanilla, according to the manufacturer's directions. To the vanilla filling add two teaspoonfuls of grated orange rind and a few drops of orange vegetable coloring.

**Bran Pastry Shells**  
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¼ Cupful of ready-cooked bran
- 1½ Cupfuls of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Cupful of shortening
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of cold water

Roll the bran with a rolling pin until quite fine, and combine with the flour and salt. Cut in the shortening. Add the water, a little at a time, until the dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll out, on a lightly floured board, to about one-eighth inch thickness; cut with a round cookie cutter and fit into tart shells. Prick with a fork and bake for about 10 minutes in a hot oven (425 deg. F.). Makes about eight medium-sized tart shells.

## Kindergarten Housekeeping

*Continued from page 93*

and well and like to know their efforts are appreciated.

**Making a bed** the way they do in the hospital can be turned into another version of the "nurse" game. Sheets pulled tight won't "hurt the patient," mitted corners stay tucked in and won't tangle with legs and arms, a smooth coverlet looks "professional." And what five-year-old doesn't love stuffing pillows into fresh pillow slips?

**Odd jobs.** Let the children help you while you work and you'll be surprised at how much they can do, and how well. After a few tries, Mary can sort the laundry while you fill the tubs; or do her doll washing and ironing while you're doing yours. If she wants to help with the family wash, let her iron the face and cleaning cloths, using her own toy iron which you can warm a little for her on the back of the stove.

She can sweep the leaves off the sidewalk while you rake the lawn, help you clean the silver, or cut fruit with a pair of not-too-sharp scissors while you make preparations for steaming the Sunday pudding.

The friendly companionship developed between parent and child while working together can never be overestimated. The lessons learned and the help given won't come amiss either.

## Don't be a Rubbit!



## Be BRILLO wise!



Don't be a *Rubbit*! Don't *rub* sticky pans with a lazy, gummy dishrag. Be *Brillo* wise! Whisk crusty pans clean and sparkling—with a square metal-fiber Brillo pad. Easy! Fast! And there's a special *shine* ingredient in Brillo soap that polishes 'em silver-bright! Be Brillo wise—today!



**Shines aluminum fast!**



## Hello Baby—want to have Curls?

It's easy as can be for Mummy to do. But sometimes she needs advice from babies who are in the know. You can be right on the beam on baby styles. You know how ringlets and soft curly hair add up to social success.

So take Mummy aside and tell her the facts about Nestle Baby Hair Treatment. 'Cause if your hair is one inch or longer—now's the time she should know!

At leading drug and department stores

**Nestle**  
**BABY**  
**HAIR TREATMENT**

**\$1.25 BOTTLE MAKES 1 QUART**  
Good for 100 treatments.





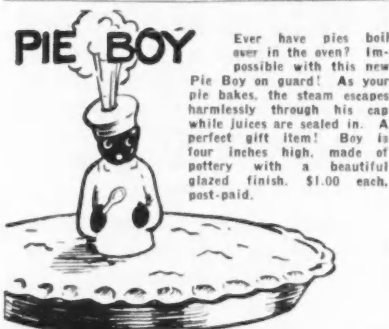
**NOW I KNOW  
HOW easy IT IS!**

Keeping your toilet bowl clean means having odorless freshness. A clean toilet bowl has no odor. Keeping Sani-Flush handy means bathroom cleanliness at its best and easiest. Sani-Flush is the chemical, disinfecting cleaner that puts an end to stains and invisible film where germ growth occurs. Ends messy scrubbing, too!

Effective in hard and soft water. Safe in septic tanks. Sold everywhere—two convenient sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

**Sani-Flush**

USE  
TWICE  
A WEEK



**PIE BOY**

Ever have pies boil over in the oven? Impossible with this new Pie Boy on guard! As your pie bakes, the steam escapes harmlessly through his cap while juices are sealed in. A perfect gift item! Boy is four inches high, made of pottery with a beautiful glazed finish. \$1.00 each, post-paid.

McMaster Pottery DUNDAS, ONT.



**BRUSH AWAY  
GRAY  
HAIR  
...AND LOOK 10  
YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownstone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownstone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 50¢ and \$1.50 at druggists. Get BROWNSTONE now, or



# Back Chat

A correspondence department for readers who feel impelled to take pen in hand

## Are We a Self-satisfied Nation?"

Dear Madam: Gwethalyn Graham in your August issue speaks of the prejudices people unwittingly build up in the minds of their children when they use such phrases as "those Jews" or "those Catholics down the street." Her point is soundly taken. There are many other ways in which we create prejudice in young minds without realizing it.

Take so simple and worthy a matter as religion in the public schools. When I was a boy at high school in Ontario we began each day with a few words of scripture and a prayer. At least, the Protestants did. The Catholic boys and girls came into the room after the prayer. With what result? Both the Protestants and the Catholic children acquired a feeling of being "different"—which, in children as in adults, implies a feeling of superiority. And that is prejudice.

I am not going to argue whether the Roman Catholic parents were wrong or right in not letting their children listen to a prayer by a Protestant teacher. But I do feel that more harm was done to all of us by the separation into "sheep" and "goats" than would have been done by omission of the morning prayer.—John Dulce, Toronto.

Dear Friends: You are to be congratulated, and Gwethalyn Graham is to be thanked, for your article, "We Are a Self-Satisfied Nation." The world can only be improved by each one of us, as individuals, improving ourselves which includes a higher relationship with our fellow man. In order to improve ourselves we have to find out, first of all, "what we are like now," and Miss Graham has analyzed the situation intelligently and wisely.

Isobel Rappaport's experience in "I Married a Jew" has been the happy experience of a few of my own friends. But it is necessary that these experiences be publicized in order to break down unthinking prejudice? Yet I am glad that Chatelaine is doing just that.—(Mrs.) G. Foster, Toronto.

Dear Editors: We are far from being "a self-satisfied nation." From the narrow confining space of Montreal comes a challenge which will no doubt cause many a sleepless night to angry, disturbed Canadians, falsely accused of being self-satisfied, and "feeding on racial and religious prejudices."

In Hamilton that accusation is answered with a strike of thousands of so-called complacent Canadians. All over Canada the answer is the same, strike—labor trouble strike, while everywhere efforts are being put forth by earnest Canadians seeking the betterment of the nation. New inventions are daily taking the place of old ones, town planning is going into effect, cities are in the hands of beautifiers, all for people who have become unsatisfied with the old way of life.

Prejudices both racial and religious are rare, despite many books and articles to the contrary; perhaps with a personal dislike the motives of unscrupulous citizens have developed this bitterness. Unaware of the fact is either the Frenchman, the Jew, or Gentile, until glaring headlines bring the subject before him. The majority of these people are indeed too concerned in making a living to bother about his neighbor's religion.

Living for years in the Province of Quebec it is to state that on a whole the Protestants and Catholics were very agreeable. Many summers mother supplied the Protestant flowers from our garden to decorate the Catholic Church. Enjoyable evenings were spent dancing to the music of the French fiddler, and the Hungarian peddler, Jewish or other nationality, always found room and good will throughout the districts they travelled.

Meanwhile, contractors holler for Canadian-manufactured goods, tired to the death of buying and spending money across the border. Young people search Canadian bookstores in vain for books needed in their trade; are they satisfied about the situation?—they are not. Why are the expert workers in all lines of industry seeking work across the line? Are they listed among the self-satisfied ranks?

Take a good, good, look, Miss Graham, at the new schools, new power dams, new hospitals for the ailing, don't blink, see all the new homes being constructed, millions of them. The new cars on the highways, because the buyer was dissatisfied with the creaks in his old model. Thousands of power lines will supply the farm homes across Canada soon, with power, as the people tire of the old out-dated methods.

That worn-out old phrase makes most up-and-coming Canadians sick, it will most assuredly cause the social workers who feel they are succeeding in their work to sigh wearily, give the returned men struggling hard for a better mode of life a laugh, cause the research chemists to delve deeper, the doctors of science working day and night to discover a cure for the scourge, cancer, made possible by the so-called complacent

Canadians' dollars to wonder why they bothered in their self-satisfied manner to want to cure the dread disease.

Oh, there are so many earnest striving Canadians, the Rotarians, the Women's Institutes, the Red Cross and hundreds of others, that it makes one think that surely truth is stranger than fiction, and should only be written as such.—Ethel Sullivan, Ontario.

## Rural Teen-agers: Note

Dear Madam: I wish to congratulate you on the article in the August issue of Chatelaine, "Down on the Farm." I thought it was fine, and it seems to me that that is the sort of thing to bring about better understanding between country and city. I think you did a splendid job in publishing it.—L.F. Cowan, Hamilton, Ont.

## Fiction Free-for-all

Dear Madam: I do not see anything to admire in the story, "The Princess Steps Down," by S. Casey Wood, Jr. (May issue) and I refuse to believe that any officer in the Canadian Army would behave in such a manner. (The U.S.A. should be on his shoulder, for the story is American.)

How any woman could tolerate such a LOU, absolutely devoid of manners, for five minutes, is beyond me. There are some Czech journalists visiting Canada just now; they have been in the United States and one is quoted as saying, "It is much nicer here in Canada; the people have much better manners. They are inclined to pay attention to the niceties of life. In the States they are more brutal, and reckless; they call it rugged individualism, but I call it bad manners."

How true! If there are such people as that ignorant lout in "The Princess Steps Down," let us be silent about them; there is nothing to admire in rudeness. Remember, \$5 million will not make a Lady or a Gentleman. One could be a Gentleman on five cents.—Mrs. H. Benton-Neff, Ontario.

You have a perfect right to your own opinion of Larry, of course, but, honestly, he was a Canadian born and bred (Navy though, not Army), and the dream child of a solid citizen of Oakville, Ont.

The Editor: Permit me to add my unstinted praise to that of Miss Daisy Cook regarding Lia Nash's story in the June issue, "The Long Hour." It was indeed a most sensitive piece of writing, well constructed and, as already declared, head and shoulders above the majority of stories printed in your magazine, 90% of which I seldom complete reading, my time being too valuable for indulgence in mediocre writings. (I am a widowed mother, am the breadwinner and also the house and homemaker.) My life is too short for trash, and mediocre compositions bore me stiff.

Commenting on Mrs. Walls' remarks (Back Chat: August) and running parallel to them, not to mention following in logical sequence, I am all aflame with the desire to head a movement for the removal of every bed and couch from Canadian homes, these being articles of furniture on which the most obscene debauchery can take place! This in a fervent endeavor to keep spotless your clean Canadian youth. Moreover said pieces of furniture provide the utmost comfort for all immoral acts—a further strong reason for their removal.

My parents had several decanters in our home and they were always well in view and well filled. They also had delivered to the home beer, not in bottles but in barrels, thereby getting a larger quantity for a lesser price. I have yet, however, to find many homes on this continent (I having come from England, that little, despised island) so thoroughly disciplined. Excesses of no kind were permitted and my father was stricter than the portrayal of Mr. Browning on the films, or any like character. Children in his home were seen and very seldom heard. There is an excess of familiarity here both in homes and schools, and even in churches which is rather disgusting at times.

If Canadian youth is so clean and straight (as Mrs. Walls would have us believe) why is it that hundreds, yes thousands of people coming here from my country with their earnings lose same inside

# ICE MAKES FOOD



## GO FARTHER

Rising food prices place a constantly increasing strain on the family budget, making it more necessary than ever for thrifty housewives to use Ice all year round! It is a sure way to overcome spoilage and waste—a sure way to get full value from every food dollar.

When you stop to figure that Ice service for a full month costs less than a single day's supply of food for the average family, it is easy to realize that Ice is not an expense, but a saving!

In addition to preventing food spoilage, regular Ice service makes all fresh and leftover foods look better and taste better—relieves you of the nuisance and hazard of running down and up cellar steps several times a day—saves you from exposure to outside temperatures.

**KEEP ICE SAVING  
AND SERVING  
every day!**



Canadian Ice Foundation  
137 Wellington St. W.,  
Toronto, Canada



*Glamorous*

**MONARCH-KNIT OUTERWEAR**

Knitted outerwear designed with a lilt that will catch your heart. Sweaters in exciting new styles and gay colours.

And the Monarch-Knit label is your assurance, as always, of the very finest quality.

**COLOURFUL MONARCH HAND-KNITTING YARNS**

Lovely things you spend hours in knitting are even lovelier when you use Monarch yarns. Soft... rich... with fast dyes... their beauty and quality have made them the overwhelming choice of Canadian women.

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THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED  
DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO, DIVISION

Knitted Outerwear    Ladies' Full-Fashioned Hosiery  
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JOSEPH SIMPSON DIVISION  
8 Berkeley Street, Toronto, Ontario  
Knitted Outerwear    Knitted Underwear

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY  
FOREMOST IN STYLE!



Place the fillets in a baking dish, brush with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange the lobster pieces around the fillets. Pour the milk over the fish and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Lower the temperature to 350 deg. F. and cook for 25 to 30 minutes. Three to four servings.

**Corn and Pepper Pudding**  
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Can of whole kernel corn
- 1/2 Medium green pepper, chopped
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or cooking oil
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 Cupfuls of milk

Combine the corn with the green pepper and pimento which have been lightly cooked in the butter, and season with salt and pepper; stir in the beaten eggs and the milk. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a rather slow oven (325 deg. F.) until firm. Approximately six servings.

**Banana Bran Loaf**  
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/4 Cupful of shortening
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- 1 Cupful of ready-cooked bran
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of soda
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped nuts
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of mashed bananas
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of water
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of true vanilla flavoring

Cream the shortening thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light. Add the beaten egg and beat well. Add the bran. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder, salt and soda. Combine with the chopped nuts. Add to the first mixture alternately with the mashed bananas which have been mixed with the water. Stir in the vanilla and turn the mixture into a greased loaf pan. Let stand for one-half hour, then bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for one hour. Cool and serve in slices, plain or lightly buttered.

**Brioche**  
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1/4 Cupful of butter or shortening
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 5 Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- 2 Cakes of compressed yeast
- 1/4 Cupful of lukewarm water
- 2 Eggs, beaten

Scald the milk, add the shortening, sugar and salt and cool to lukewarm. Add the five cupfuls of flour to make a thick batter. Soften the yeast in the warm water, and add with the eggs; beat well. Sift in enough additional flour to make a soft dough, turn onto a lightly floured board and knead. Place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise until double in bulk (about two hours). Punch down, form into desired shapes and place on a greased baking sheet. Let rise until double in bulk (1/2 to 3/4 hour), brush lightly with melted butter then bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Makes three dozen rolls. +

**TIMING THE TRAVELLER**

**Challenger**

THE WATCH OF "PROTECTED ACCURACY"

Here is beauty combined with accuracy in modern-styled cases that protect the famed Challenger movement! This movement is made in the world-famed Eterna craftshops in Switzerland, and gives you Airline accuracy.

Serviced in our stores from coast to coast.

**BIRKS**  
JEWELLERS



## Embroider an Apron



This crisp little apron is cut with a shaped midriff and a nice fullness, so smart and pretty that you'd love to be caught in it when your next-door neighbor drops in! It's of a good quality factory cotton which washes like a charm, wears practically forever! The gay poppy design, stamped for working, is in quick easy, cross-stitch. No. 132C.

To order: No. 132C, 50 cents; cottons for working, 20 cents. Address Marie Le Cerf, c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. On out-of-town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.

# Child Health Clinic



## Immunization

*Is a Health Necessity*

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

**W**ITHIN the past nine months there has been an increase in the number of cases of diphtheria in Ontario. The same probably holds true for the other provinces. During the war years there was a considerable decrease in the number of children receiving diphtheria toxoid, due to unavoidable conditions. As you know, diphtheria toxoid, when it is given in sufficient doses at the proper times, will save your child from developing this very dangerous disease. Toxoid is entirely harmless and it has been used for years, so that you need have no qualms whatever about having your children given it. Parents who neglect or refuse to have their children toxoided are taking large and unnecessary risks. Keeping our youngsters healthy is one of our main tasks as parents. If we don't have them toxoided we are falling down on the job.

As even young children can develop diphtheria, you should arrange to have your babies given a full course of diphtheria toxoid between the ages of 6 and 12 months. In addition they should have reinforcing doses at 18 months of age, when they enter school, and again 3 or 4 years later. At the present time, with diphtheria on the in-

crease, it is especially important to follow such a routine. If you have older children who have never had toxoid, they should be tested to see if they are susceptible or liable to develop diphtheria. If they are, they too should be given the protection that diphtheria toxoid affords.

**Who will give your children toxoid?** If you have a private physician, he should be the one to give your youngsters their toxoid injections. If that is not possible, you can take them to the public health clinics that are held in many localities. The toxoid that they get is the same in both places.

**Do toxoid injections hurt?** At the time they are given, they hurt about as much as a mosquito bite. A good many babies don't even cry when they get them. Although the child may develop a little redness on his arm a day or so after the injection, it doesn't bother him and probably you would have to hunt to find it.

**Why does toxoid protect children from diphtheria?** If a person catches diphtheria, the germs of the disease usually settle in his nose or

## When tiny tantrums mean "Childhood Constipation"



... give **Castoria!**



*"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."*

**W**HEN your baby shows his temper, and those unhappy tantrums come from "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's time for you to do the wise thing:

Give him Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively — yet it's so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

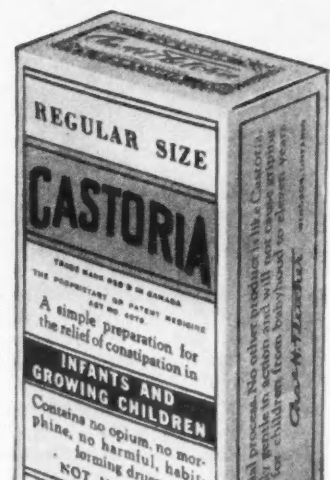
Unlike adult laxatives — which may be too harsh — Castoria is specially made for infants and children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly without forcing.

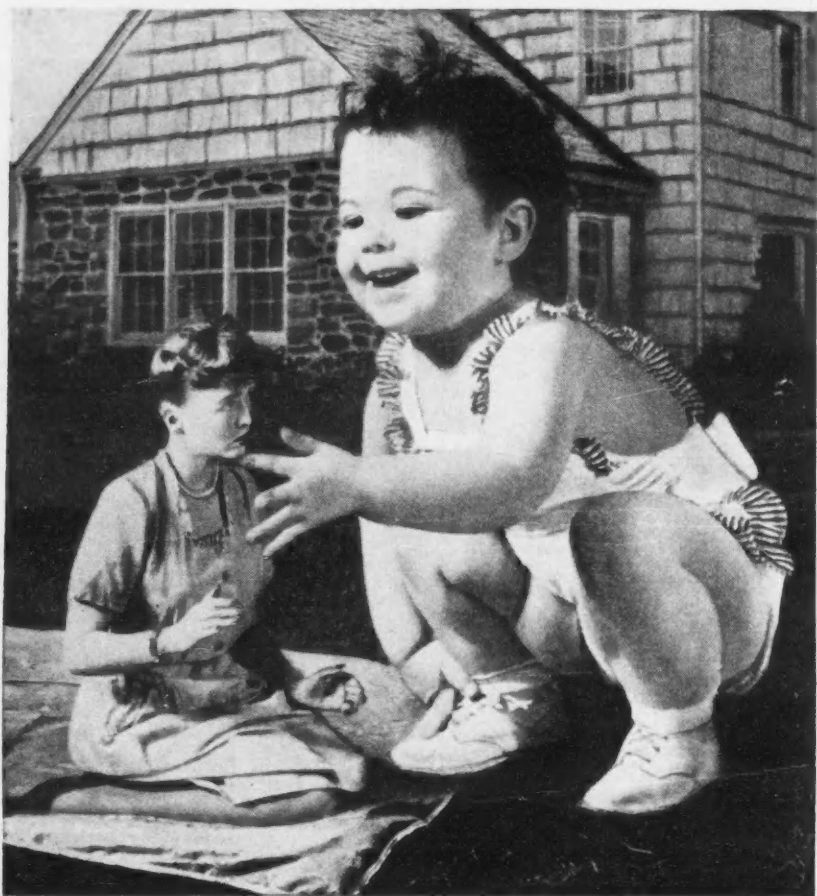
**Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today.** Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.

# CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative  
made especially for children







"Hey, Mom...where's that big smile?"



**BABY:** What a gloompuss, Mom! Mean to say you don't enjoy being me for a day?

**MOM:** Enjoy, nothing! Maybe it's all the wriggling around after being parked here so long, but my skin's so uncomfortable I could roar. Do all babies feel this miserable?

**BABY:** Here's one that does, Mom. And it's your fault. Why don't you do like other mothers do and protect my poor helpless skin with nice Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

**MOM:** Oh...well...guess I did slip up, honey. Give me another chance?

**BABY:** Two chances Mom! One — to keep me smoothed up with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. After my bath — and at every diaper change, to help prevent what doctor calls "urine irritation"...

**MOM:** No sooner said than done, lamb. And then?

**BABY:** Two — don't forget that an active baby like me needs plenty of Johnson's Baby Powder between baths. Nice cool sprinkles of it, to help keep chafes and prickles away!



**MOM:** Honey, let's go back to being ourselves — go get some Johnson's — and turn on two big grins!



**Johnson's Baby Oil**  
**Johnson's Baby Powder**

**Johnson-Johnson**  
LIMITED MONTREAL

**The Three R's...**  
*Reading, Riting, Rithmetic*  
are the essentials of your children's education — and

**MARKING with CASH'S**  
is essential to safeguard their school wardrobe and equipment

**CASH'S INTERWOVEN NAMES**  
Identify and protect against loss and argument. Easily sewn on — or use NO-SO-CEMENT. ORDER EARLY — several weeks needed to make up the individual orders. From your dealer or write CASH'S, 48 Grier St., Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S: 3 doz. \$1.50, 6 doz. \$2.00 NO-SO Cement  
NAMES: 9 doz. \$2.50, 12 doz. \$3.00 per tube 25¢

**BUTTER SHORT?**  
**S-T-R-E-T-C-H**

S-T-R-E-T-C-H it out the Paris Pâté way. Spreads like butter, tasty, nutritious and inexpensive. Try Paris Pâté today — a grand sandwich spread and butter substitute.

3-46

**PARIS-PATÉ**  
PARIS MEAT PATTY

a few years to some plausible and specious salesman? Having been a victim of unscrupulous persons on more than one occasion I know whereof I write.

Mrs. Walls' idea of Canadian youth is wishful thinking — and youths trained by her type are usually minus their backbone. I am of opinion that Canadian youth is no finer or cleaner than the youth of other countries, and this applies to both sexes — I am constantly staggered at the behavior of both. — Dorothy H. White, Victoria, B.C.

### Defending the Nisei

Dear Madam: Dorothy Sangster's article re the Japanese Canadians, in your June number, has called forth two violent replies in which the authors make many startling assertions about the Japanese in Canada, their arrogance, etc.

It has been my good fortune to live right among the Japanese ever since they were evacuated from the coastal region of B.C. Myself and family have found them extremely good neighbors, returning any little kindnesses that we have been able to show them abundantly. One is accustomed to overstatement in letters dealing with racial matters, but here is a choice example, for which I hope that Ada Hughes of New Westminster has already blushed. "Other Asiatic races are neither disliked, distrusted nor discriminated against. Yet 99% of the people of British Columbia, all ordinary, everyday, Canadians, never want to see another Japanese in our province again." Only a few miles from New Westminster in the last Dominion election Angus MacInnis, an outstanding Labor Leader and champion of the Japanese, won a Vancouver constituency by a good majority. Do try to be a little cautious when you reply, Ada Hughes, and find out if your statement "that none of the Asiatic races have been discriminated against" is true of any one of them.

May I congratulate Chatelaine on publishing the outstanding article by Gwethalyn Graham, "We Are a Self-Satisfied Nation," in your August number. It takes courage and discerning patriotism to print such uncommon sense. We need charity and sympathy in our dealings with the vast Asiatic populations that are so inevitably our close neighbors. We have to learn that even for the sake of existence, we cannot afford to "Stir up Asia," where there are far more than a billion people confronting our rather divided 12 millions.

Finally I would ask Canadians to consider whether a useful and industrious Japanese is not a far better Canadian citizen than one of our "Smart Alick" type of Canadians, that we are producing far too abundantly, and who often contrive to snatch a fat living from the sweat of other people's brows. Yours for justice. — J. C. Harris, Ontario.

### Those Women Drivers

Mr. Gordon Sinclair,

Care of Chatelaine,  
Dear Sir: A warning regarding highway accidents (July Chatelaine) is timely and could be an attempt to do good rather than merely something to read. You admit that young chaps are most likely to get into accidents. Then why not make them the main object of your attack? If you came out against police who look the other way while unlicensed boys as young as 14 take the road, you would get nearer the heart of the matter, than by slanting the material against the weaker sex...

You say women have fewer accidents only because they drive fewer miles; truly, it is not their preponderance which congests the highway. While they should have as much right to go places as the male, many of them who long to drive resign themselves to a carless existence rather than compete for space on our crowded highways with adolescents and drunks. These women would take a decent car on the road if they took one, rather than drinking up their earnings and tearing around in a death trap. What a help you've put forth for the men too stingy to let his wife take the family car, and the man who wants it at his own disposal every night, to play around in, while his wife sits safe and incognizant at home!...

After all, what is the woman driver's greatest fault? "Timidity." An honest person would admit that this is more a cause of mere inconvenience to the impatient male than a cause of accidents. How you confuse the two! "And she wasn't drunk once," you say, making drunkenness, admittedly one of the greatest causes of accidents, an excuse in order to rap the woman driver over a matter which again, is only a matter of inconvenience, not of injury.

A psychologist would know that to hammer at their timidity, to the timid, is to make them more unsure of themselves and therefore more timid, and to condemn it to those who err in the opposite direction is to confirm them in their opposite course. Your own list of causes of most accidents shows that many of them are already the very reverse of timidity.

"Sue you if you are wrong, but men don't act that way —" about a pleated fender and a cracked skull. Truly (you believe) man does not, like woman, let off steam over an injured fender but becomes calm in the face of another's need? No, the more serious the accident, the louder he will bluster, no matter how much someone else needs attention...

Keep up the attack on highway conditions, Mr. Sinclair, but spare the timid minority until you've done something about the foolhardiness of the majority which causes that timidity! — H. Shortliffe, Nova Scotia.

**Guard those little feet**



**SAVAGE SHOES** are made on scientifically designed lasts that keep the bones of little feet in proper alignment, give just the right support to the arches and encourage correct balance and weight distribution.

To be sure your child gets correct shoes, properly fitted, see your local Savage Shoe dealer.

If you would like a free copy of our booklet "Care of the Feet," please write to us at Preston.

**BROUWER RESEARCH**  
**SANDY SAVAGE • RED SCHOOL HOUSE**  
**HURLBUT • PIED PIPER**  
**MICKY MOUSE**  
**JACK & JILL**



**The Savage Shoe**  
**COMPANY LIMITED**

**PRESTON ONTARIO**

## Your Question Box

**Question**—Would you please tell me if there is any danger of a baby's feet being spread outward, due to sleeping on his stomach all the time? Our baby is 16 months old and is not attempting to walk yet. He is a big fellow with very small feet and ankles which turn over, and his feet won't stay straight.—Mrs. W. H., Alberta.

**Answer**—In regard to your baby's feet being affected by his regularly sleeping on his abdomen, I do not think that this is a possibility, but for other reasons you should teach him to lie in other positions. It would be quite possible for you to turn him on his side after he has gone to sleep or even on his back occasionally, so that he will learn to sleep in other positions. If he sleeps on his side he will likely prefer not to sleep facing the wall. By having him at both ends of the cot you can train him to sleep on both his right and left sides. +

## Good Eating from French Canada

Continued from page 92

20 minutes without removing the lid. Serve at once. Six servings.

**Witchery** in a sherbet glass! Looks a bit like applesauce, tastes divinely and turns out to be eggs poached in maple syrup. Some people poach 'em whole but we liked the "scrambled" effect best.

### Les Oeufs au Sirop d'Erable (Eggs in Maple Syrup)

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of maple syrup
- 2 or 3 Eggs, slightly beaten

Bring the maple syrup to a boil. Slowly pour in the eggs, stirring gently with a fork. Turn down the heat and allow the mixture to simmer for about five minutes. Three to four servings.

In pioneer days maple syrup was the everyday sweetener. Now considered a great delicacy, it is used sparingly in such recipes as this. Nevertheless the characteristic maple flavor delicately permeates these thin crisp wafers.

### Maple Syrup Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of shortening
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 Eggs, well beaten
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of maple syrup
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla flavoring
- 3 to 4 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt

Cream the shortening and blend with the sugar. Add the eggs and mix thoroughly. Stir in the maple syrup and vanilla. Sift and measure the flour, then sift 2 cupfuls with the baking powder and salt; combine with the creamed mixture. Add as much of the remaining flour as is necessary to make a dough stiff enough to roll. Chill. Roll thin and cut in shapes. Bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderately hot oven (350 deg. F.) for six to eight minutes. Makes about five dozen cookies. +

## "Sally is a grumbler"



**JANET POWER**  
Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

"It seems that nothing Sally ever gets meets with her approval. She's just fourteen and you'd think she'd understand that I can't *always* give her the same as I give her older sister. But she feels HURT if her sister gets a larger helping of food, or more clothes or books. Her grudging and complaining wear me out. It looks as if she's becoming JUST PLAIN SELFISH..."

Yes, mother, it *does* look that way! And, if you have praised and taught and practised common-sense and unselfishness, then there's only one thing to do.

I think Sally is *old enough* to know better. Perhaps your best plan is to TURN ON HER and simply STATE YOUR POSITION. The next time she complains that she is being overlooked, first SEE WHETHER SHE'S RIGHT. If she is *just grumbling*, then plainly state that it is *your* business to decide who should receive what!

It will do no good to *explain or argue*. As you yourself realize, such grumbling is a DISPLAY of SELFISHNESS. She will learn from experience that, as far as possible, each child gets her *fair share*.

But whatever you do, don't nag or bribe. Show *common-sense* and practise it by SPEAKING PLAINLY!

### Breakfast "Outbursts"?

Here's a tip for you, mother, if your child makes a fuss at breakfast-time... if he dawdles or complains! Perhaps it's the food that palls... lacks life and sparkle! Many mothers are serving a breakfast cereal that's both APPETIZING AND AMUSING... Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Children say they're swell... and they ask for more. You can make breakfast a gayer time with Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Ask for them at your grocer's tomorrow. Rice Krispies is the registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

*Janet Power*

### THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-20, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

**"I taught my child promptness"**  
writes Mrs. Macmillan

"When my little daughter came of school age, I gave her a pretty alarm-clock. We agreed on the time she'd have to wake up to get dressed, have her breakfast and be at school on time. I explained that this was *her* job and *her* responsibility—if she didn't get up, I wouldn't call her. She understood and it worked like a charm! She was always on time and it was absolutely no worry for me!"

## All The World's A Stage

Continued from page 84

I to understand that you're suggesting—"She stopped and started again. 'Is it your idea that I marry Ricky?' Her voice ran up to a shrill note at Ricky's name.

Sally nodded her sleek little head. "And I'm marrying Harold."

"I never heard anything so—so silly," cried Gloria. "I don't want to marry Ricky."

Harold coughed apologetically. "I hate to hurt your feelings, Sally, but I think you're going a bit too fast." Gloria went to him and shook his arm.

"Stop her, Harold. She's getting things all mixed up."

Ricky burst into speech.

"Sally, what on earth—I've a good mind to spank you. Hard!" he added.

Sally was looking at Gloria and Harold. As if not realizing what she was doing she took her husband's hand and cradled it against her.

"Look, you two," she said. "Don't you think it's about time you gave up trying to make each other jealous? Why don't you give in and get married?"

Gloria's air of surprise was the best acting she'd ever done, probably because she wasn't acting at all. She gasped and then ran from the room, twitching up her cape as she passed.

Harold came across the room to Sally. "It had to be you that saw it," he marvelled. "Thanks! I guess I've been fooling no one."

"Thank Mrs. Cranston," said Sally. "If it hadn't been for her—" Her hand closed tightly on Ricky's. "I didn't get what she was telling me at first. But once I did, and then added a few more items, I knew I had the right answer. Your wolf act was wonderful, Harold, it almost fooled me." She gave him a little shove. "Hurry, man—get after her."

The door shut behind Harold, and Sally threw herself face down on the sofa. Ricky didn't say anything but gathered her close and turned her to face him. "Oh-h, Ricky," she wailed. "Dear, darling Ricky." He kissed her and she felt the swing and rush of her love blossoming again. Later he demanded an explanation.

"I forgot, Ricky. I forgot how you always put everything you have into whatever you're doing. You were trying to make the play a success so that we'd get into the crowd, weren't you? And I thought you'd fallen for Gloria, that you were tired of me. I tried to play Harold off against Gloria, so that you'd come back to me. Ricky—I hate being kissed by anyone but you."

He kissed her hard, then urged her to continue.

"Then Mrs. Cranston gave me the clue. Gloria was trying to make Harold jealous. When he started to give me a play, that was different. When she came to see me I realized that she was jealous of me. Because of Harold."

Ricky stood up.

"I'm getting out of this town," he said.

Sally's eyes grew determined. "Not when I've finally managed to get into the crowd. I'm not going to feel out of things from now on!" She put strong demanding arms around his neck. "I knew that amateur theatrical group would make things come right for us." +



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throat. There they grow and give off their dangerous toxin or poison. This toxin is the substance that makes the patient so ill. In severe cases of diphtheria it may damage his heart, or cause paralysis of some of his muscles.

What toxoid does to prevent this trouble is to stimulate the body to produce a substance called 'antitoxin'. The function of this antitoxin is to neutralize or act against ("anti" is the Greek word meaning "against") any diphtheria toxin. So if your child has had all his doses of toxoid, he will have a good supply of antitoxin on hand ready to render harmless the toxin produced by any diphtheria germs that he happens to take into his body.

### Smallpox

Smallpox still occurs in Canada and it is a dangerous and disfiguring disease. Against it we have an excellent preventive—vaccination—that has stood the test of a hundred and fifty years. Although smallpox is rare, we can't afford to take chances with it. The more unvaccinated people there are about, the greater the danger of an epidemic of this disease. Plan to have your baby vaccinated when he is approximately one year old—that is about the right age. If your children are older, it is not too late and you should have them vaccinated as soon as possible. Your private physician or the public health authorities will do this for you.

### Whooping Cough

Whooping cough, too, can be largely prevented by immunization. As you know, it is usually a long-drawn-out and weakening disease, and one that is particularly serious in young children. Injections of whooping cough vaccine will prevent eighty per cent of children from developing this distressing infection. The remaining twenty per cent develop a mild form of it—so you see it is an extremely worth-while precaution to take. This treatment should be given as early as possible after the age of six months. Many doctors use an immunizing solution that contains both diphtheria toxoid and whooping cough as this reduces the number of injections. This is as satisfactory as giving the two separately.

### Lockjaw

Your child can also be immunized against tetanus or lockjaw by the use of tetanus toxoid. It is especially important to have this done if your child has suffered from eczema, asthma, hay fever or some other allergic disease. Many such children cannot be given tetanus antitoxin, which is the only effective treatment for this disease. Therefore if they happened to develop tetanus, they could not be saved. If you have them protected with tetanus toxoid, you need not fear such a calamity.

### Scarlet Fever and Typhoid

Injections against scarlet fever are also available, although they are not used very widely. You would be wise to talk this over with your physician. Vaccines to prevent typhoid fever are very effective. If you are in an area where the disease occurs, this treatment should not be neglected. +



## Chafing, Chapping and Diaper Rash



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E. Miller



# Half-an-hour by Streetcar

"But the real trouble with Canadian cooking," said the first straphanger, "is that our raw materials are too good and too abundant. How can you expect to develop a cookery art when green peas are wonderful, just plain boiled, and apples are best eaten out of the hand, and beef is perfect for a steak or a roast without anything fancy done to it? The countries with the big buildup for fine cookery—like France—have been put to it for centuries to improve on natural flavors simply because the natural flavors weren't spectacular in themselves. So they seasoned and spiced and added and blended, and they used every last scrap of everything edible in the kitchen. They put imagination into every dish; here, we don't need it or want it. Our food-stuffs are first class to begin with. Why should we try to change their type?"

"It was a swell two weeks. First time in six years I'd been on a northern lake, first time in ages I'd had a paddle in my hand . . . Yes, cold, but we had lots of blankets, and the guide we picked up at the Hudson's Bay post knew all the best trout holes. A great little guy, too. Pure Indian. Funny thing, when he took off his windbreaker, first afternoon out, there he was, wearing a 48th Highlanders sweater. He'd been over for five years, and he knew Blair Atholl and Inverness like the back of his hand. He'd fought in Italy too. Now he's back living on the reserve . . . Just another of those displaced persons."

"She's sailing next month. Poor girl, I feel sorry for her. I suppose you could say it's one more wartime marriage that didn't turn out, but honestly in this case I feel they didn't get a decent break. They've been pounding the pavements for almost a year trying to find a place of their own to live, but no luck. They're still with his family here, and that's no way to start a new life in a new country. Someone should name the housing shortage as the co-respondent in this divorce case!"

"My dear, they're completely mad! I tried on at least a dozen, and the ones that don't give you the raised-eyebrow look make you feel like Tugboat Annie on her way to Sunday school. (Didn't you love Marie Dressler?) I thought, well, if this is what they're wearing, I'll have to tag along, so I bought a big-brimmed thing with feathers all round the crown, and when I got it home, mother said, 'Look, it's none of my business if you want to make yourself ridiculous, but why pay out the good money you earn for a thing like that, when all you need do is go upstairs to Grandma's trunk and you'll find half a dozen better, smarter ones that have been wrapped up in tissue paper for 40 years?' My dear, I *did* start rooting through them (Bill was out of town that night, so I was staying in) and it sounds absolutely crazy but I found the very duplicate of the one I'd bought, so I took the first one back. I still haven't had the nerve to go out in Gran's. But mother says she always had wonderful taste . . . See you in the coffee shop at one tomorrow!"

Mary-Elta Macpherson



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H. NAPIER MOORE  
Editorial Director

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS  
Editor (on War Service)

MARY-ETTA MACPHERSON  
Managing Editor

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